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THE LITERARY DIGEST

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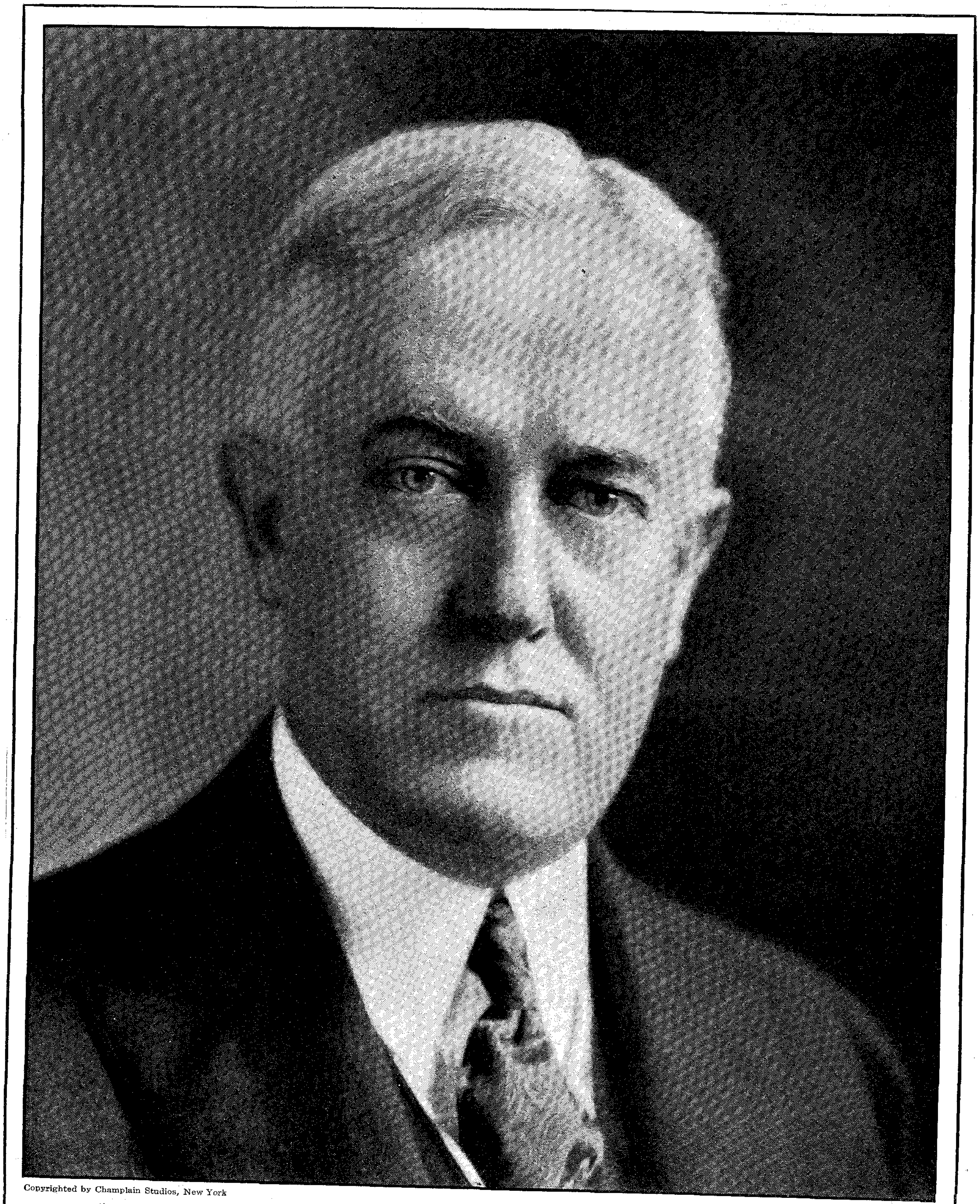

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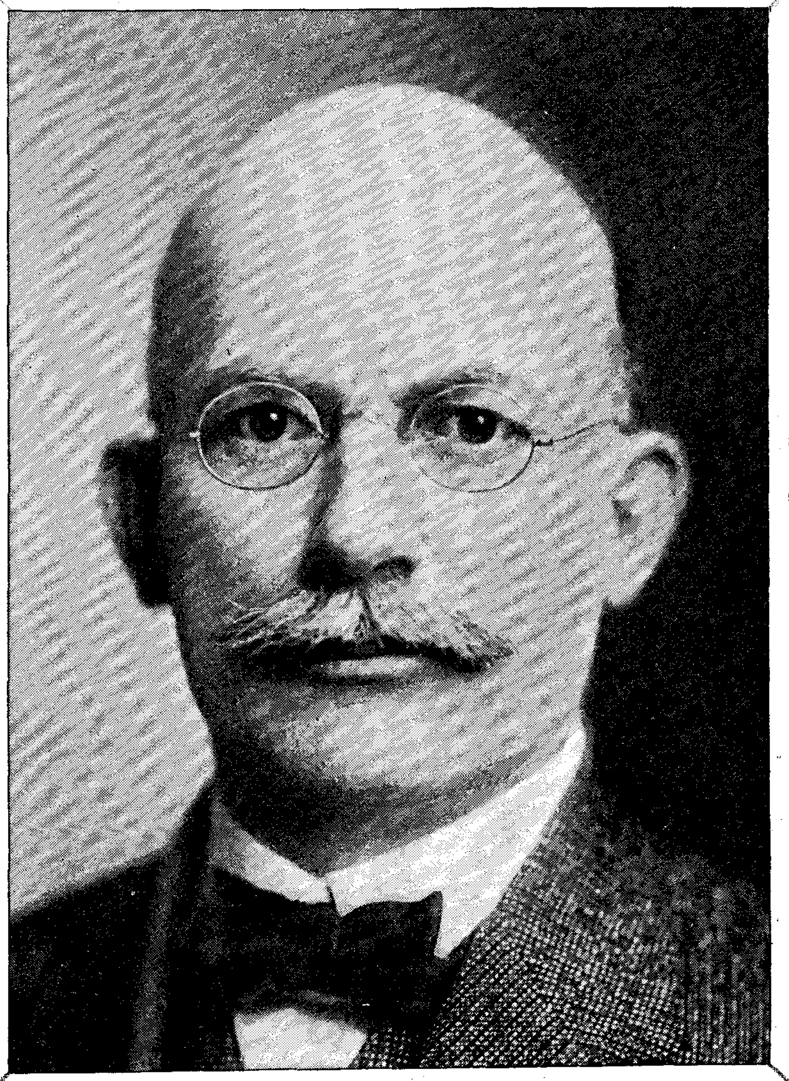
"THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE WITH REACTION. LIBERAL PRINCIPLES MUST AND WILL PREVAIL. THIS IS THE MANDATE OF THE HOUR AND I SHALL OBEY IT."—JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

CAN JOHN W. DAVIS REUNITE THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

THE REDEEMING CLIMAX of a Democratic national convention "unprecedented in the history of American politics for discord, tumult and bitterness," avers one Democratic paper, was the nomination by acclamation, at the one hundred and third ballot, of John William Davis of West Virginia. As the Atlanta *Constitution* sees the event, "from the recoil of conflicting ambitions unsatisfied and out of the resulting chaos was born the inspiration which resulted in the unanimous choice of a standard bearer to whom all genuine Democrats may look with unfaltering confidence for that courageous leadership which compels victory." By this nomination, the Georgia paper continues, "the Convention has furnished the antidote for all the poison brewed in its deliberations, and produced the only antiseptic which could heal the skirmish scars so liberally scattered during its protracted deliberations." Mr. Davis "will reunite the party," unhesitatingly declares the Montgomery *Advertiser;* and this faith seems to dominate the editorial comment of the Democratic press generally. In selecting as the party's standard bearer an ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, notes the Birmingham *Age-Herald,* the Democratic Convention gave practical recognition to the fact that the situation called for a diplomat. Not only, in the opinion of this Alabama paper, could no more accomplished diplomat than Mr. Davis be found within the ranks of either party, but "possibly no other candidate prominently before the Convention had partaken less of the factional disputations that had deadlocked the Convention and distracted its judgment." "He inherits none of the hatreds engendered by the Smith-McAdoo duel," agrees the Nashville *Tennessean,* which adds: "His nomination places the Republican party on the defensive from the beginning. He will lead the party to victory." To the Louisville *Courier-Journal* it seems "almost too good to be true that the Democratic Convention, after an unprecedented two weeks of storm and strife, has righted itself and named John W. Davis for the Presidency." To quote this famous Kentucky paper further:



Wide World photograph

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Charles W. Bryan, Governor of Nebraska and brother of William Jennings Bryan. He is considered strong in the farm States, and in Nebraska, the New York *Times* notes, "he reversed a Republican majority of 50,000, and was elected Governor by a plurality of 75,000, when every Republican candidate on the ticket, except the candidate for Governor, won by majorities ranging from 30,000 downward."

> "By that action the Convention took the best step it could have taken to repair the damage that was being done the Democratic party and to save it from the rocks toward which it was being driven. Putting Davis on the bridge of the old ship has changed the whole outlook in a twinkling. Where before the outlook was inevitable shipwreck, it is now, as 'the unterrified' who manned the craft in the old days used to sing, for 'a wet sheet and a flowing sea and wind that follows fast.'
>
> "The nomination of Davis has worked this miracle because it is, and is so universally recognized, the best nomination that could have been made. . . . It is bound to stir in Democrats an enthusiasm which, *The Courier-Journal* believes, will obliterate the bad feeling engendered by the personal bad factional frictions of the Convention. It places at the head of the party a leader who will lead and rally to him every Democrat who is a Democrat because he knows what Democracy is. It will delight the independent voters of the country who, with two such men as Davis and Coolidge to choose between, may dismiss from their minds the equation of personal fitness and make their decisions in accordance with the policies which the two men represent. . . .
>
> "A man of the highest character, a statesman of impressive ability, the leader of the American bar, John W. Davis, in personality, in intellect, in integrity, in experience, in conviction and courage, has the qualifications for an ideal President, and he has, in a superlative degree, the proper appreciation of the dignity of that office, the most exalted in the world, as shown by his deportment throughout the scramble for the nomination, into which he refused to enter, and to advance himself for which he refused to bend an inch to 'expediency.'"

"The party can well unite and put all its strength into the campaign that is now on, and win in November," declares the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union.* "Mr. Davis is by no means a compromise candidate," explains the Houston *Post.* "He is the great outstanding personality to which the Democrats have turned, after fruitless factional strife, to lead them against a common foe. He is a distinct type, unrelated politically to any of the issue that tore the Convention asunder. With him the Democrats have a better chance of winning than with any of the other candidates." Josephus Daniels's Raleigh *News and Observer* has no doubt that Mr. Davis "will prove far more acceptable to the liberal and progressive forces of the nation than some excellent Democrats now believe"; and in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* we read:

> "He comes nearer being without an enemy in the Democratic party than any other of the principal aspirants. Such schism as has arisen will be completely dissipated in the common support of a nominee unbranded by the religious fires that have for eight days warped the Convention's common sense, and untouched by any of its other aberrations."

At the same time this Democratic paper thinks that by nominating Mr. Davis the party has sacrificed any hope it may have had of leading "the dissident Republican elements of the Northwest" into the Democratic camp. "That might have happened," it explains, "if they had nominated an out-and-out progressive"; but "they have nominated an independent conservative." Of this aspect of the nomination it goes on to say:

> "La Follette will identify him to the Northwest as a Conservative of the stripe of Coolidge. Both parties will have to bear up under this affliction as bravely as they can. Since the defection is centralized chiefly in Republican territory, the Democrats have less reason to feel concerned than the political opposition."

"In the nomination of John W. Davis the Democrats in Madison Square Garden have made amends for all their folly," avers another Virginia paper, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, which thinks the candidate "worth all of 103 ballots in a Convention." "He stands for those things which Wilson held to be sacred," remarks the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, and "his record is as clean as a hound's tooth." Noting that he is "an excellent man to be President—broadly experienced, highly educated, with service as Congressman and as Ambassador, a brilliant lawyer whose practise has ranged from representing great corporations to representing great labor unions," the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, another Democratic paper, nevertheless goes on to say:

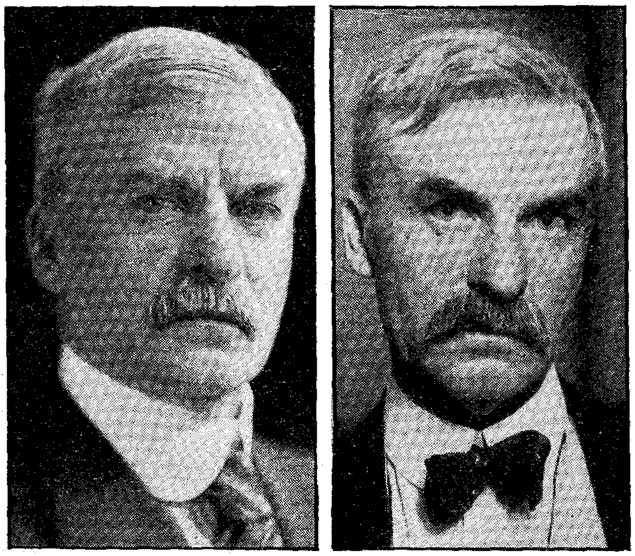
> "It yet remains to be seen how excellent is his choice as a vote-getting candidate. And that depends upon the Smith-men, the McAdoo-men and the others who came to the Convention and for nearly three weeks let passion, prejudice, and simon-pure factional politics breed unexampled turmoil and delay. For it will take a united front and determined fighting to win this campaign against Coolidge and Dawes, with La Follette drawing, as probably he now will, almost equally from each of the older parties."

The Democratic Convention "traveled a long, weary road, but in the end it reached the best possible candidate," thinks the Mobile *Register*, which rejoices over the fact that Mr. Davis is not a self-seeker or a compromiser." The Dallas *News* is convinced that the Convention would have chosen Davis early in the proceedings if his candidacy had not been frowned upon by William Jennings Bryan. The delay resulting from the Convention's "fear of Mr. Bryan's displeasure," fears this Texas paper, "has put the nominee and his party under a heavy handicap," and "whether they can overcome it is for the future to answer."

Turning to other Democratic organs further north, we find the Buffalo *Courier* consoling itself with the thought that "a fight within a party often serves to rouse the party spirit and send its forces forth with a greater will for victory." And in the New York *World* we read:

> "The Democratic party has gone through an ordeal by fire and has proved its mettle. For two weeks it has thrown caution, expediency and fear aside, and has fought out in the open the most passionate issues which stir the hearts of men. No boss could control the party. No Steering Committee could suppress its convictions, no secret conference could issue orders. It was a real Convention of profoundly interested men and women. And in the outcome reason prevailed above all the confusion. In the end the final reserves of sanity, on which democracy depends, came triumphantly into action. . . .
>
> "To have concealed nothing, to have let human passion express itself, to have fought the battle to the bitter end, and then to have turned for leadership to a man of the quality of John W. Davis, is proof that the Democratic party is fit to live, is fit to govern, and is worthy of its name."

The Convention's choice of Davis, agrees the New York *Times*, "was visibly the result of something like a popular uprising on the floor." The Boston *Post* hails him as "intellectually beyond question the best-equipped man the Democracy has ever nominated for the Presidency," and it notes also that "of all the candidates before the Convention, Mr. Davis was never attacked by either the wets or the drys, the Klans or the anti-Klans. His skirts are clear of all factions." This Democratic paper goes on to say.



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"BEFORE AND AFTER" PRESIDING

These photographs show what fourteen days of presiding over the Democratic Convention did to Senator Thomas J. Walsh.

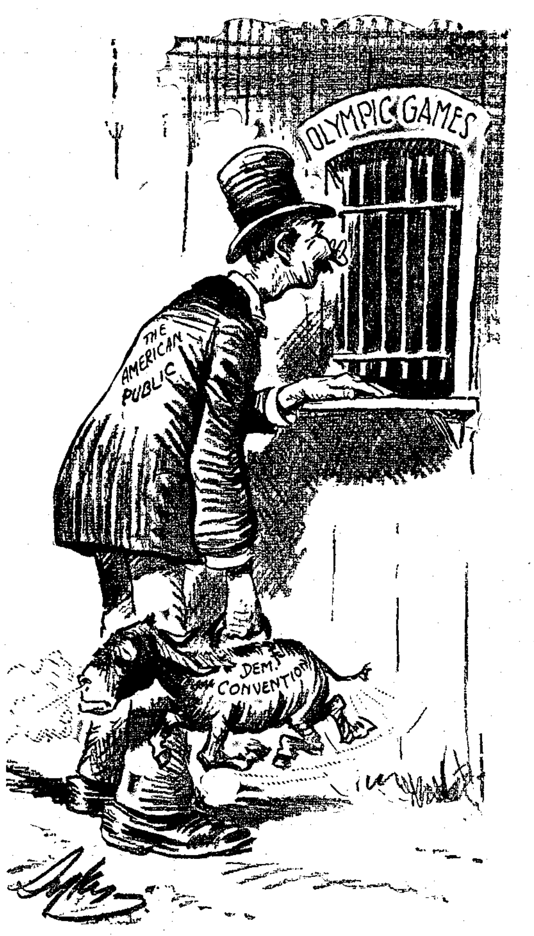
> "Like President Coolidge, he is a conservative and makes no excuses for it. Yet he has a record for liberalism of which full advantage will be taken in the campaign. As attorney for Mother Jones and the striking miners, he gave the West Virginia coal operators the hardest fight they ever had. Whether John W. Davis can still the storm of rancor in the party, can heal the wounds so ruthlessly inflicted in the bitterness of strife, remains to be seen."

He "is one of the few men capable of entirely healing the breach between the Smith and McAdoo forces and of leading a united party triumphantly through the coming campaign," declares the Philadelphia *Record*. The chief complaint against him is that he is a member of a law firm that has represented "big corporations," remarks the Chicago *Journal* "but no one ever has hinted that Mr. Davis ever rendered improper services to any client or that he ever used his official position to favor any corporation, big or little." This organ of Illinois Democracy goes on to say:

> "Mr. Davis is not a member of the radical wing of the party, but still less does he belong to the reactionary group. He took the lead in West Virginia in supporting woman suffrage. He helped to draw the Clayton Act which exempts labor unions from the anti-trust law. He was an effective champion of the eight-hour day. These certainly be countersigns of progressiveness which should convince the most skeptical sentry."

Turning to the independent press, we find high tribute paid to the Democratic nominee, but a division of opinion on his ability to reunite his party. "The country now sees both major parties headed by clear thinkers with a sound economic foundation; from either it has nothing to fear in the way of demagogic tampering with American institutions," remarks the Newark *Evening News*, which adds: "Governor Bryan's rôle, in his own section of the country, will be to make an appeal to the radicals and try to keep them from veering off to La Follette." "After trying hard not to do it, the Democratic Convention has made a nomination that must command the respect of the country," says the Kansas City *Star;* and the Springfield *Republican* thinks that "no one, probably, possesses in a higher degree than Mr. Davis the ability to unite and solidify the regular Democracy of the United States." But the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, while conceding his "exceptional fitness for the White House," remarks that "Davis must fight at the head of a divided party that has placed him on a platform of watered-down demagogery, written at the dictation of Bryanism and McAdooism."

The Republican papers are also fairly unanimous in their tributes to Mr. Davis as a man, but they do not predict that he will lead a reunited party to victory. Davis "would adorn the White House," says the Minneapolis *Journal*, but "the task of binding up Democracy's self-inflicted wounds may prove beyond his strength." The Milwaukee *Sentinel* does not think he can develop "even his party's normal strength in November." Noting that Bryan has stigmatized Davis as "of Wall Street," the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times* is convinced that the Democracy's differences "still persist." He "will split the Democratic party pretty seriously," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, because "the considerable faction that looks upon William Jennings Bryan as a leader of thought can never be brought to his support." His nomination is seen by the Manchester *Union* as "a direct challenge to the elements in the Democratic party for which Bryan speaks and by which McAdoo was supported through scores of unavailing ballots." As the Los Angeles *Times* sees it, the Democratic party is now so divided against itself "that it exists in little more than name only." While Davis is "the ablest man the Democrats could have nominated," politically "he is probably not the strongest," remarks the Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.).



"CAN YOU USE A LONG-DISTANCE STANDSTILL CHAMPION?"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

William Jennings Bryan, whose brother is on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Davis, states that he "will support the ticket," and that he has "no personal objection of any kind to Mr. Davis." But when asked to comment on the Davis nomination he is quoted as saying:

> "A colored preacher said to his congregation: 'Breddern, we have two courses openin' up before us; one leading to death and the other to destruction. I think, breddern, we'll have to take to de woods.' The progressive Democrats of the country are in that predicament with Mr. Davis and Mr. Coolidge. They will have to take to the woods."

The Democratic party committed political suicide "when it nominated John W. Davis," declares William Randolph Hearst, who therefore abandons the Democratic party and urges that the "progressive votes" of both old parties be given to the new third party. Describing Mr. Davis as "attorney for J. P. Morgan and Company, international bankers and fiscal agents for the British Government," Mr. Hearst's New York *American* says in part:

> "The proud old Democratic party proposes to substitute the House of Morgan for the White House. After spending more than two weeks in deliberation, the Democrats decided to commit political suicide. . . . The Democratic party, instead of being secretly controlled by the bosses, is now openly controlled by the bosses, just exactly like the Republican party. . . . The common people, both Republicans and Democrats, are thus plainly directed to the ranks of the new third party, organizing with such spontaneous support from all sections of the country. . . .
>
> "The arrogance of the Democratic bosses is now manifested when, in the face of a nation-wide demand to drive privilege, plutocracy, and corruption out of Washington, they nominate the legal adviser of a banking house that represents chiefly privilege, plutocracy, and is the most sinister money power in the country."

While Governor Smith promises Mr. Davis his "hearty support," Tammany leaders, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, purpose to give Davis "the same knifing in November that they gave to James M. Cox, the Democratic nominee for President in 1920." One Tammany leader is quoted as saying:

> "If there were nothing else against Davis, the fact that he is counsel to J. P. Morgan and general counsel to the Guaranty Trust Company, in the management of which Thomas Fortune Ryan has a [illegible] voice, would be enough to damn him politically with our people. Then the defeat of Governor Smith and the defeat of the minority plank naming the Ku Klux Klan has alienated the Catholic, the liberal Protestant and the Jewish vote, which constitute more than 90 per cent. of the Democratic vote in this city."

The Davis nomination was "a mistake," according to W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, an independent paper that inclines toward Republicanism. As Mr. Jermane sees it, while Mr. Davis is "without doubt the most brilliant man the Democratic party now contains," his nomination "will be worth several million votes to La Follette." For,

> "The 'money devil' will be a great campaign issue in the West where the election is to be decided. La Follette will see to that. Mr. Coolidge will carry the East and contest the West with Mr. La Follette, leaving Mr. Davis the solid South.
>
> "Labor leaders from New York and other Eastern cities were in evidence here for days, during the earlier part of the Convention, when it seemed possible that he might be nominated. They flatly informed the Democratic managers that his nomination would cost the Democratic party at least a million votes between New England and the Alleghanies, north of the Potomac.
>
> "His attitude toward the League will prevent him from getting any large part of the German vote, which, it is only fair to say, will tend to go to La Follette this year, regardless of what might have been done by the Democrats.

Springfield, Missouri

"He will receive no important support from conservatives East or West, who will regard a vote for him as being half a vote for La Follette. But that will be no more true of him than it would have been true of anybody who might have been nominated."

As answering some of the points cited by Mr. Jermane, we quote the following paragraphs from a record of John W. Davis's career published in the New York *Times:*

"Mr. Davis's refusal prior to the Convention to give up his connection with a New York law firm which represents the Morgans and other big financial interests, while it was first used against him, is now believed to have become a point in his favor. His direct statement that he had never had a client who had controlled, or even tried to control, his personal and professional actions, and his refusal to desert his clients won Mr. Davis an amount of public admiration which, coupled with his record of public service, finally outweighed the antagonism of those who fixt the 'Wall Street' label to him in its ugliest connotations.

"Efforts to portray Mr. Davis as a reactionary and a puppet of Wall Street were met by references to some of his other clients. At the time of the West Virginia coal strike Mr. Davis appeared as counsel for Mother Jones and Eugene V. Debs when they were charged with sedition and inciting to riot.

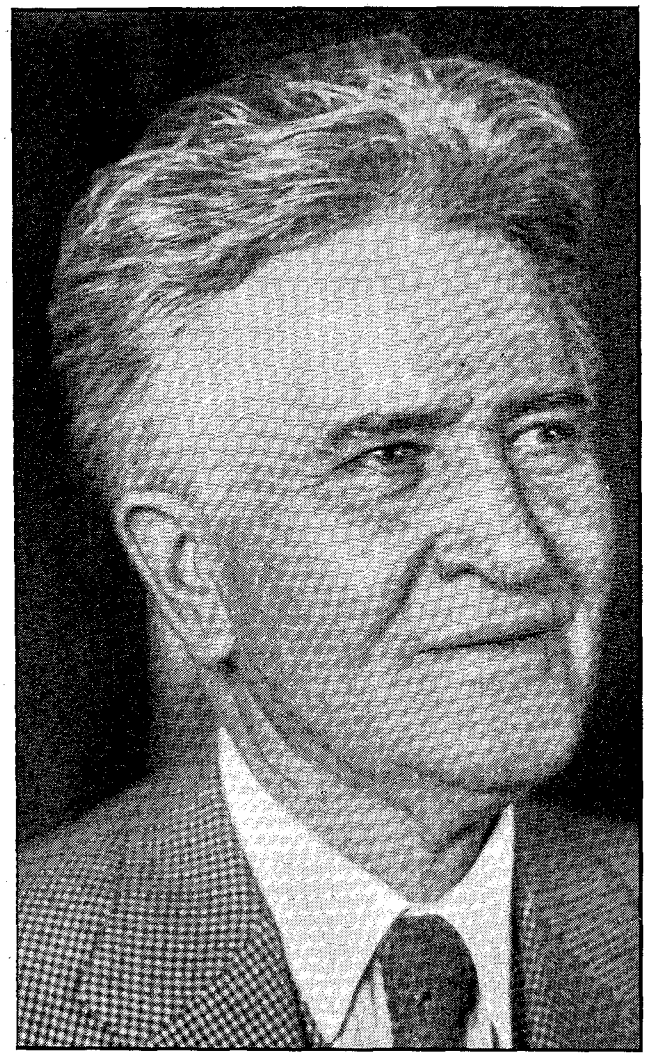
"One of his clients since his return to America and his association with the 'Wall Street' law firm has been the National Window Glass Workers, whom he defended successfully in the Supreme Court against the efforts of the Government to condemn a contract between the workers and the manufacturers as being a combination in restraint of trade.

"Mr. Davis's record in Congress was also cited as evidence of his fairness in controversies between liberals and conservatives. It was recalled that he served as a member of the Judiciary Committee which wrote the Clayton Act exempting labor-unions from the operation of the Sherman Anti-trust Law, and that he had been credited with having written the Act himself.

"The fact that Mr. Davis as Solicitor-General had made the argument in favor of the constitutionality of the Adamson eight-hour law for railroad employees also was used in his favor, as was the fact that some years ago he acted as Chairman of the Democratic State Convention in West Virginia which put the first woman suffrage plank in any Democratic platform in that State.

"Since his return from London Mr. Davis has acted as counsel for the Irish Free State, a fact that has been used to controvert the inevitable charge in the case of a man who had enjoyed the esteem of the English while Ambassador at London that he was under English influence. . . .

"One of Mr. Davis's best known speeches in Congress was on the bill amending the act to provide that injunctions should not be issued without previous notice and that abuses of the injunctive procedure, notably in labor disputes, should be restrained. He argued for a reasonable, and only a reasonable, exercise of the power of injunction, and contended for justice to all parties with a strength that attracted wide-spread attention."



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"WE ARE ONE OF THE WORST RULED GOVERNMENTS"

Declares Senator La Follette, whose hat is in the presidential ring. The choice of the Conference for Progressive Political Action and the Socialists will run as an independent progressive.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LA FOLLETTE

WE MUST NOT DISMISS the La Follette convention in Cleveland on July 4 as a "freak party gathering," thinks a Texas paper, for it is far more than that, and may have important results in the November elections. The movement will be "formidable," says a Democratic paper quoted below, and another Democratic organ, the New York *World*, believes it "will be a factor of incalculable importance." "Senator La Follette is not a mere Socialistic theorist," observes the Republican Boston *Transcript;* "still less is he a convert of 'red' propaganda. He is an exceedingly able man, with the courage of his convictions." But "the motives and grievances of the Cleveland Convention, and therefore its platform," facetiously observes the Syracuse *Herald*, "were originally outlined in the first book of Samuel, chapter XXII, verse 2, as follows":

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him four hundred men."

Their primitive convention hall, explains the Syracuse paper, was the Cave of Adullam, and "the captain was a sort of precursor of La Follette—but the 'four hundred men' were not presidential electors." However, continues *The Herald*, "leaving the Scriptures aside, and coming down to modern times and brass tacks, the official announcement of La Follette's Adullamite candidacy must be recognized as the first act of a very interesting and perhaps important side play in the national campaign."

"The fighting Senator from Wisconsin does not stand a chance of election, but he will give the old parties a great deal to think about," declares the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.* "His decision to accept the nomination has been forecast for weeks," notes the Springfield *Republican*, "yet no one could have foreseen that at the last moment he would be encouraged by the wide-spread discontent with both the major parties that now sweeps the land." Also, "nothing is surer," believes the Grand Rapids *Press*, "than that, wide as the differences may be between the Republican and Democratic parties, they are not as wide as the variance between extremes within each party." In a message to the Convention, Senator La Follette said in part:

"After long experience in public life and painstaking consideration of the present state of public affairs, I am convinced that the time has come for a militant political movement, independent of the two old party organizations, and responsive to the needs and sentiments of the common people.

"The necessity for an independent progressive movement lies in the failure of the two old parties to purge themselves of the influences which have caused their administrations repeatedly to betray the American people.

"If the hour is at hand for the birth of a new political party, the American people next November will register their will and their united purpose by a vote of such magnitude that a new political party will be inevitable. If the people in this campaign repudiate the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties, . . . we shall then witness the birth of a new party and the beginning of a new era in the life of the American people."

SUMMARY OF MAIN PLANKS IN THE LA FOLLETTE PLATFORM

"Prompt ratification of the Child Labor Amendment, and subsequent enactment of a Federal law to protect children in industry. Removal of legal discriminations against women.

Election of all Federal judges and abolition of injunctions in labor disputes.

Legislation to control the meat packing industry.

Repeal of Esch-Cummins law.

Public ownership of railroads, with democratic operation, with definite safeguards against bureaucratic control.

Public ownership of the nation's waterpower and creation of a public superpower system.

Permanent conservation of all natural resources.

Promotion of public works in time of depression.

A deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Creation of a government marketing corporation to provide direct route from the farm producer to the city consumer.

Use of the power of the Federal Government to crush private monopoly.

Retention of surtaxes on swollen incomes; restoration of the tax on excess profits, on stock dividends, profits undistributed to evade taxes, rapidly progressive taxes on large estates and inheritances and repeal of excessive tariff duties.

Reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan systems to provide for direct public control of the nation's money and credit, to make it available on fair terms to all, and national and State legislatures to permit and promote cooperative banking.

Adequate laws to guarantee to farmers and industrial workers the right to organize and bargain collectively.

"We denounce the mercenary system of foreign policy under recent administrations in the interests of financial imperialists, oil monopolists and international bankers. We favor an active foreign policy to bring about a revision of the Versailles Treaty in accordance with the terms of the Armistice, and to promote firm treaty agreements with all nations to outlaw wars, abolish conscription, drastically reduce land, air, and naval armaments, and guarantee public referendums on peace and war."

In a Cleveland dispatch to the New York *World* we are told that "Bringing the Government back to the people" will be the slogan of the new movement, and that—

> "La Follette probably has no illusions about his ability to land the Presidency under this projected program. He desires to found the nucleus of a Liberal Party as the crowning achievement of his career. More than that, he aims to make his influence felt in the Congressional elections and to bring about the election of a Progressive bloc, especially in the Lower House, which will be able to exercise the balance of power in that body."

A summary of the leading planks in the La Follette platform will be found above. At the Senator's home in Washington, while the Convention was in session, he was presented with a petition bearing a quarter of a million names urging him to become a candidate for President, says a Universal Service dispatch from the capital. Moreover, at Cleveland the full support of the Socialist party was promised. Morris Hillquit, international secretary of the Socialist party, made the forecast that five million votes would be forthcoming from farmer, labor, Socialist, and other elements.

As seen by W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "the La Follette party is born out of economic and political unrest. Unusual economic burdens have been laid upon the people of the West, and they seek in politics a way for their removal." We read on:

> "The La Follette party will be held together by hatreds. Its labor units hate capital and the Federal Courts; its Socialists hate the wage system; its farmers hate the railroads and the banks, and its railroad brotherhoods hate their employers. Mr. La Follette hates the Republican party, from which he is formally separating himself.
>
> "Nevertheless, it is highly important that something be done to group liberals and radicals under one banner, and conservatives under another. That would go far toward restoring the lost prestige of the two great political parties, and anything that does that will improve the Government. If the major issue this year is based on La Follette's economic theories—and that seems highly probable—all else in the campaign will be forgotten. In other words, the chance that a radical political party may secure a permanent footing in the United States seems to be better than ever it has been before."

J. A. H. Hopkins, chairman of the National Committee of the Committee of Forty-eight, puts himself on record as follows:

> "The people are weary of old party promises. Over the radio they have listened this year to a vast amount of political bunk. They heard the forces of reaction hooting the apostles of progress in the Republican Convention. They heard the Democratic delegates storming over issues which have nothing to do with the economic welfare of the people. They have been calling for years for a leader who will fight special privilege wherever it may be found. That leader is Senator La Follette.
>
> "The undercurrent away from reaction and toward progress can not be estimated in this campaign any more than it could be estimated in the German, English and French elections, which resulted in a mighty swing toward liberalism. La Follette's opponents admit privately that he may carry more than a dozen States, including Ohio and Illinois."

La Follette "will lead a formidable movement this year," agrees the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which goes on:

> "The Republicans, having thrown the La Follette Progressives out, stand squarely on a conservative platform with a frankly conservative ticket. The Democrats have adopted a compromise platform. The Democrats are thus destined to take the middle of the road in the campaign. Mr. La Follette will be the nominee of the third ticket movement; he will run his own platform and select his own running mate. His candidacy and his platform are designed to appeal to what is, traditionally, the most conservative element in the electorate—the farmer. The Republicans either ignored the demands of the farmers or offered them something they do not want. The Democratic platform is more solicitous. but Mr. La Follette is positive and specific in his program, upon which he relies to carry six or eight agricultural States.
>
> "In the main this is also true of the La Follette promises to Labor. He has outbid both the old parties for the Labor vote.
>
> "La Follette knows exactly what he is about. For six or seven years the most notable development in American politics has been the struggle of the farmers for increased power in the Government. They feel that they have been discriminated against by both the older parties. La Follette is preparing to capitalize this sentiment and to exploit the grievances of the farmers to the full."

Mr. Daniels's Raleigh *News and Observer*, feels that while Senator La Follette may not make as good a run as Roosevelt did in 1912, "he will make a big hole in the Republican vote." Another staunch Democrat, William J. Bryan, according to this paper, "thinks that La Follette will draw more Democrats than Republicans," while the Cleveland *Press* sizes up the situation in this way:

> "Two distinct parties, with definite and opposite theories of government, are normal and necessary. So far, they do not exist The two old parties are as like as peas in a pod.
>
> "Under the circumstances, the expected La Follette candidacy is certain to be welcomed by the disgusted independent voters of both old parties with an enthusiasm that will keep the professional politicians guessing hard between now and election day.

"Considering the situation that this country is in to-day, considering the low ebb to which their job-holding leaders and campaign contributors have brought the honor and reputation of the two major parties, this newspaper recognizes the need of a new party such as would be crystallized in the La Follette candidacy.

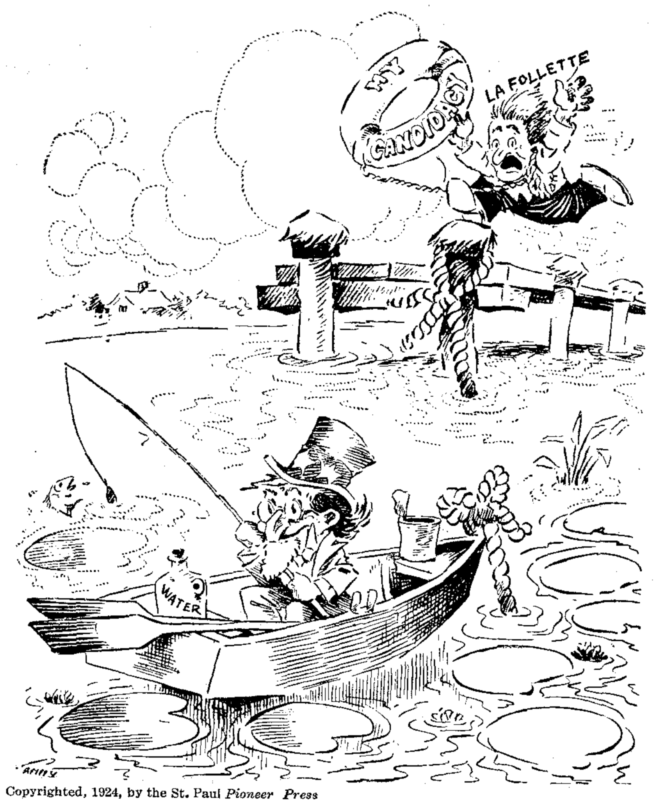
"This newspaper is not afraid of a single one of the planks in the La Follette platform. At least we do know that not one of them was dictated or revised by Wall Street, or the Ku Klux Klan, or any other form of invisible government."

Many editors, on the other hand, find nothing new in the La Follette message and platform. The Providence *Journal* takes exception, in particular, to his statement that "millions . . . find themselves poorer at the end of the year than at the beginning." "This is the purest of bunk," says *The Journal;* "it is refuted by the fact that savings bank deposits, as well as deposits in commercial banks, have more than doubled in the last ten years." Furthermore, declares the Brooklyn *Citizen:*

"The Senator's cry about private monopoly is 'old stuff.' Private monopoly is not responsible either for the farmers' distress or for the entrance of this country into the World War. The farmers' distress is not due to excessive freight rates or the deflation of the Federal Reserve Bank. It is due to economic causes, namely, under-consumption by Europe. This country produces more wheat and other grains than it can consume, and without the European market, there is a glut at home, and prices naturally fall.

"Notwithstanding all that Senator La Follette says against what he terms 'predatory interests,' this country is the most prosperous in the world. If, as he says, the rich have become richer, it is equally true that the working classes have become wealthier. At no period in American history have wages been as high as they are to-day, and at no period have the working classes lived better, or been able to indulge in the luxuries which they do to-day. Everything that Senator La Follette says on this head is the specious sophistry of demagogs."

In view of this, thinks the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, speaking for labor, and the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, speaking for the farmer, "it would be the height of folly" for the farmer and the workingman to go over to the La Follette movement. As the Cleveland *Times-Commercial* points out:



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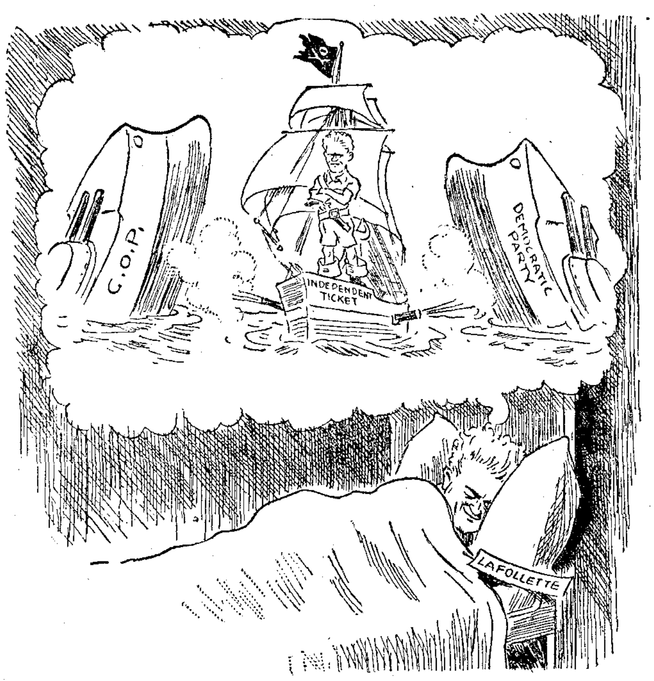
CHEER UP! WE ARE ABOUT TO BE RESCUED ONCE MORE

—Hanny in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.*



IT'S A SHAME TO WAKE HIM

—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record.*

"The La Follette campaign is predicated on two main factors, the farmers and the labor-unionists. The support of the union men is reasonably assured. For the first time in political history leaders of the great railroad brotherhoods seem ready to cast aside their traditional policy of non-interference in partizan politics and to engage actively in support of the La Follette candidacy and the La Follette platform.

"But labor votes alone will count little in making La Follette the potent figure in the national field that he aspires to be. It is the combination with the farmers that is the menace.

"It has been one of the mysteries of politics why such an affiliation was ever devised and why it attracted sufficient numbers to control the politics of Minnesota or any State. The alliance is illogical and unnatural. It is impossible to figure how the farmer can profit in the partnership."

The St. Paul *Dispatch*, which speaks for the wheat farmers of the Northwest, suggests that—

"If the farmer will keep in mind the fact that he sells what the city worker buys—food—and buys what the city worker sells—labor—he will not go far wrong in estimating the worth to him of this top-heavy alliance.

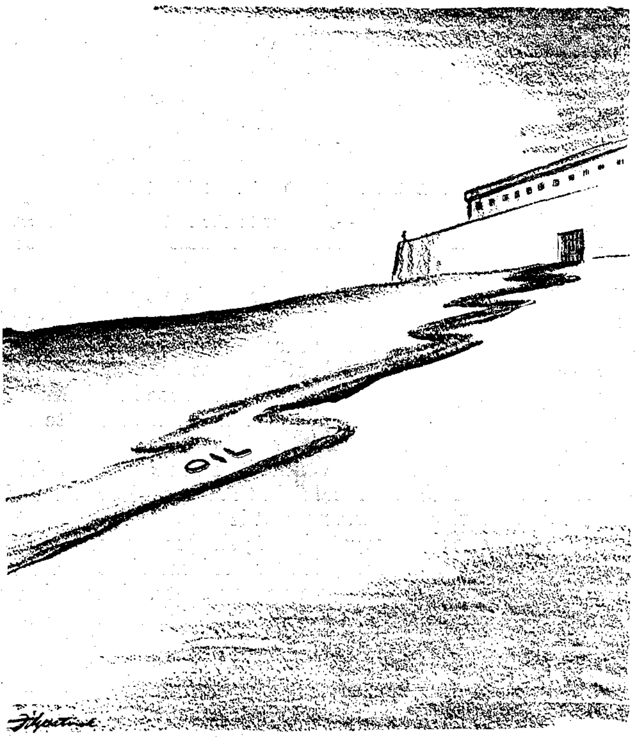
"Suppose that La Follette, and the third party, and the Cleveland Conference have their way; suppose the railroads are nationalized. The interest of the railroad workers will be in the direction of continually increasing wages, which means increasing cost of operation, and increasing freight rates. The interest of the farmer, who is a shipper, will be for decreasing freight rates, reduced costs of operation, and decreasing wages."

Several editors, in fact, admit that they can not fathom the La Follette intentions. The Washington *Star*, however, believes "the real La Follette purpose is to increase the Progressive bloc in Congress, rather than to affect the presidential election." But the Pittsburgh *Sun* thinks the Wisconsin Senator hopes to carry enough States to prevent the candidates from each major party from obtaining a majority in the Electoral College. "In that case, the election would be thrown into the House of Representatives, where the La Follette blocs would hope to hold the balance of power." And, observes the Newark *News:*

"Such an eventuality would be deplorable. The holdover, not the newly elected House, which would try to choose a President, and the Senate, whose Vice-Presidential choice, in the event of a House deadlock, would be President, have not the popular confidence. The result would be an election, not by a free people, but by discredited agencies, whose personnel was selected more than two years before, without any thought that this responsibility would devolve on it."

THE TEAPOT DOME INDICTMENTS

"MERELY A GESTURE," according to a hostile newspaper, is the "tardy recognition of an outraged public opinion" whereby Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, has been indicted, along with Harry F. Sinclair, Edward L. Doheny, and Edward L. Doheny, Jr., for alleged criminality in connection with the leases of Teapot Dome and other naval oil reserves. "It is a certainty that the cases will not be called before the election," we are told, as "the present Administration does not want the disclosures and evidences of corruption again paraded before the American voters. It wants the voters to forget the scandal and vice that have been so rampant in Washington during the last three and a half years." This hostile paper, the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette* (Dem.), sees in the indictments no expression of the Administration's "approval or disapproval" of the oil leases, but only a belated acceptance of the fact that an angry public "means to have an account." As *The Gazette* contends, "Some one has to be the goat, and it looks as if Fall has been chosen. He will bear the burden. It is to be hoped that the round-up will be general. There have been others, as has been proved not only by the investigations of the Senate but by actual sworn testimony in a Federal court in New York. If the purpose is a general clean-up, then there should be more indictments."



LEADING TO ANOTHER GOVERNMENT RESERVATION?
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

Nevertheless, the Charleston paper welcomes the indictments of Messrs. Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny, and remarks:

> "Now they actually face trial before a jury of their peers who shall solemnly and justly determine whether or not they did corruptly and wilfully despoil our first line of defense or what in the future might prove to be one of its greatest assets. They will undoubtedly be represented by a formidable array of legal talent and if the case comes to trial the issue will be fairly and honestly settled."

At any rate, "the defendants will not be hanged, drawn and quartered without an opportunity to defend themselves," observes the El Paso (Tex.) *Herald* (Ind.), adding. "Convicted or acquitted, they and the public will be better satisfied because of a verdict reached in an impartial court of law, than in a verdict predetermined by a body of senatorial inquisitors," while the Manchester (N. H.) *Union* (Rep.) tells us, "After all, the country is far more concerned in the doing of justice than in hearing strange tales of highly imaginative quality. The courts provide the best of means for getting at the truth in this oil business, and enforcing any deserved penalties."

To the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.) it appears gratifying that "the indictments bring back into the scandal equation the millionaire names that have occupied the background while political attention has centered upon the ex-Cabinet members who furthered their designs." Reading on—

> "Fall broken and discredited on his Three Rivers ranch has received the brunt of denunciation. Doheny and Sinclair who are implicated with him have suffered no particular impairment of their social freedom. The grand jury ruled by evidence and not by Bradstreet's plays no favorites. Having charged Fall with accepting bribes it necessarily charges Doheny with committing the bribery. Having charged Fall with conspiracy to alienate government oil properties it necessarily charges Doheny and Sinclair with partnership in that conspiracy. No one can conspire with himself.
>
> "It will be interesting to see whether such a thing is possible in American justice as the conviction of Fall and the dismissal of the millionaires who speeded his disgrace. No one possessing a proper respect for the infinite capacity of wealth to interpose obstacles in the path of justice would be so rash as to venture an advance opinion."

As the Pittsburgh *Evening Sun* (Ind. Dem.) is persuaded, "time has been given the counsel to gather the evidence on which the prosecution will be based," and "we may await the trial with assurance that justice will have way." Also with renewed confidence in the Attorney-General's office, several papers remark. "It is now clear that the Department of Justice, under its new head, Attorney-General Stone, has awakened from the apparent trance it was in while Mr. Daugherty was in office," says the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), while the Newark *News* believes that it "may safely be depended upon to see that no whitewashing is indulged in," and many papers believe there is increased confidence in President Coolidge. "He will show neither fear nor favor," says the Cleveland *Times and Commercial*, and the Utica *Press* (Ind.) tells us that "the pledges President Coolidge made to the country, to reveal wrong-doing and punish the culprits, are in a fair way to be carried out." Meanwhile the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind. Dem.) thinks the indictments "a great personal triumph for Senator Walsh," and quotes Senator Borah as saying that "Senator Walsh's investigation of the oil scandal is the greatest public service rendered by any American since the Armistice."

The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) finds a "curious coincidence" in the Coolidge Administration's "washing its hands of its rascals 'with invisible soap, in imperceptible water,' just when the Democratic Convention was approaching its climax." On the other hand, several papers, among them the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.), are of the opinion that the indictments came at precisely the right time. As the *Public Ledger* contends,

> "These indictments are an instant and crushing answer from a source far removed from political partizanship to the carping criticism of the Democratic convention keynoters. Hardly had the echoes of the bitter controversies in that assemblage died away, no sooner were the hypocritical reproaches of Senators Pat Harrison and Walsh uttered in that convention, when the machinery of justice already set in motion by President Coolidge and his legal counsel to ferret out corruption and punish the wrongdoers was formally applied to the task of determining the truth and applying the penalty for crime."

Similarly, the New Haven *Register* (Ind.) argues:

> "The announcement is almost coincident with the adoption of the Democratic platform which charges Executive indifference to the prosecution of the criminal and Republican laxness in the cleansing of the government service. The indictments rather take the wind out of the sails of the Democratic thrust."

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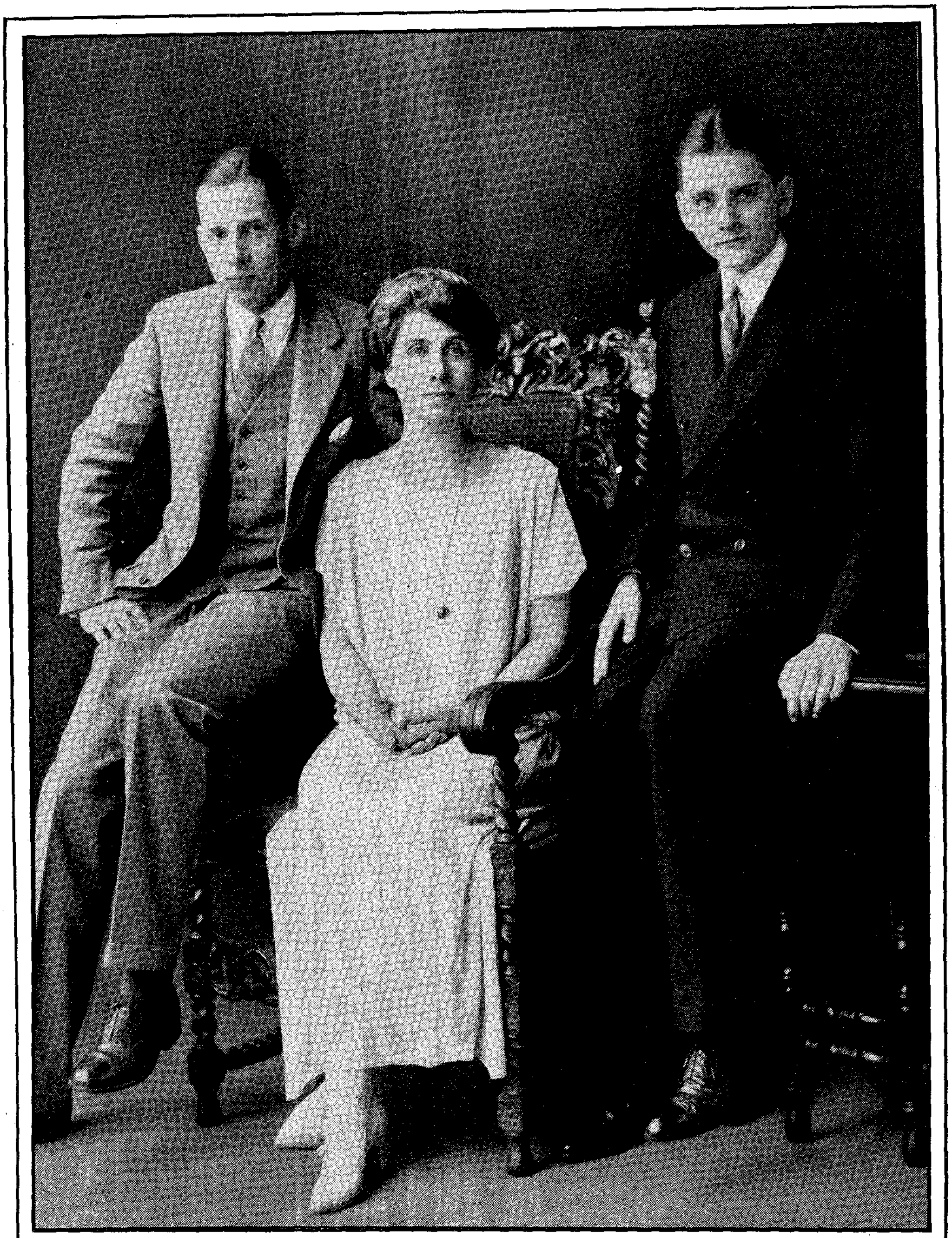
DEATH'S SHADOW ON THE WHITE HOUSE

THERE WAS A CATCH AT THE HEARTSTRINGS of the entire nation on July 7, when Death knocked at the door of the White House and took the younger son of the President and the First Lady of the Land. Presidents have suffered family bereavements since Lincoln lost the boy he loved so well, the Springfield *Union* observes, "but in those sixty years between Lincoln and Coolidge it is hard to recall an affliction in a President's home so distressing as the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., sixteen years old."

"It is a pitiful thing, in any circumstances," says the Washington *Post*, "that Fate should place her heavy hand upon a youth about to step across the border line of manhood." "But the death of this boy, in whom the tides of aspiration and the joy of life were asurge, is a tragedy," declares the Boston *Globe*. "It is not because of the exalted position of the President and Mrs. Coolidge," points out the Utica *Press*, "that they have the sympathy of an entire people in this dark hour, but because they are fellow human beings as helpless in this crisis as any of us would be."

"High-spirited, studious, without a trace of conceit, but with an abundance of common sense, Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was as splendid a specimen of the American boy as we ever knew," says a Washington *Post* editorial writer. "He was bright, healthy, of excellent habits, and he had everything to live for," we read in the Brooklyn *Citizen*, and in the Jersey City *Journal* we are told that—

> "When his father took the oath of office he was working on a New England farm. He had contracted to work for a certain period, and he refused to go to Washington and congratulate his father in person until the job was done. Here was character strong and unbending, and a grip that could not be broken."



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MRS. COOLIDGE AND HER BOYS

In this, their last photograph together, Calvin, Jr., is at his mother's left, and John at her right.

Only a week before he died, young Calvin Coolidge developed a blister on his right foot while playing tennis with his brother. It was from this insignificant injury that blood poisoning resulted and caused his death. Saline solutions, oxygen, operations, and blood transfusions—every resource of medical science—were of no avail in counteracting the ravages of the poison. The boy was kept alive for a day only by his sublime faith in his father, some of the attending specialists admitted to a Washington correspondent. "The reassuring pressure of the President's hand against his own, and a word of encouragement accomplished a miracle which was beyond medical skill." This reminds the New York *Herald Tribune* that soon after Vice-President Coolidge brought his family to the White House—

> "Mrs. Coolidge thought the boys should take some dancing lessons, but they revolted at the idea with all the scorn of sturdy boyhood.
>
> "'Did my father ever take dancing lessons?' asked Calvin.
>
> "Mrs. Coolidge admitted the President never had.
>
> "'Well, if my father never did, I don't need to,' said his father's namesake."

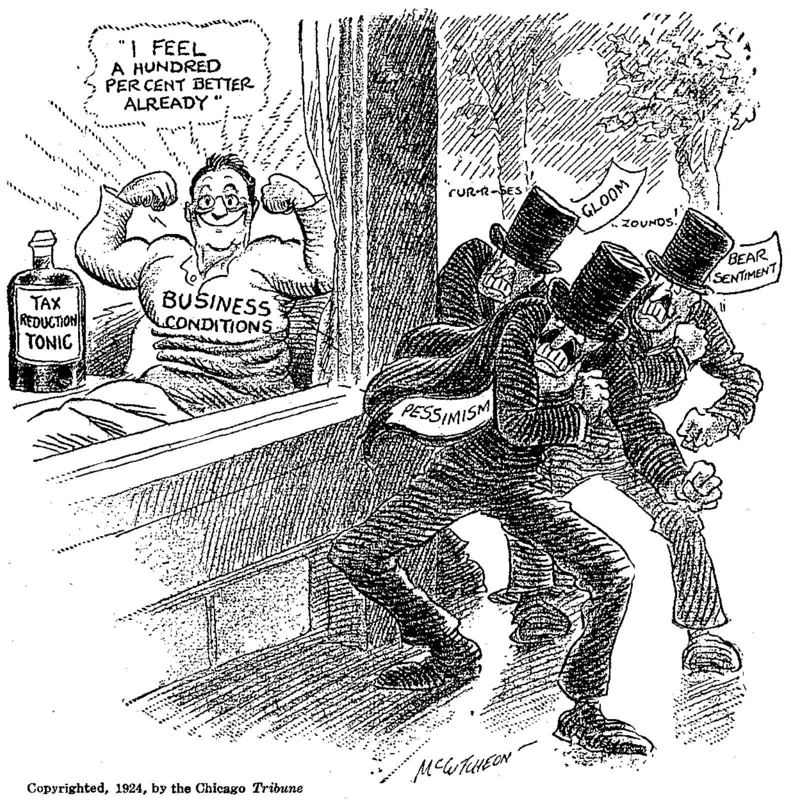
According to a Universal Service dispatch from Washington—

> "Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was born April 13, 1908, in Northampton, Massachusetts. He was reared in the unpretentious house in which his parents were living. He was an assiduous student, and always near the head of his class. About the only sport in which Calvin engaged was tennis, the game which, indirectly, brought about his death."

"The sorrow in the White House," says the Springfield *Union*, "is shared in every home in the country." "If any good can be said to attach to such a tragic happening as the death of the President's younger son," observes the Troy *Record*, "it consists in the strengthening of the bond between the nation and its Chief Executive."

CASH, COOLIDGE AND ECONOMY

THE FIRST GUN in Mr. Coolidge's campaign has been fired by Mr. Coolidge, we are told in newspaper accounts of his address before the seventh regular meeting of the Business Organization of the Government marking the completion of three years under the budget system. "I am for economy," says the President, adding, "after that I am for more economy. At this time and under present conditions that is my conception of serving all the people." He declares that "a government which lays taxes on the people not required by urgent public necessity and sound public policy is not a protector of liberty, but an instrument of tyranny." Indeed, "one of the first signs of the breaking down of free government is a disregard by the taxing power of the right of the people to their own property," he contends, believing that, "unless the people can enjoy that reasonable security in the possession of their property, which is guaranteed by the Constitution, against unreasonable taxation, freedom is at an end."



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A WONDERFUL SPRING TONIC

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Whatever other issues may come up in the campaign, the press seem to have little but bouquets for the President on this one. Among the independent and Independent-Republican papers, we find the Chicago *Evening Post* declaring, "If this be the road to what the Democrats call chaos, we are willing to take a chance on traveling with Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes," while the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is astonished that "in the face of this showing the Democratic platform should have announced that 'dishonesty, extravagance, and inefficiency exist in government,'" and the San Francisco *Chronicle* observes, "Progressive economy like this is business in government in a very real sense. It is the business in government that will be enforced in President Coolidge's next administration." His speech "will not make pleasant reading for those who live by politics," avers *The Wall Street Journal*, "but the President need address to the taxpayers—those who live by toil—no other campaign document in 1924." The Indianapolis *News* applauds his "worthy ideal." As enthusiastically the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* assures us that "the conduct of Federal affairs is in safe hands," and the New York *Telegram and Evening Mail* says, "If there is one combination of harmonious words that sounds sweetly in the ears of the American people at present, it is 'lower and fewer taxes.'" Similar approval is voiced by numerous other independent papers, among them the Kansas City *Star*, the Indianapolis *Star*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the Washington *Post*, the Washington *Star*, the Springfield *Republican*, the Providence *Journal*, the Boston *News Bureau*, the Boston *Herald*, the New York *Evening Post*, the Troy *Record*, the New Haven *Register*, the Newark *News*, and the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

The Republican press naturally approves warmly. In the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "if the American people are looking for the man to place this Government on a business basis, if they are in search of a man to uphold the honor, the dignity, and the power of the nation, they have him in the White House at the present time." According to the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "Conservation, care and Coolidge go well together, and mean something to the pocketbook of America." The President "should find himself more popular with the electorate than ever," thinks the Springfield *Union*, while the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that he "has made a good start," and the Minneapolis *Tribune* remarks, "Never did the American people have greater need for a real economist in the presidential chair and a fiscal expert in the Treasury Department. They have them both, and it is up to them to say whether they shall continue to have them after March 4, 1925." Similar approbation is exprest by the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Brooklyn *Times*, the Albany *Evening Star*, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the Buffalo *Express*, and the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*.

One Democratic paper, the Brooklyn *Citizen*, objects strongly to the President's plea for economy and tells us,

> "It is now said that the surplus at the end of this fiscal year will be over $500,000,000, and the President talks economy. He admitted that this is the richest country in the world. He admitted that it is the most prosperous and still he talks 'economy.'
>
> "There are times and places when economy is in order, but it was not in order when the President of this rich country, with its surplus of $500,000,000, vetoed the bill increasing the pay of the overworked and underpaid postal employees. It was not in order when the President of this rich country, with a surplus of $500,000,000, vetoed the Soldiers' Bonus Bill, on the ground that the country could not afford it.
>
> "This country can well afford to pay the Soldiers' Bonus and the increase in the pay of postal employees without turning a hair. It can well afford to readjust salaries of Federal employees in every branch of the Federal Government, for it is notorious that the richest country in the world pays its servants the lowest wages. This applies from the President of the United States down. The $75,000 a year which we pay to the President is $125,000 a year less than France pays its President and France has a deficit instead of a surplus.
>
> "We pay our Ambassadors $17,500 a year, where England and France pay them $50,000 a year, and so all along the line. There has been a great deal of talk about the burden of taxation due to the war, but all the same the great majority of the banks and corporations are able to pay extra dividends. It will be time enough for the President to talk 'Economy, more economy,' when justice has been done to the overworked and underpaid servants of Uncle Sam."

Other Democratic papers applaud the President. "His platform of economy and then more economy, is one to which all Federal taxpayers will subscribe," says the Cleveland *Plain-dealer*, while the New York *Times* exclaims, "That is the talk, shrewd and sound is the call for further reduction in the cost of government; for pruning the government pay-roll; for checking the intolerable fecundity of the government printing presses," and the Philadelphia *Record,* in an editorial headed, "Mr. Coolidge at His Best," declares, "If the President's speech to the thousand or so Federal officers who spend the public money was a campaign speech, we respectfully congratulate him on a good opening." "It is a live campaign issue," observes the Boston *Post;* "nor, we believe, will it waste itself in mere verbiage." Finally, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says,

> "Not since General Dawes dominated these budget conferences and walked up and down the platform pointing his finger at different Cabinet members and saying, 'Mr. Secretary, you must economize in your department,' has any one given the bureau and department heads more to think about."

In his address, widely published, Mr. Coolidge orders specific economies, and says:

> "There is a distinct limit to the amount of public service we can profitably employ. We require national defense, but it must be limited. We need public improvements, but they must be gradual. We have to make some capital investments, but they must be certain to give fair returns. Every dollar expended must be made in the light of all our national resources and all our national needs. It is here that the budget system gets its strength as a method of fiscal administration.
>
> "We must reduce the government pay-roll. I am satisfied that it will lead to greater efficiency. And in this same connection I desire careful scrutiny of travel orders. Our travel expense item is too great. A further fertile field for economy is the item of printing and binding. I am sometimes startled at the number of government publications which come to my attention. It can not be that all are necessary."

As Mr. Coolidge points out, "this insistent demand for economy and reduction in expenditures necessarily requires increasing efficiency of administration." Accordingly,

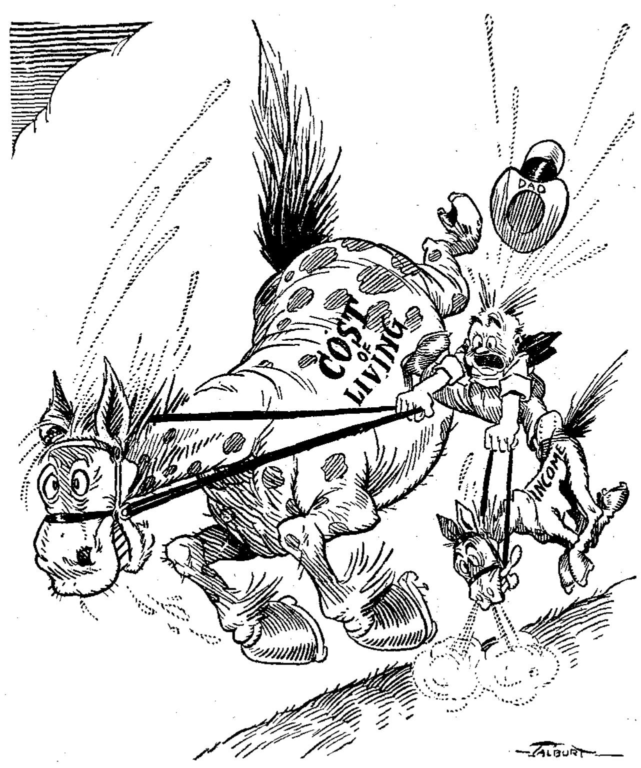
> "The duty and the opportunity to-day of the Government's administrators is not to enter upon new fields of enterprise. On the other hand, it is their duty and opportunity to carry on approved and necessary activities with the smallest possible expenditure. In the past twenty years the Government's activities have developed and multiplied in a most extraordinary way. Certainly the initiation of new activities should be discouraged unless essential to the well-being of the nation.
>
> "To-morrow we commence a new fiscal year. We will have a smaller revenue by reason of the lessening of the burden of the taxpayer under the new tax law. On the other hand, we will have an increase in our fixt charges. The World War Adjusted Compensation Act alone adds approximately $132,000,000 to our fixt charges for 1925. A real battle faces us, but we are organized for the fight. The best estimate to-day indicates a surplus of approximately $25,000,000 for the next fiscal year. This estimate is predicated on an expenditure program which, exclusive of the redemption of the public debt, amounts to $3,083,000,000. I desire that this expenditure program be reduced by $83,000,000. I do not contemplate total expenditures for the next fiscal year which will exceed $3,000,000,000 exclusive of the redemption of the public debt. This will give us a surplus at the end of 1925 of $108,000,000."

Looking ahead with special reference to necessities now under consideration by the departments, Mr. Coolidge tells the Business Organization of the Government:

> "You are now preparing your preliminary estimates for the fiscal year 1926. For that fiscal year it will be my purpose to transmit to Congress estimates of appropriations which, excluding the interest on and reduction in the public debt, and the postal service, will not exceed a total of $1,800,000,000. Let me say here that under the budget and accounting act the only lawful estimates are those which the Chief Executive transmits to the Congress. This law must be observed not only in its letter but in its spirit. I herewith serve notice again as Chief Executive, that I propose to protect the integrity of my budget."

As a guaranty of good faith, the President points to economies already achieved, and shows that whereas "for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, the last pre-budget year, our expenditures were $5,538,000,000 and our receipts $5,624,000,000," the books disclose that—

> "For the succeeding three years, which includes the year which ends to-day, our expenditures were $3,795,000,000, $3,697,000,000, and $3,497,000,000, respectively. Here we show a progressive and consistent reduction in expenditures. On the other side of the ledger our receipts for 1922 were $4,109,000,000; 1923, $4,007,000,000 and 1924, $3,995,000,000. An analysis of these figures shows that in the face of a progressive reduction in receipts we have still achieved a substantial surplus at the end of each of the fiscal years—$314,000,000 for 1922, $310,000,000 for 1923, and $498,000,000 for 1924. The surplus accumulated at the end of each of the last three fiscal years has been applied to the reduction of the public debt in addition to the reductions required by law under the sinking fund and other acts. Without the aid of this recurring surplus the public debt would be $1,100,000,000 more than it now stands, and the interest charges would be some $45,000,000 greater next year than we shall now have to pay.



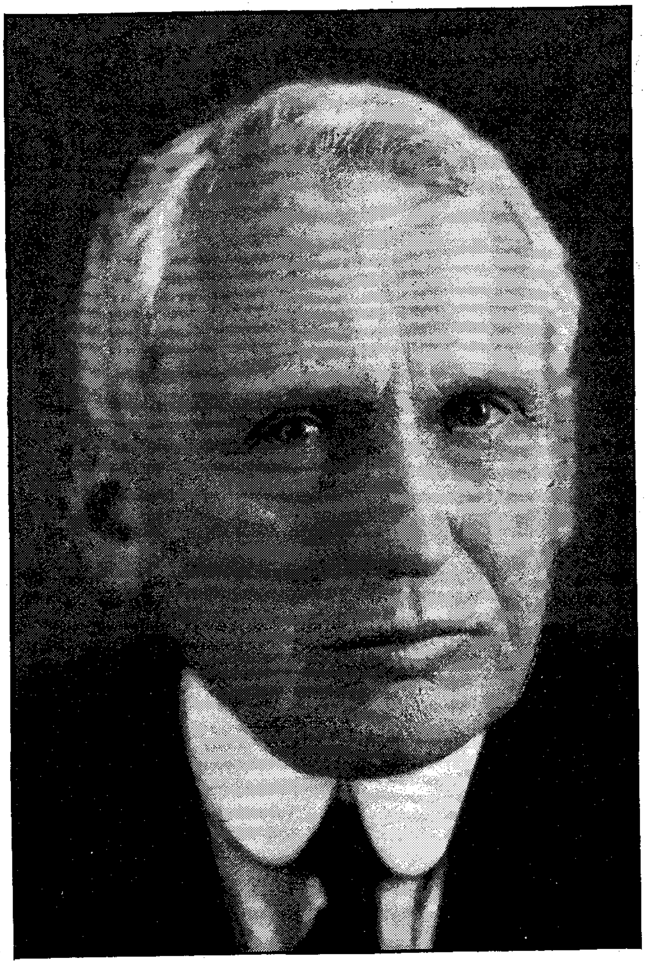
HOW LONG CAN HE HOLD THAT POSE?

—Talburt in the Washington *Daily News.*

> "Along with this reduction in expenditures has gone a progressive reduction of the public debt with its attendant relief from the burden of interest. On June 30, 1921, the public debt was $23,976,000,000. In 1922 it had been reduced more than $1,000,000,000 to $22,964,000,000. In 1923 it had been reduced more than $600,000,000 to $22,349,000,000. In 1924 it has been reduced again by more than $1,000,000,000, and stands at an estimated amount of $21,254,000,000, which is a reduction in three years of $2,722,000,000, and means a saving of interest of more than $120,000,000 each year.
>
> "This shows that the intensive campaign which was commenced three years ago has been waged unrelentingly. In this campaign we have had the active cooperation and support of the Congress. The three budgets presented by the Chief Executive to the Congress have carried drastic, progressive reductions in their estimates for funds. Congress has adhered to budget procedure in passing upon these estimates. The appropriations granted have been in harmony with the financial program of the Chief Executive.
>
> "Taxes have now been reduced. While our immediate need is for tax reform, as distinguished from tax-reduction, we must continue this campaign for economy so as to make possible further tax-reduction. We owe this to the people of our nation, to the people who must pay with their toil. The relief which has recently been afforded must be only the beginning."

TEETERING ON THE RIM OF THE VORTEX

THE NEAREST WE HAVE COME to mixing in the European whirlpool since the Peace Conference is seen at the meeting of the Allied Premiers in London, where Ambassador Kellogg will tread the edge of the vortex by casting a vote on questions where America is affected, and shifting to a mere "unofficial observer" when America is not affected. The London Conference is to discuss the execution of the Dawes plan, and a statement from the White House tells the press that inasmuch as "it is the desire of the Administration that it should be put into effect as speedily as possible," the invitation extended by Prime Minister MacDonald has been accepted and "instructions have been given to Ambassador Kellogg to attend the conference in London." There he will have authority to "deal with such matters as affect the interests of the United States." Regarding other matters his presence will be "for purposes of information." Col. James A. Logan, who has been American observer with the Reparations Commission in Paris, "will go to London to assist the Ambassador." But America is not one of the Allies. "Why, then, should we enter the Allies' conference?" asks the Boston *Transcript*, an anti-League supporter of Senator Lodge. After remarking that "the new brooms of Europe have promptly resorted to an old trick of sweeping," *The Transcript* complains, "One of the first things they do is to issue a Macedonian cry to the United States: 'Come over to our conference and help us!'" This Boston paper "can see no convincing reason why we should go."



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"NO MERE VOTELESS WATCHER"

Frank B. Kellogg, American Ambassador to Great Britain, who will have authority to "deal with such matters as affect the interests of the United States" at the meeting of the Allied Premiers in London.

In taking this position, *The Transcript* seems to stand almost alone, tho there is much discussion in the press as to Ambassador Kellogg's status in the conference. According to the *Daily Financial America* (New York), we are "dodging a responsibility."

"Ambassador Kellogg has been designated to attend as the informal representative of President Coolidge. He is not to be called upon for a vote nor will he have the prerogative of binding the United States to any determined policy. His participation is no more nor less than another of those you-do-the-cooking-and-I'll-enjoy-the-feast situations, in which our previous unofficial observers have taken part."

On the other hand, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.) maintains that, while Ambassador Kellogg's assignment is still under the "observer system,"

"He is to be no mere voteless watcher like our semi-permanent sitter-in with the Reparations Commission, nor a special tab-keeper like Ambassador Harvey at the Supreme Council sittings of three years ago, but an envoy taking a hand. 'Attending' for the purpose of 'dealing,' is a different thing from 'observing' for the purpose of 'keeping informed.'"

It is "not the purpose of the United States to put its oar into any of the political problems of Europe," the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.) assures us, and the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) learns that "the interests of the United States that might become a topic of discussion at the forthcoming conference are said to be those of American claimants against Germany."

Meanwhile the Hartford *Times* (Dem.) looks upon our representation at the conference as "a step forward," evidently believing it a step toward the League, and says:

"With the American Ambassador to Great Britain acting under direct instructions from the White House in a council of Allied Premiers called by Prime Minister MacDonald to consider the practical application of a plan which bears the name of the Administration's candidate for Vice-President, it is inevitable that we shall see the gradual acceptance of a wiser, more enlightened and effective policy within those groups which, using or rather abusing their domination of the Republican party, have blocked all efforts on the part of the United States to establish a better world order. Of course, the announcement of Ambassador Kellogg's appointment to a place in the conference is hedged about with all manner of protestations that the policy of the present Administration presents no departure from the one pursued by Mr. Harding, but with official representation in this important conference assured and with the Secretary of State himself in London while the Premiers are meeting, it is easy to forgive Mr. Coolidge his proverbial caution. It is to be hoped that his phrases of aloofness in this case mean as little as those protestations of sympathy for the distress of Europe and desire for peace that used to be so blandly and hypocritically tossed about when the Republican party was engaged in the unholy business of preventing any real relief of that distress or the safeguarding of that peace."

After reminding us that "both Harding and Hughes favored a more liberal view of American opportunity and duty in Europe's difficulties for the last three years," the Topeka *Daily Capital* (Rep.) says:

"They were checked by the isolationist bloc in the Senate. President Coolidge, following the introduction of the Pepper world court futility, threw down a definite challenge to this combination and demonstrated how weak it is when squarely attacked.

"The appearance of this country officially at the July reparations conference is the first official American act of cooperation in the settlement of the reparations problem and will give a correspondingly powerful impulse to the get-together movement for the Dawes solution. But more than that, it is a new assurance to the peoples of Europe of American interest in European restoration, a definite assurance by definite action. It clears up European doubt and wonder as to whether America is concerned, and the moral or psychological effect of this ready acceptance of official participation upon Europe's peoples will be deeply and widely felt. It is the end of isolation."

However, we are not forming "entangling alliances." As the Omaha *Bee* reminds us, Europe trusts Kellogg "because he is not representing the ally of either party."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

The bathing girl doesn't care a wrap.—*Columbia Record.*

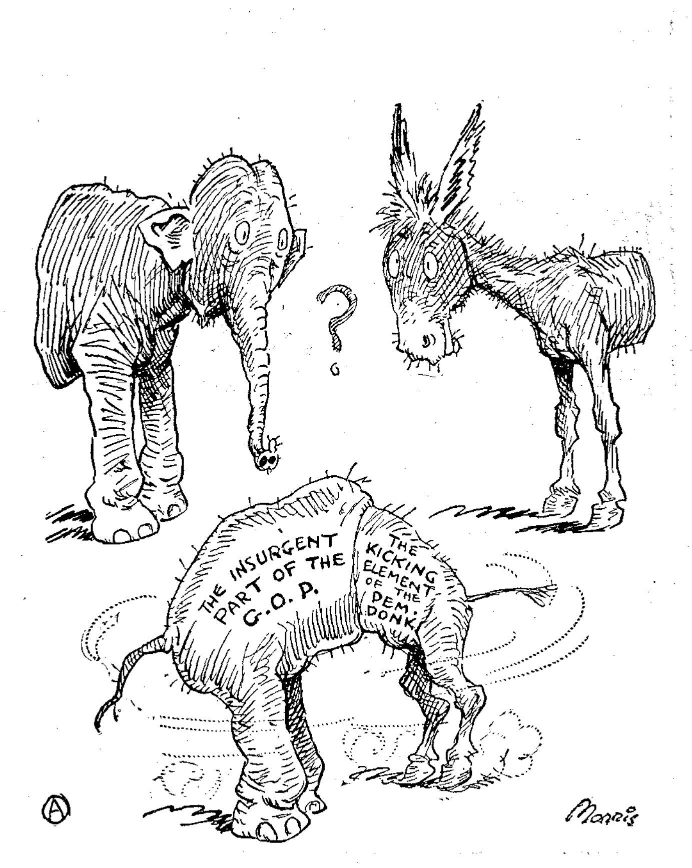
The only recognized Liberal party in this country is Dad.—*El Paso Herald.*

Our seat of Government is being sat upon a great deal these days.—*Columbia Record.*

Running for office takes a man out into the open—and often it leaves him there.—*Fargo Blade.*

Opportunity knocks but once. It would make a darned poor political speaker.—*Beaumont Enterprise-Journal.*

Gentlemen in politics who thought they had struck oil have come to the conclusion that it was the oil that struck them.—*Columbia Record.*


THE INSURGENT PART OF THE G.O.P.
THE KICKING ELEMENT OF THE DEMI-DONK.
?
Morris

THAT THIRD PARTY MOVEMENT

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

The Christian Nations are those that use cuss words.—*Fort Worth Star-Telegram.*

Delegates are instructed how to vote, but seem hazy about why.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The old political parties are so old that they are bald on the inside of their heads.—*Columbia Record.*

The Democratic party needed leaders, but it didn't need 1,098 of them.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

As a rule the seed of discontent in this country is the kind found in political plums.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

Don't envy the traveler. The home billboards are equal to those he sees.—*Denton (Texas) Record-Chronicle.*

Not necessary to bore holes in the ship because we are trying to change pilots.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Few people have heard the swan song, but nearly everybody has heard a lame duck squeal.—*Memphis News-Scimitar.*

Madison Square Garden might as well be razed, at that. After what Pat Harrison said, no self-respecting elephant would ever eat a peanut under its roof.—*Columbia Record.*

And years ago a man thought it strange that republics are not grateful to their public servants!—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

A little while ago it looked as if Mussolini were on his way to greatness. Now he is merely on his way.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

So far as we can learn, everybody who took fees from Doheny is ashamed and scared; but nobody gives back the money.—*Christian Statesman.*

It was to have been expected that the Republican party would accord greater recognition to women after it had been revamped.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

If the Prince of Wales can't be kept from coming so many croppers he may close his ancestor's bargain of his kingdom for a horse.—*Philadelphia North American.*

One reason for thinking that the explorers may really have found the original tablet containing the Ten Commandments is the circumstance that they are badly smashed up.—*Fargo Blade.*

The war is history; the peace is hysteria.—*Columbia Record.*

Senator Walsh was the most permanent chairman on record.—*Wall Street Journal.*

People who think too much of themselves do not think enough.—*Columbia Record.*

As is usually the case, both parties tried hard to build their platforms entirely of springboards.—*Life.*

The same oil that greased a candidate's palm may also grease the skids that lead to political oblivion.—*Columbia Record.*

Naturally, La Follette figured that if he accepted nomination from the Reds his candidacy would be marooned.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

As the candidate spreads his bunk so will he lie.—*Columbia Record.*

In these days the seats of the mighty are the point of a tack.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Independence Day is the day the American citizen celebrates something he had and mislaid.—*Life.*

There is general agreement that both houses of Congress should be revised upward.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

It is getting so now that a respectable married man is ashamed to be seen in a modern bookstore.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Some say the Coolidge-Dawes ticket will go down in history and some say it will go down in November.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The United States may be awful, but it is about the only place where the people don't want to move to another country.—*Columbia Record.*

John Philip Sousa says that the dry law has made it impossible to write comic operas like those of the good old days. Maybe it's because a sober audience won't stand for such stuff.—*Southern Lumberman.*

If all the pedestrians in New York were laid end to end, they would greatly simplify the task of the reckless driver.—*Life.*

And so the idea is to "sell" the candidates to America? And we haven't finished paying for some of the old ones we had.—*Austin (Texas) American.*

Our politicians, they say, are afraid of the League of Nations issue; is there any other issue our politicians are not afraid of?—*Columbia Record.*

Some of the language reported from the Democratic convention suggests the thought that Charles G. Dawes got into the wrong camp.—*Philadelphia North American.*

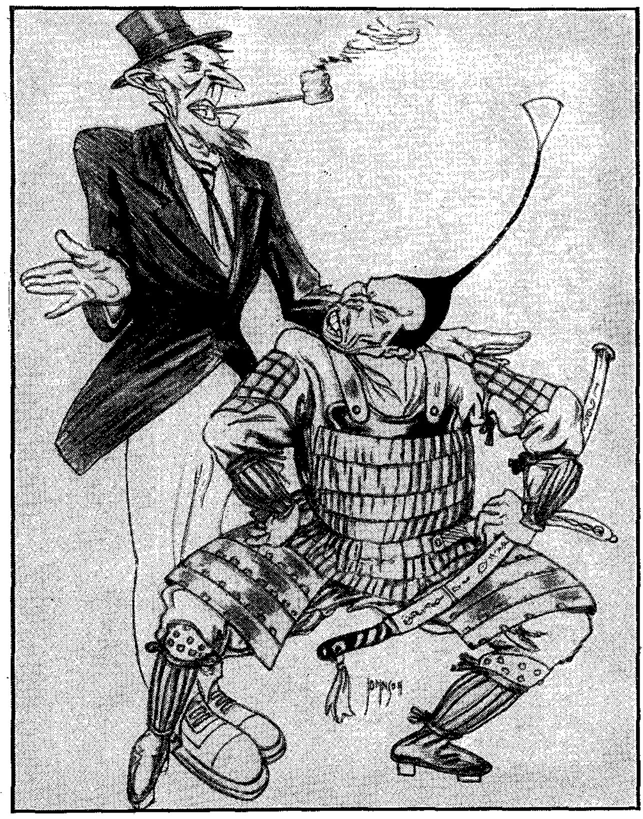
The program calls for Charlie Dawes to do the stumping. They will take the safety-valve off the locomotive and put it on the rear platform on the trip.—*Detroit News.*

A news item reports that in tropical countries snake skin is frequently used in upholstering automobiles. We'll bet we know which automobile is decorated with the skins from rattlers.—*Southern Lumberman.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

WHY JAPAN WOULD RETALIATE

IF JAPAN FAILS TO SHOW unmistakable evidence of her real wishes about the "insult" involved in the exclusion clause of the new American Immigration bill, say some Japanese editors, she will not only "invite the contempt of other Powers, China among them, but it may lead the United States to try to oppress Japan by force of arms." The only way to avoid such an unfortunate result, according to the extreme Japanese view, is for Japan to "take a firm stand and make the United States notice her error and come back to the path of righteousness." These are the words of Setsuzo Ino, a prominent Socialist of Nagoya, who is said by the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific* to be championing the "people's diplomacy" in the immigration question. This writer excoriates the "persecution" of the Japanese immigrants in the United States as being against the teachings of Christianity and "heartless, brutal, barbarous, and what not, to an extent beyond all power of adequate expression." But he is even more bitter in his criticism of his own people for what he calls "the ignominious silence of Japanese public opinion." He blames the Japanese capitalists for "currying American favor."



GERMAN IRONY FOR UNCLE SAM

UNCLE SAM: "Why so excited, Brother Jap? I am only looking after your interests, in accordance with your own policy: 'Asia for the Asiatics!'"

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

Meanwhile Tokyo dispatches point out that the Association for the Preservation of National Traditions, a leading organization, issued a manifesto through the newspapers, urging the people not to permit "their righteous indignation" against the American nation to cause them to do violence to resident Americans. Similar warnings were sounded in the editorials of the leading newspapers and in statements by prominent men. We are informed also that both Houses of the Diet, at their first sitting of the current session, and almost as the first business, passed resolutions strongly opposing the action of the United States in enacting, as part of its new immigration law, a clause prohibiting the entry of Japanese laborers. Among the Japanese vernacular press, the Tokyo *Chugai Shogyo* frankly predicts a national movement of retaliation for the action of Congress, and it goes on to say:

> "Our wish and intention have already been made clear in various forms, tho Congress has paid no attention and has carried its primary decision to perfection. The President was overruled by Congress and was compelled to sanction the new immigration bill. Consequently furious resentment was aroused among the Japanese, who thereupon started a movement to carry their point on the principle of justice.
>
> "Despite a strong protest presented by the Japanese Government, Mr. Coolidge, President of the United States, sanctioned the bill, contrary to our expectation and to our great disappointment. We are no longer in a position to stand and look on the progress of the matter, entrusting the negotiations to the Government alone. The national movement which is to be started very soon can not be restrained, in so far as no disorder and confusion ensue. The movement being an expressing of national feeling, the Government had better let it alone.
>
> "It is the American Congress that disregards the historical good relations between Japan and the United States, that insults this country with discriminatory measures, that causes the friendly feeling to disappear from the hearts of both nations by stirring up racial hatred and by creating animosity between them. The excitement aroused by such outrageous conduct of Congress will take form in a national movement, and it will call forth national consciousness in the minds of Japanese. The consciousness will result in the improvement of national strength. We must take care so that the movement should not go to the extreme. Peace and order must prevail in the movement so that it may be an expression of strong determination to raise the position of this country in international politics to a higher level."

Some Japanese appear to be of the opinion that America took the present action out of whim and fancy, remarks the Tokyo *Yorodzu*, but it maintains that nothing is so mistaken as this idea, because—

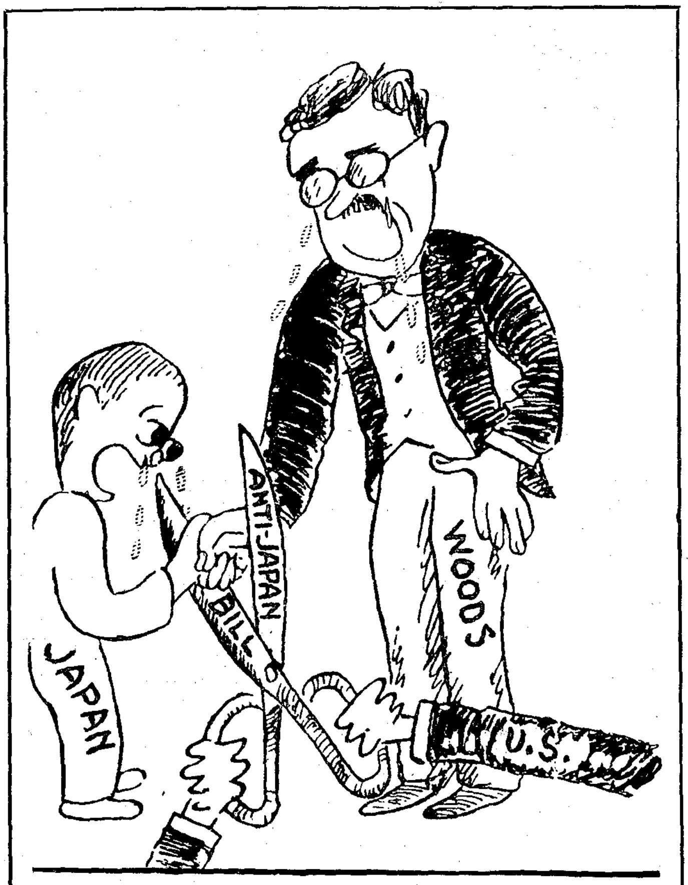
> "Previous to the adoption of the anti-Japanese immigration law, Americans made a very careful study of the political as well as of the financial conditions in this country, and came to the conclusion that Japan could offer but feeble resistance.
>
> "Certain influential Americans are of the opinion that Japan may contemplate boycotting American goods in retaliation for the adoption by Congress of an anti-Japanese immigration law, that the United States is not such a weak country as to suffer difficulties from our boycott, that Japan is in a position to purchase reconstruction materials from the United States and to meet payment out of debts she owes America, and that the United States is the best market for Japanese foreign commerce. They further contend that, for these reasons, it is absolutely impossible for Japan to avenge herself upon the United States in a policy of international trade, that Japan is an imbecile like this in respect to her financial strength, and that she has no power to wage a war upon the United States, altho she pleads for grave consequences. They are perfectly confident of their safety, even tho they adopt an anti-Japanese immigration law. They feel a slight fear as to whether the insult to Japan should provoke the anger of all the Asiatic peoples, whether Japan may maintain her animosity against the United States, whether the United States may lose opportunities to cooperate with Japan, whether Japan may restrain the action of the United States and may adopt measures, within the limit of Japan's sovereignty, to

drive Americans from her territory. Americans say that Japan may enact regulations for coastal service to destroy American shipping along her coast, that Japan may take measures to invalidate the principle of equal opportunity and the Open Door in China, and that, as soon as she recovers from the wounds of the earthquake devastation, Japan may join hands with the commercial rivals of the United States to outdo her influence."

But Congress disregarded these opinions, the *Yorodzu* avers, and adopted the anti-Japanese immigration law. Its action, according to this daily, indicates inveterate antipathy toward Japan and also shows how it belittles the national strength of Japan. For this "studied insult," the *Yorodzu* wonders how determined the general Japanese public is to retaliate, and adds:

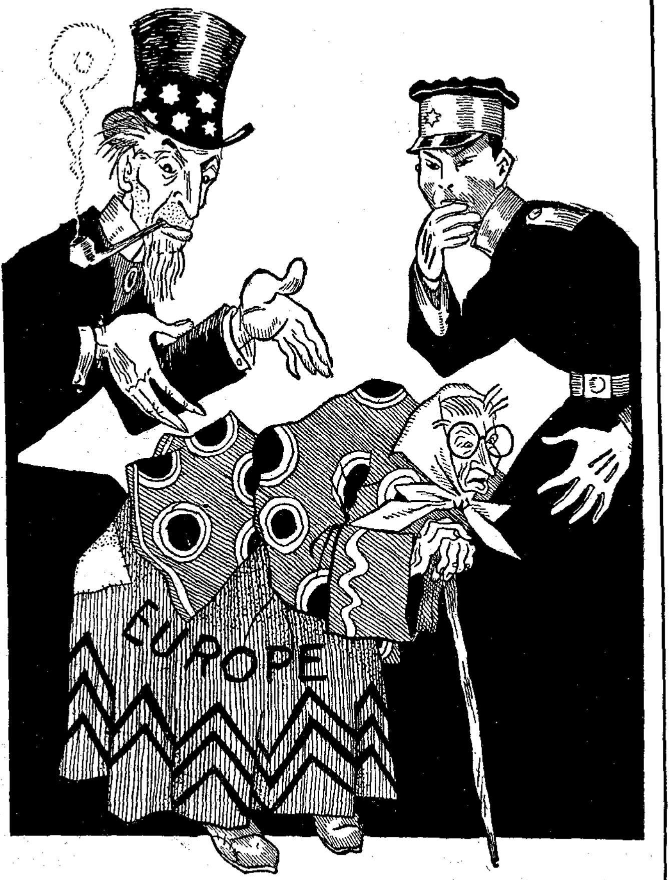
"Resentment and anger are heard in every quarter, but the popular movement has no force like that of a torrent. As Americans contend, we shall find ourselves in such circumstances that we shall be compelled to take determined measures of retaliation. If such measures should be taken up, we must be thoroughly prepared to carry out our point. If not, we would better desist from any measure of vengeance."

It is noted by the Tokyo *Chuo* that in President Coolidge's statement about the bill he pointed out that even tho it were put into operation the admiration and friendship of Americans for the Japanese would not undergo any change. To this the *Chuo* retorts: "It may be true with the Americans but our feeling toward them has greatly changed." Of striking interest to many is the fact that throughout the tense weeks during which the anti-Japanese immigration measure was under way, the Japanese Government and the Japanese press maintained warm regard for Cyrus E. Woods, who recently retired as Ambassador to Japan. Typical of comment favorable to him is the utterance of the Tokyo *Hochi*, which follows:



JAPANESE REGRET

In a cartoon labeled "It's the most unkindest cut of all," the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* expresses its sorrow at the severance of the tie between Japan and Ambassador Woods.



A POLISH JIBE

UNCLE SAM: "Just look at that old woman, Europe! Soon she will give up the ghost and then there will be plenty of room for you on the earth!"

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

"Mr. Woods, the United States Ambassador to Japan, whom we hold in very high esteem and respect, has resigned his post to return home. His resignation has been generally expected, because Congress has adopted the resolution of enforcing the anti-Japanese immigration law from July 1. We remember, and shall permanently remember, his great efforts to relieve afflicted Japanese who were overtaken by the terrible earthquake last autumn. When he went home soon after the disaster, we saw him off at the Tokyo station with a feeling of gratitude. We feel great sorrow over the information of his resignation. We feel greater sorrow when we think that the anti-Japanese immigration measure is the cause of his resignation. It is consoling to us to think that he will be an indomitable fighter for the cause of humanity and justice."

In his last public address in Japan on the occasion of a luncheon given him by the Pan-Pacific Club in Tokyo, Mr. Woods said:

"Our friendship to-day is being put to a test. No friendship that can not withstand trial is worth having. Friendship between America and Japan is greatly worth having. More than that, it is supremely necessary, not only to us, but to the whole world. A friendship so necessary to the welfare of mankind must continue, and it will, I know, come through the present test strengthened and purified."

One bright spot in the situation, to which Mr. Woods referred, was the great accomplishment of American aviators in spanning the Pacific by air. Pride in this achievement, he declared, must be shared by the Japanese, for "had it not been for the help and cooperation of the Japanese Government, the accomplishment of this feat might well have been impossible." Furthermore, Mr. Woods is quoted in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific* as saying:

"The spontaneous and sincere welcome which the people of Japan accorded our airmen was a thing which deeply touched us all. Theirs was an attitude of real and thoroughgoing sportsmanship. They played the game in every sense of the word.

"These facts, gentlemen, fill me with hope for the future. The crossing of the Pacific by air marks a veritable epoch. It adds one more binding link to the many that already join us. I see in this a good omen for the future, for to me it is prophetic of closer contacts of every kind between our two countries.

"I have said before that the Pacific is destined shortly to become the center of the world's activities. Recent events have not invalidated this contention, tho they may perhaps have rendered your task and my task somewhat more difficult. But I firmly believe that hardships and obstacles shall not swerve us from our purpose—friendship and mutual cooperation. Nay, on the contrary, they shall serve our purpose by being an added incitement."

Viscount Shibusawa, who was described on this occasion as having been for twenty years a diligent worker in trying to solve the problems between America and Japan, is quoted in the same weekly as saying that unlike some people who regretted the departure of Mr. Woods, he was glad to see him go because—

"Back with his own people he can work in close contact with them for the good of Japan.

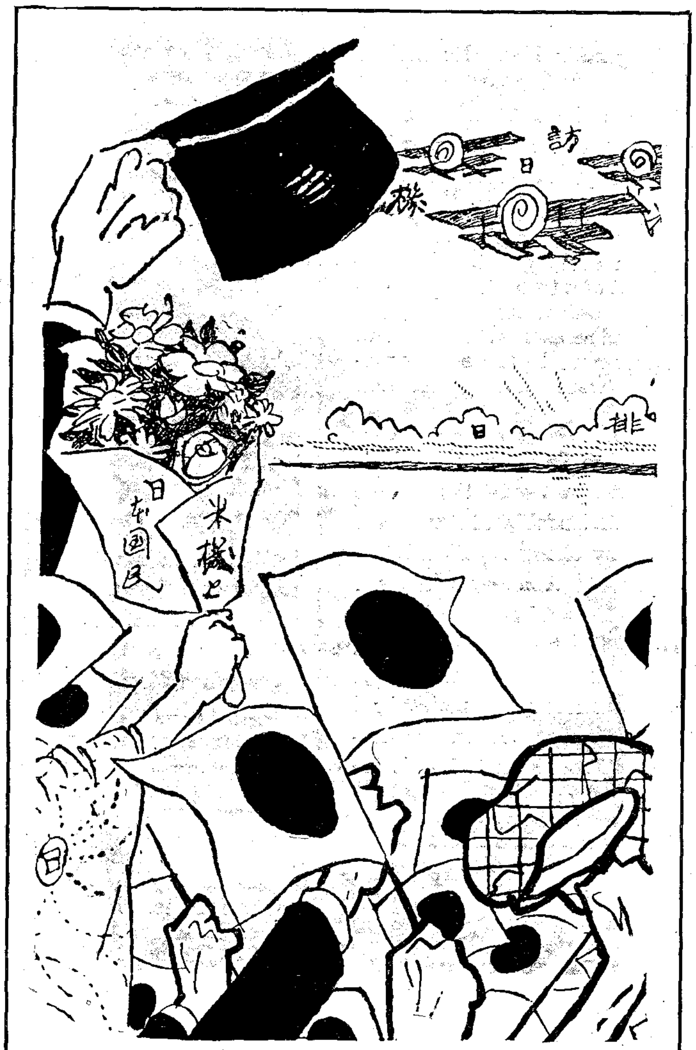
"Altho his tenure of office here has been short, he understands us well. Of all the American Ministers and Ambassadors since the Meiji era, Mr. Woods, I believe, has come to know us the best. I have been close to him, have had many talks with him, and I believe that he represents the best type of American citizen in friendliness and frankness toward Japan.

"Tho he may resign from a business position or a Government assignment, he can never resign as a citizen. Tho Mr. Woods has tendered his resignation as Ambassador, as a citizen he will continue to be a champion of our country and a true friend of Japan."

In saying good-by to Mr. Woods, the Osaka *Mainichi* emphasizes the fact that it tenders its word of farewell "not to Ambassador Woods but to Mr. Woods as a private American gentleman," whom it calls "a victim of ill-tempered politicians and statesmen of the American Union, whose cross mindedness forced him to tender his resignation." Therefore "its sympathy toward him is the deeper"; and this Osaka daily then points out that Japan's Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Hanihara, "has been in the same boat with Mr. Woods." Referring to Mr. Hanihara's return to Japan, it says:

"We believe that the Japanese will extend their warm welcome to him on his arrival in this country. He has been the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, who conveyed to the Americans and the American Government what we wanted to say. We trust that he will be welcomed with profound sympathy, as if he were a triumphant general returning from the battle field. Have Americans any intention to welcome Mr. Woods, just as we want to do Mr. Hanihara, on his arrival home?

"Mr. Woods's term of office was short, but his recollections of Japan may be varied. Some may be pleasing, while others may be of acute mental pain. The impression which we got from him is also varied and deep. He shall be remembered by the Japanese forever, together with Townsend Harris who was the first United States Minister to this country. However, we shall never forget the injustice purposely directed against us by Congress."



JAPANESE SARCASM

Japan's welcome to our aviators in their transpacific flight is contrasted with America's hostile legislation by the Tokyo *Miyako*.

IRELAND'S DUTY TO THE LEAGUE

AN OBLIGATION as well as an honor is involved in Ireland's admission to the League of Nations, we are told, for it imposes a responsibility that depends in the long run upon the people rather than their rulers. Thus remarks *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), which points out that Irishmen can no longer complain, as they could in the past, that the shadow of England obscures them from Europe. They have regained their place in the comity of nations, we are reminded, and it rests with themselves to decide whether this position shall be used to make Irish influence a factor in international affairs. Too few Irishmen have taken the trouble to think out the implications of Free State membership in the League, according to this weekly, or to discover the real possibilities which Geneva offers to the representatives of small nations, and it adds:

"No doubt it was inevitable that up to the present the political limitations of the League should be more apparent to us than any other feature of its constitution. These limitations, however, are not necessarily permanent. They correspond to the facts of the political situation; and if the League develops along lines which enable it to exercise an increasing influence upon international opinion, the change thus effected in the political situation will be reflected in an extension of its powers."

What the League is to be, we read further, depends upon the States composing its membership. In this matter, each country must answer for itself, we are told, and if it shapes its policy at Geneva so as to express what is best and strongest in its national life and outlook, there will be no fear of failure. Meanwhile, it is pointed out that:

"Ireland has always prided itself on being a missionary nation, and Geneva offers a field for missionary enterprise which, whatever its limitations may be, has no parallel in European history.

"To take an active part in this work does not imply any weakening of national ideals in favor of an artificial internationalism; on the contrary, States will exercise influence in proportion to the richness of their national life and its power to strengthen individuality and inspire vision. An enthusiast urged the other day that Ireland should 'turn her back to the East' and remain 'proudly insular.' Even if this were desirable it is not possible.

"We are part of Europe whether we like it or not, and no barriers that we have it in our power to raise will keep out the forces that are reshaping the life of the Continent. Nobody claims that the League of Nations is the best instrument that could have been designed to direct and deal with these forces.

"It is, however, the only available international instrument, and Ireland, like the other States that have accepted its Constitution, can not escape responsibility if she fails to use it to the best advantage."

THE KIND OF MAN HERRIOT IS

THE VOICE OF A NEW SPIRIT that is dominant in France is said to be clearly heard in the statement of Premier Herriot to the French Chamber of Deputies. According to the Manchester *Guardian*, it is a voice that has two tones blended in it, and if we are to understand the possibilities of the diplomacy which will be unraveled before the end of the summer, we must learn to recognize these two tones. The first, this daily tells us further, has been silent, or at least shouted down ever since the years of peace began. Speaking in this tone, we are reminded, Mr. Herriot declared that he would be willing to see Germany one day included in the League, that a certain measure of amnesty would be granted at once to prisoners and refugees from the occupied provinces, that military service would be reduced, and that the Ruhr would be evacuated as soon as Germany had done her share toward carrying out the necessary preliminaries of the Dawes plan. In this tone, Mr. Herriot dwelt upon France's desire for peace and for the prosperity of her peace-loving democratic neighbors, observes *The Guardian*, which adds:

Paris Wide World photograph

"MOST UN-FRENCH OF FRENCHMEN"

So Premier Herriot seems to some Britishers who say his industrial conceptions are mainly American and partly German.

"But at no point in his speech was the other tone altogether inaudible. For—and it will be well for us and especially for the German extremists if this is taken to heart—the new Prime Minister is a Frenchman. He does not look across the Rhine with the eyes of Mr. Poincaré or with those of General Foch, but he does not hope to see a clear sky in the East. He spoke gravely of security and of the danger of an 'aggressive return of Nationalist Pan-Germanism.' Unlike the Government that preceded him, he is prepared and eager to meet Germany half-way, to get back, if he can, to the decent, natural developing of Europe. He knows that the old path was leading toward bankruptcy and war and that the new will lead to profit as well as to peace. It is because he holds these views that he has brought back and made dominant the long-silenced Radical tone in French policy. But with him, as with all his countrymen, this tone is still on trial. At the first hint that it is likely to endanger security it will cease abruptly. France is, in fact, still only beginning to shake off her nervousness and her suspicions. She is moving away from them slowly and cautiously as a wild creature advances from its hiding-place, ready at the first hostile-seeming gesture to rush back again and to be more than ever determined to stay close under cover. This attitude we in England understand, and we give it full sympathy, as do the great majority of the German people. But a noisy minority there, the not unnatural product of misery and humiliation, does not seem to have grasped Mr. Herriot's position. Because he warned them fairly that their activity was alarming his countrymen, even his Radical countrymen, some of the wilder Nationalists of the Reich seem to think that the new French Government is simply the old writ large and that they might as well precipitate the deluge which must in any case come soon."

Further light on the possibilities of Mr. Herriot's premiership is afforded by the Paris correspondent of this famous Manchester daily, who describes him as the "most un-French of Frenchmen," adding that—

"The massive head and broad shoulders, snub nose, rough-trimmed mustache, loose tweed clothes, and heavily soled boots, and his general disregard for the elegancies of attire would mark him out, say, on the promenade deck of a transatlantic liner as a successful business man from the North of England or the Middle West. His mental make-up is a typically modern compound. His culture is exquisitely French, for his high scholarship is acknowledged. His ideals and sympathies are characteristically Anglo-Saxon. His model of administration is rather German. For a parallel to his nineteen years' mayoralty of Lyons one would have to turn to the burgomasters of some great German city like Hamburg or Frankfort. A convinced Free-trader and modern Cobdenite, he is fond of calling Manchester his spiritual home. It is his boast that the school of Lyons is the French counterpart of the Manchester school, representing an enlightened amalgam of commerce and politics. His industrial conceptions are mainly American and, again, partly German."

This Paris correspondent goes on to say that if Mr. Herriot were to define himself he would probably say that he stands for twentieth-century France. By which it would be meant that France "even to-day remains in its general make-up stedfastly eighteenth century," and this informant further explains:

"For the giant growth of industry, commerce, and communications have made England, America, and Germany into world States. Alone of the great civilized nations, France remains true to the old type—the Attica, as she may claim to be, among the nations.

"Mr. Herriot stands for the modernization of his country. He believes in the revivifying influence of commerce. A patriot to his innermost soul, like all Frenchmen, he has nevertheless little sympathy with the traditions of Richelieu and Mazarin, Louis XIV, or Napoleon. Even the Jacobinism of a Clemenceau does not appeal very much to him, for French Jacobinism is typically French Jingoism. His vision is toward the future. He sees a France once more in the vanguard of the nations; her industries and commerce developed to the last possible pitch; her administration and bureaucracy reorganized and efficient; her finance and trade policy resembling that of Great Britain; her ideals of herself no longer defensive, timid, rooted in the past, but expansive, confident, and commensurate with her growth and influence."

It is noted also by this Paris correspondent that as leader of the Radical-Socialist party, Mr. Herriot disapproved of "Poincarism" until the breach was complete. He is said to have opposed the entry into the Ruhr until it took place, but, we read:

"After the invasion he felt himself compelled, for patriotic reasons, to suspend his opposition. Rightly or wrongly the country was now engaged. But he never withdrew a word he had uttered. Eventually the Bloc des Gauches was formed that on May 11 last by its victory at the polls reversed the whole political situation in France.

"As a Prime Minister Mr. Herriot will be a *vivus homo*. No one can prophesy with certainty what he will do precisely, tho the main outlines of his policy are clear enough. Of all French politicians he possesses in the highest degree that peculiar characteristic of British statesmanship of never revealing policy beforehand but of letting the curious and impatient 'wait and see.'"

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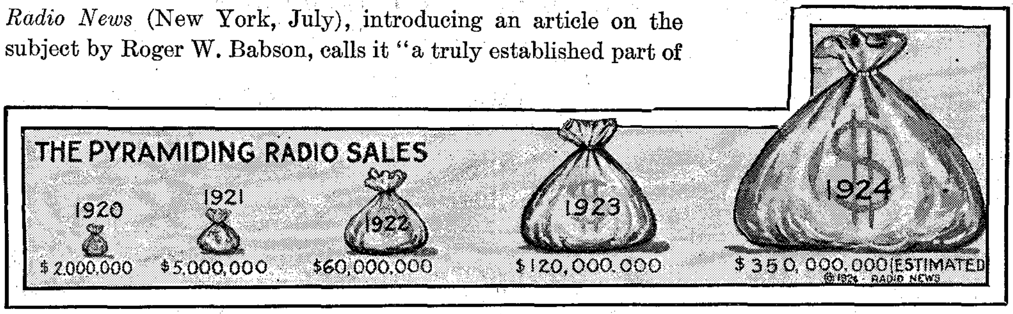
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE BUSINESS OF RADIO

RADIO IS NOW one of our major industries, with an impressive present and a hopeful future, even if its past is measured by only a few years. In value of products it stands thirty-fourth among our businesses, ranking well with such others as motor-vehicles, leather, and ship-building, and taking rank ahead of railroad-car construction. The editor of *Radio News* (New York, July), introducing an article on the subject by Roger W. Babson, calls it "a truly established part of the economic scheme—a part and parcel of the lives of the inhabitants of the United States with as definite a place in their scheme of things as the very shoes they wear." Mr. Babson begins by remarking that to those who think that radio is still a fad, adopted only by a small minority of the public who are experimentally inclined, some figures dealing with the financial proportions of the industry at present may correct that impression. He goes on:



"It has been my experience that very few people realize just how important, from a business standpoint, the radio industry has become. Just because an industry is comparatively new is not a reason for assuming that it is unimportant. The radio industry is new, but it has grown so rapidly in the last two or three years that it compares very favorably with many of the important long-established industries.

"On the basis of figures for the year 1923 it is probable that the American people will spend approximately $350,000,000 for radio equipment during the present year. A conservative estimate of the business in vacuum tubes alone is about $50,000,000. At least five times as much, or $250,000,000, will be spent for radio sets and parts. The sales of batteries, both dry cell and storage batteries, will very likely amount to over $45,000,000. Miscellaneous equipment such as battery chargers, loud-speakers and specialties may easily account for $50,000,000 more.

"One of the best proofs that radio is one of the leading industries, and that it is well established, is a comparison of the money expended by the general public through the channels of the radio dealer with the sums spent in the same way for sporting goods and cameras. More than double the amount of money goes into the retailer's hands for radio than reaches him through photographic supplies and sporting goods. No one will deny that the latter two industries are well and firmly established. They are founded on a sales idea that is less stable than radio. Radio is universal in scope, its appeal is to all, whereas the other two industries mentioned are not. Is radio not much more well bottomed than either of them? It is interesting to see how the radio industry compares in dollars and cents with other large industries. Available figures on sporting goods, cameras, etc., show a value of about $185,000,000 annually. Sales of radio equipment are running nearly twice as large as all kinds of sporting goods.

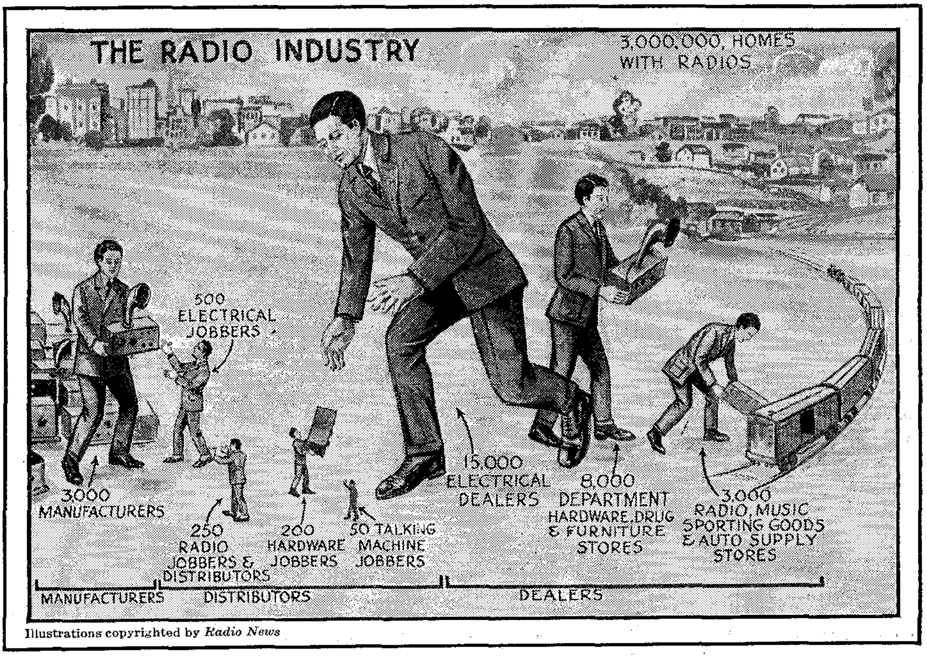
"The value of the radio business is nearly twice as great as that of the carpet and rug business. For every dollar spent on furniture, thirty-three cents is spent on radio. For every dollar spent for boots and shoes, twenty-five cents is spent for radio. For every dollar spent for musical instruments of all kinds, including phonographs, pianos, organs, etc., seventy-five cents is spent for radio. The value of radio business amounts to nearly three-fourths of the jewelry business as a whole, including clocks, watches and novelties.

"I have given you these illustrations in order that I might emphasize the growing importance of radio from a business standpoint. It is not necessary for me to tell you of radio's importance from an educational and social standpoint. I see no reason why the radio industry should not continue to expand. There has been a decided improvement in the character of the broadcast programs, and we may doubtless look forward to still greater improvement in this direction.

"From a manufacturer's standpoint, the most feasible way of comparing different industries is on the basis of the manufacturer's value of products. Unfortunately, the latest data available of this nature are published by the Department of Commerce for the year 1921. I refer to the Census of Manufactures for that year. Since then, no data have become available which give a satisfactory comparison on this basis.

"With this article is a list of the leading industries based on their value of products for 1921. This list includes all industries whose value of products is $300,000 or more.

"Such detailed figures as were available for this industry in 1921 show that the production of radio apparatus and wireless telegraph supplies amounted to $9,549,649. In 1919, the value of these goods amounted to $8,074,636, but this amount included the value of motor generators, which was not included in the 1921 report. Furthermore, the number of radio lamps and tubes produced in 1921 was reported as 101,964, at a value of $1,097,968. These statistics show clearly that the radio industry was not considered of enough importance in 1921 to be given a separate rating, and consequently can not be compared directly to the other listed industries.


THE RADIO INDUSTRY
3,000,000 HOMES WITH RADIOS
500 ELECTRICAL JOBBERS
3000 MANUFACTURERS
250 RADIO JOBBERS & DISTRIBUTORS
200 HARDWARE JOBBERS
50 TALKING MACHINE JOBBERS
15,000 ELECTRICAL DEALERS
8,000 DEPARTMENT HARDWARE, DRUG & FURNITURE STORES
3,000 RADIO, MUSIC SPORTING GOODS & AUTO SUPPLY STORES
MANUFACTURERS
DISTRIBUTORS
DEALERS

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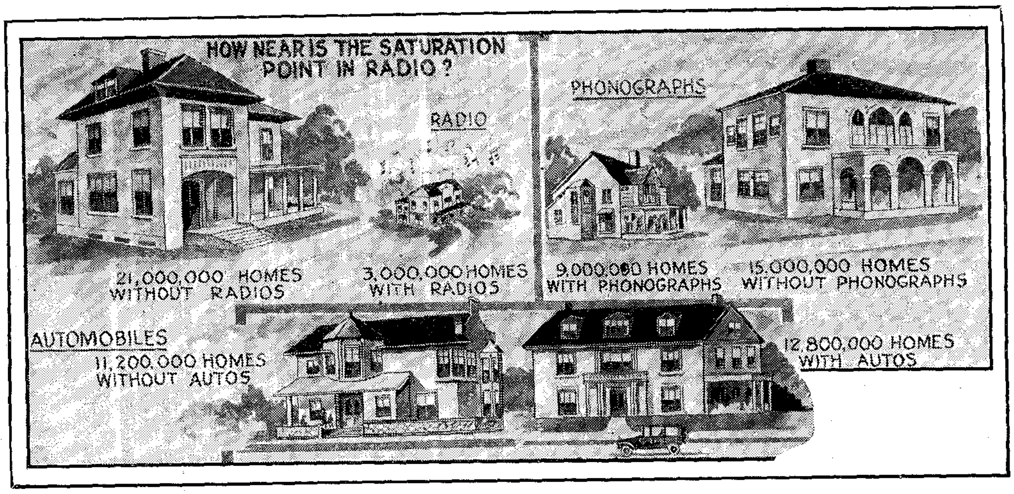

HOW NEAR IS THE SATURATION POINT IN RADIO?
RADIO
PHONOGRAPHS
21,000,000 HOMES WITHOUT RADIOS
3,000,000 HOMES WITH RADIOS
9,000,000 HOMES WITH PHONOGRAPHS
15,000,000 HOMES WITHOUT PHONOGRAPHS
AUTOMOBILES
11,200,000 HOMES WITHOUT AUTOS
12,800,000 HOMES WITH AUTOS

"The best comparison available is given in a recent survey of this industry made by the Babson organization. The size of the business was compared with other lines on a retail basis. Altho these data are all estimates, they give an interesting comparison, and show clearly that the industry had had a remarkable growth during the past few years.

"Lest some say that radio can not maintain its present pace, we may note that there are more available families without radio by a large margin than there are without phonographs, automobiles or electric service. It is not necessary to maintain that every family owning a phonograph will some day own a radio set in order that sales may stay pretty much as they are for several years.

"All in all, after a complete examination of the field and its possibilities, a report of other than a favorable nature is hardly possible. The figures given in this article are mere cold, hard, business facts. The reader must consider them and draw his own calculations. Those calculations, I think, must surely be favorable to the constant advance of the radio industry. The future is indeed bright and even tho the present rate of increase is maintained for some years to come there is little danger of the industry becoming topheavy and suffering serious results. It is established in commerce and it has a place in the American home. It will grow, for its future is bright."

RAYS: DIABOLICAL AND INDUSTRIAL

PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE "DEATH-RAY" having somewhat subsided for a lack of nutritive facts, we are reminded by a contributor to *Discovery* (London), signing himself "H. P.," that there are all sorts of other rays, some of which have not been kept under cover. He writes:

"It is a moot point how far the use of invisible rays has progressed, because it is only occasionally that a lay inventor seeks publicity for new discoveries whose utility is mainly military. Wireless direction for boats and torpedoes was experimentally employed by both groups of combatants in the late war. Little was said about it and in navy parlance it is a subject which is still slightly 'pink,' a cryptic term indicating that even if we do happen to know something, we are not prepared to make a song about it.

"The full tale of the war contribution of experimental physicists and inventors is never likely to be told. There were curious experiments with invisible heat rays. Masked 'dark' searchlights were focused on raiding planes and peculiar bombs or air mines climbed along the invisible ladder of heat rays. Lots of things were mooted, some were tried, a few were successfully employed, then just as a lot of interesting novelties were about to appear, the war—thank goodness—stopt.

"Now about mystery rays. There have been quite a lot of them about since the war. The French complained with notable asperity that the Germans were using some objectionable form of frightfulness that burnt out the magnetos of French planes flying across German zones outside occupied territory. Almost simultaneously an Italian press message chronicled a few odd experiments at Toulon and mentioned the classic name of an ex-naval officer who combined a gift for the application of invisible rays with a regrettable taste for opium smoking and selling secrets to foreign Powers.

"Drawing a general inference, one may conclude that independent workers of various countries have reached a point where a directional ray or wave can be used for the wireless transmission of energy in the form of heat. How this conversion of high-frequency energies is focused at a distance presents interesting problems, but if one considers Senator Marconi's experiments with directional wireless, how a parabolic 'mirror' of short aerials focuses a 'beam' of radio energy on a receiving station, or one considers the peculiar properties of certain kinds of crystals and glasses which arrest one series of waves while allowing others to pass through, little bits of the jigsaw puzzle provided by a 'mystery ray' begin to fit together, not perhaps into a complete picture, but sufficiently to allow speculative fancy to play with material scientific possibilities."

Broadcasting, as the writer goes on to say, has been accepted by the layman as a commonplace. It is no longer a miracle of science but merely a bane or a convenience according to the opinion of the individual. But people do not realize that if the powers used in radiating "broadcast" are not dispersed throughout the ether, but localized and focused, some 60 per cent. of the initial electrical energy emitted by the oscillator can be converted into heat. He continues:

"Wireless transmission of power and heat are things which are rapidly approaching practical application, and may materially modify both manufacturing and domestic conditions as we know them to-day.

"In the United States, Dr. E. F. Northrup has applied high-frequency currents to a new type of electric furnace which will melt metals as refractory as platinum or iridium, and can handle

WHERE RADIO RANKS IN THE ORDER OF INDUSTRIES ACCORDING TO THE VALUE OF THEIR PRODUCTS
1921

No.	*Industry*	*Value of Products*
1	Slaughtering and meat packing	$2,200,942,072
2	Petroleum refining	1,727,440,157
3	Automobile	1,671,386,976
4	Foundry and machine-shop products	1,565,526,944
5	Iron and steel works	1,481,659,352
6	Cotton goods	1,278,220,831
7	Car and repair shop	1,180,030,133
8	Flour-mill and grist-mill products	1,179,740,131
9	Printing and publishing (papers and periodicals)	1,123,709,828
10	Bread and bakery products	1,089,971,652
11	Clothing—women's	1,022,742,796
12	Clothing—men's	934,776,275
13	Lumber and timber products	902,501,306
14	Boot and shoe	867,475,896
15	Electric machinery and supplies	833,985,443
16	Tobacco, cigars and cigarets	806,748,865
17	Printing and publishing (book and job)	690,074,975
18	Paper and wood pulp	667,435,847
19	Knit goods	634,073,895
20	Silk goods	583,418,756
21	Furniture	539,687,194
22	Confectionery and ice cream	527,259,316
23	Worsted goods	524,638,921
24	Rubber tires	496,123,335
25	Butter	479,723,555
26	Sugar refining	466,602,352
27	Lumber and planing mill products	462,648,874
28	Iron and steel, blast furnaces	419,771,244
29	Gas, manufactured and illuminating	411,195,503
30	Motor-vehicles, bodies and parts	408,016,532
31	Chemicals	390,768,434
32	Leather	383,365,046
33	Shipbuilding	356,214,854
34	Radio, estimated	350,000,000
35	Cars, steam railroad	325,680,157

steel or copper alloys on a commercial scale with furnace charges of several hundred pounds of metal.

"The device is extraordinarily simple. Condensers discharge themselves through a helix coil and set up an oscillatory backward and forward flow of current between ten and fifty thousand oscillations a second. If the helix was an aerial wire, these energies would be radiated out into space, but as it is a short closed coil, the waves fall on the contents of the crucible and set up heating currents in the metal. The energy which is needed in order to produce extremely high temperatures is considerable and an input of 25 kilowatts is used in the commercial type of furnaces.

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood. Courtesy of *The Pure Iron Era* (Chicago)

BOBBING SPELLS THE END OF THE HAIRPIN

Thirty tons of discarded wire contraptions, mostly hairpins, were found on a dump in Chicago, when deputy sheriffs raided squatters occupying shacks on the dump. The discarded hairpins cover a space fifty feet square and four feet deep.

"The scientific application of this kind of inductive furnace is that it enables the chemist or metallurgist to melt metals in a pure atmosphere uncontaminated by furnace gas and impurities or even in vacuum. The military applications of this high-frequency inductive principle will, let us hope, be mainly defensive rather than offensive, owing to the difficulties of transporting powerful electric generating stations. But, unfortunately for humanity, the matter does not end with the evolution of a nice handy ray. Ingenious brains are probably already at work on an anti-ray device and with the evolution of a new electric weapon we shall see the evolution of new di-electric and refractory armor, ray shields for airplane magnetos and the like."

BAKING-POWDER FOR CONCRETE—Raised biscuits of concrete, as light as those "mother used to make" and much more durable, are now a possibility. They will float, but are not intended to be eaten. They are used as building material, their porous structure making them light and easy to handle and also resistant to the transmission of heat. They are the invention of Axel Eriksson, a Swedish architect. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"These concrete blocks are 'raised' through the addition to the mixture while still wet of a quantity of finely powdered zinc or aluminum. This reacts with the free lime of the cement, liberating hydrogen gas, which fills the liquid mixture with bubbles of the gas that are imprisoned there where the concrete sets. The process is analogous to that of the leavening of dough, which is accomplished by the setting free of carbon dioxid from a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, alum, or some other chemical. The building authorities of Stockholm have approved the use of these blocks in two-story buildings."

WHERE DO THE PINS GO?

THIS CLASSIC QUERY is tackled in *The Pure Iron Era* (Chicago), by Paul Thompson, who quotes at the start—"See a pin, pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck!" If you are superstitious, says Mr. Thompson, perhaps you follow this ancient admonition religiously and pick up the pins you see on the floor. But if idle superstitions do not worry you, the pins you see are left to rust and join the millions of pins, hairpins, nails, pens and razor-blades which disappear from use each year. He continues:

"A fortune awaits the man who, in the name of Industrial Conservation, discovers a means of reclaiming the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of small metal articles which are thrown away each year. Fortunes have been made by enterprising men who have reclaimed from the junk-heap and resold large pieces of scrap-iron and other metal.

"Pens, nails, pins, hairpins, and similar articles, however, produced by the billions annually, are rarely reclaimed after they have once been used. What happens, for example, to the quarter billion steel pens, produced annually and valued at $2,000,000?

"The man who asked the question, 'Where do old razor-blades go?' might well inquire about hairpins, nails and the lowly pin. Unfortunately, he would not receive a very definite answer, for by far the majority of these articles are used once, then discarded and their ultimate destination never known.

"Razor-blades, discarded by you, are often seized by your wife and used for sharpening pencils and for numerous other purposes which would occur only to a woman. Many blades lie around your medicine cabinet, now and then proving of value in emergencies. But eventually they, too, find their way to the waste-basket and the furnace.

"In a few instances, however, one is able to answer the questioner more or less accurately. In the cellar of almost every house there is an old broken cigar-box filled with nails of all sizes which father intends to use in fixing the back fence, but never does. The buildings we live and work in have millions of nails embedded in their woodwork, some rusting away, and others eventually to be salvaged and used again. And in this salvaging process many will be lost and disappear from the sight of man.

"Other nails achieve prominence and fame. You will recall that in war days in Germany, loyal followers of the Kaiser donated their money to the German armies, and a great statue of Hindenburg was provided into which every individual who contributed to the cause was privileged to drive a nail. A similar idea was carried out by natives in Loango in the Kongo, and an interesting nail-covered statue was brought back to the University Museum in Philadelphia. Into this figure a nail was driven whenever a crime was committed in this tribe, the witch doctor reciting incantations for the death of the evil-doer.

"Custom regulates use. If full beards were popular, the razor-blade would be used far less than it is now, when clean shaving is popular.

"To-day one hairpin 'grows where twenty grew before,' due to the popularity of bobbed hair, and perhaps this partly explains how thirty tons of wire articles, mostly hairpins, came to be gathered together in a dump in Chicago. This large 'cemetery of hairpins' was discovered by sheriffs who raided squatters who were occupying shacks on the dump. The discarded hairpins covered a space of fifty feet square and the pile is four feet deep.

"Pins are small things—we notice them perhaps only when we prick our finger with one, or when, in a hurry to dress, we are forced to search for the half-dozen pins hidden in our shirt by the laundry.

"But in the clothing and laundry industries, the lowly pin, like an actor on a stage, plays its part and then disappears and is not seen again. Where it goes, the audience does not know and does not care.

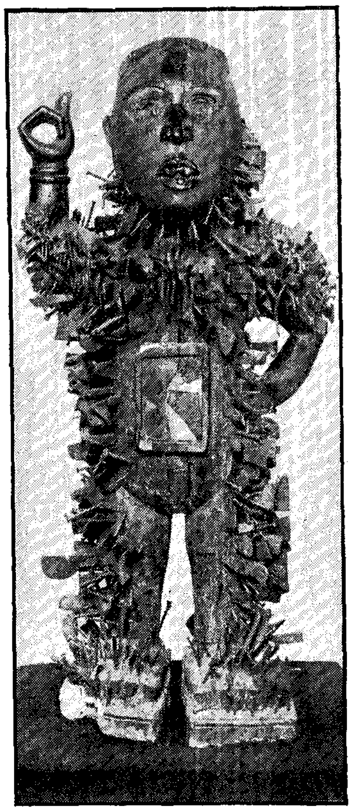
"Our homes and factories are full of small metal articles which have outlived their usefulness and have gathered in small corners. A few are reclaimed and again put to useful purposes. But by far the most of them are forever lost."

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

TO EDUCATE THE DOCTORS

A CONSIDERABLE PORTION of the medical profession is in need of education, thinks a writer in *American Medicine* (New York); and he attributes to this fact much of the popularity of irregular cults, with the accompanying distrust felt for regular practitioners.

In medical circles, he says, there is uneasiness about the undoubted headway that the cults are making, and he advises his medical brethren to "avoid an ostrich-like attitude" and look the facts squarely in the face. A large percentage of people go to the cults first if they are not very ill, and only call in a regular physician if in great pain or danger of dying. There is a large body of intelligent lay folks who know something about science and art, and even have a superficial knowledge of general medical topics, who have apparently lost confidence in the ability of their medical advisers to help them when in need. He continues:



Courtesy of University Museum, Philadelphia

EVERY NAIL A CRIME

Where some of the nails go. Nail Fetich from Loango, in the Kongo, recently added to the collection of the University Museum, Philadelphia. A nail was driven into the figure when a crime was committed in the tribe, the witch doctor reciting incantations to cause the death of the evil-doer.

"The cults have always existed and probably always will, but in other days they seemed never to have quite the same hold as at the present time. The history of all sects and schisms is that whatever good they contain has been absorbed ultimately by the regular profession, and this regular profession has endured straight down the ages in spite of all its enemies. The well-trained doctor of medicine should be able to acquire the technique of spinal 'adjustments' and other manipulative procedures at the expense of very little time or effort. If the public is going to continue to demand that sort of thing, then there can be no great harm in supplying it. By refusing to do so, the profession is calling down upon its head undeserved epithets.

"There is a very definite and certain way of winning back public confidence and of instilling good feeling, namely, through the much-discust 'education.' But so far such propaganda has been carried on chiefly through the written word. The message needs to be taken to the public through lectures and demonstrations, but even before doing this, it would be wise to attempt to unify and standardize medical education among medical men. The differences among us on simple questions are disheartening, to say the least, and, even tho medicine is not and never can be an exact science, it can be made much more exact than it now is through proper effort.

"Every time one steps into the foyer at the New York Academy of Medicine, he meets highly educated, even intellectual, college-bred men, many of whom are teachers or lecturers in medical schools, or have forensic ability of one kind or another. Why is it that this knowledge or ability is not more generally used for the professional and the public good? For instance, within 100 miles of New York there are struggling country doctors and feeble medical societies which are hungering for contact with the city doctor. They are not in touch with hospitals or laboratories or great libraries, and they often feel a kind of intellectual starvation because of a lack of mental stimulus. Why not send out some of our ambassadors of good-will who are well-trained, practical physicians, to speak to these brothers on certain matters of vital interest to them? One thing that might be done is to standardize our work by explaining the dangers and pitfalls of certain procedures, undesirable methods, technique, etc.

"Why would it not be possible to have a clearing-house for knowledge, wherein physicians could be taught a sort of daily dozen of 'don'ts,' with a corresponding counterpart of 'do's.' There are many problems which it will take years and years to clear up, but if there has been any progress at all there are also many matters which are now generally undisputed, such as the value of antitoxin in diphtheria. Yet, a large number of children in New York State die every year because antitoxin was not given at all, or was given too late.

"Another thing we ought to do is to get down to practical things. Our medical journals are filled with what may be properly called 'scientific trash.' There is too much reporting of inconclusive research work, and too few of the every-day, practical, helpful articles. Take two, simple, disturbing maladies, boils and colds. Mankind has been suffering from these so-called 'minor ailments' ever since the world began, but there seems to be little unanimity of opinion as to what a boil or cold really is, and there is no standard procedure for their treatment. Why would it not be better to concentrate all our energies on some such problem as the cause, treatment and cure of boils instead of writing learned dissertations on the 'probable function of the endocrin glands'? It is about time that we exercised more common sense in matters of this sort, and we can do it, too, if we will but try."

TANNING AND SHOE EASE

LEATHER TANNED with vegetable material makes more comfortable shoes than that tanned with the salts of chromium, we are told by Alan G. Wikoff, assistant editor of *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York); for the reason that such leather swells and shrinks much less with increase and decrease of moisture in the atmosphere. He writes:

"To the great shoe-wearing public the question of foot comfort is always a matter of vital importance. One of the factors most disturbing to foot comfort is the change in area of leather with variation in relative humidity. A shoe that fits rather loosely on a damp day may pinch the foot most annoyingly when the atmosphere becomes dry. It has been discovered that the degree of shrinkage and expansion of leather with changing humidity is determined by the composition of the leather and may be small for one kind of leather and relatively very large for another.

"The change is really one of volume and increases with both the percentage of protein in the leather and the amount of acid in combination with the protein. Among the common shoe-upper leathers, the greatest contrast in this respect is to be found between chrome and vegetable tannages. Comparing the best types of each, it is found that the finished chrome leather contains nearly twice as much protein and about six parts of sulfuric acid combined with each 100 of protein, against practically none in the vegetable leather. Chrome leather seems to require this acid, becoming brittle when it is removed.

"This results, as would be expected, in very much larger area changes in chrome than in vegetable leathers. In going from completely dry to saturated air, the vegetable leather increased in area only 6 per cent., against more than 18 per cent. for the chrome leathers. Differences due to the skins themselves are eliminated by cutting them along the line of the backbone and tanning one-half of each in chrome and the other in vegetable tan liquors.

"It is, of course, known to many that chrome leather shoes are not nearly so comfortable as those of vegetable leather made from the same type of skin. There was a tendency to attribute this difference to the small amount of free sulfuric acid always present in chrome leather in equilibrium with the comparatively very large amount in combination with the protein. But these recent investigations indicate that it is rather due to the much greater degree of shrinkage and expansion of the chrome leather with changing degree of relative humidity.

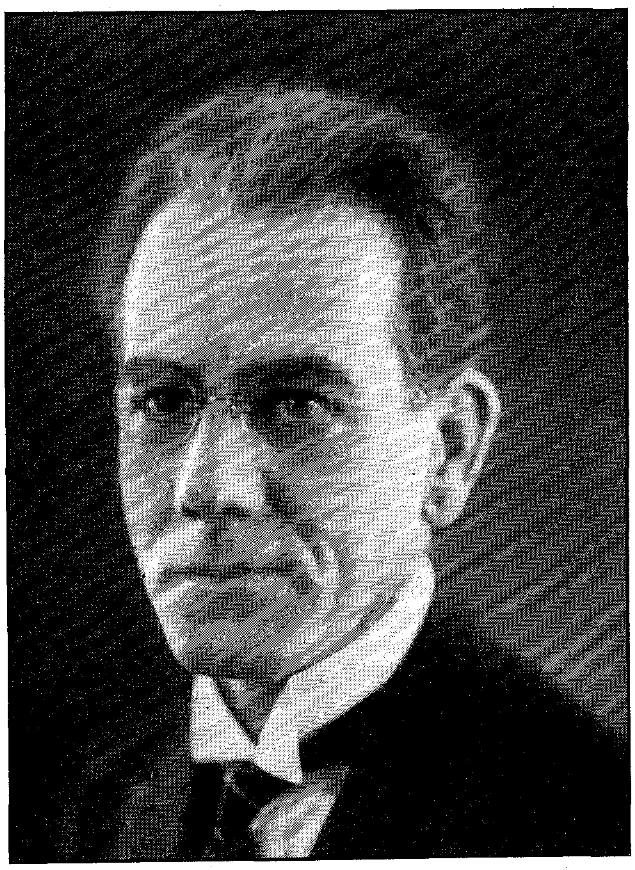
"It is rather regrettable that chrome leather should show up so much less favorably than vegetable leather, because chrome leather can be made much more quickly, simply and cheaply than vegetable leather. It is for this reason that tanners have urged the more wide-spread use of chrome leather, especially since both kinds of leather sell at about the same price. It has also been questioned as to whether the supply of natural tanning materials would hold out long, if every one should demand shoes that were made from vegetable-tanned leather."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A HIGHER ORDER OF MUSIC FOR THE MOVIES

"MAKE YOUR SCORE as artistic as you can and don't feel that you have to jump like a banderlog from one mood to another at the expense of the development of your musical ideas." These are the words Douglas Fairbanks used when he commissioned Mortimer Wilson to write the music for the film of "The Thief of Bagdad." Now, declares Theodore Stearns in *The Morning Telegraph* (New York), "a big motion-picture producer who is artist enough to say that to a composer has made musical history." Mr. Wilson has worked in the same spirit as the composer of a symphony employs in pursuing his ends. He is permitted to see his ideas develop with a regard to their own integrity and not become merely a running comment on the text of the picture. This has been the bane of the musical accompaniment hitherto, insists Mr. Stearns, who pays Mr. Fairbanks the credit of being an independent innovator:



HE WROTE THE MUSIC

For the "Thief of Bagdad" and marked a milestone in musical history. He is Mortimer Wilson.

> "Fairbanks is probably the sanest, healthiest film star in the world to-day. His out-of-doors outlook on things in general can not help but make him always refreshingly picturesque and logical.
>
> "What has handicapped the few real composers of original scores to accompany a big movie, up to date, has been that producers and directors eternally insist upon the music changing instantly with the changes in the picture. Inasmuch as 'The Thief of Bagdad' is made up of some 2,000 'cut-ins,' all to be explained musically in the space of two or three hours, it would be impossible, artistically, to set that many musical moods without making the music sound like a kaleidoscope.
>
> "It would mean, in the case of 'The Thief of Bagdad,' changing the musical idea at the rate of once a minute for two hours and a half. This attempt is made, however, in most moving-pictures, and the result—nine times out of ten—is a hodgepodge of something commenced, nothing ever satisfactorily finished."

Mr. Wilson develops a musical idea "consistently without having to worry about the flashes to and fro on the film, and still his music reflects the action and backgrounds." Indeed:

> "There are a few pauses still too pronounced between the moods, yet these pauses are linked together and do not often offend the ear by jerkingly saying, 'Wait a second—something different is coming.'
>
> "Starting with a tomtom, a short prolog opens—with a voice from a minaret—and then a flute intones a solo to the accompaniment of other wood wind instruments and a horn. As the streets of Bagdad are shown, a characteristic bassoon solo picks out a running accompaniment under a muted trumpet and then the 'Thief' motive is sounded on the strings.
>
> "The fiddles verge into a tremolo as the magic rope appears and with the entrance of the *Mogul Prince*, ascending altered chords are used, in whole steps.
>
> "'When Night reaches its Noon' and the *Thief* climbs into the chamber of the sleeping princess a lovely barcarolle strain appears, and if I had any fault to find with the excellent orchestration, I should here advise Mr. Wilson to take out the descending passage on the bassoon where the *Thief* first sights the Princess—or, at least, give it to the 'cellos.
>
> "There is a fine first horn player in that twenty-five-piece orchestra, by the way, and the theme he plays breathes the very essence of Oriental languorous beauty. The entrance of the suitors and the subsequent betrothal scene, on the other hand, was very reminiscent of 'Die Meistersinger' and 'Parsifal.'
>
> "The love scene music between the *Thief* and the *Princess* is built on a scheme of descending sixths and develops into a real love duet, as good as many a love duet in grand opera, but the really inspired music is the theme used during the scene in the Mosque. There, the score is undeniably beautiful.
>
> "It has lofty sentiment, warmth and tenderness, and feelingly portrays the fundamental idea of the 'Thief of Bagdad,' that true happiness must be earned. In the Shiraz bazaar—in the Isle of Wak—in all the subsequent adventures of the *Thief* searching for the magic casket, Mr. Wilson logically develops his former musical ideas, altering them and fitting them to the symbolism of the picture rather than to the tempo of the camera.
>
> "But characteristic gestures—even expressions—of Douglas Fairbanks are nicely mirrored in the orchestra. As the flying carpet is brought forth, just a single flute trill delicately portrays it. There is no 'Flying Dutchman' hurry and bustle—no inane tremolos on the cymbal or strings.
>
> "As the *Thief* is passing through the ordeal by fire and slays a dragon that would turn Siegfried green with envy, there is no Ride of the Valkyries idea—merely a restless movement in the music. The snake and the magic apple are coldly pictured by a ponticello on the strings—which always gives a shiver down the spine.
>
> "The final reunion of the *Thief* and the *Princess* is marked by the highly artistic return of the Mosque music. Ordinarily, a composer—certainly the general run of movie directors—would naturally insist upon using the former love duet or barcarolle music. But, in a sense, the happiness of the lovers was earned through sacrifice and pain. Moonlight and magic carpets did not bring them together so much as did renunciation and patience.
>
> "Probably the most satisfactory element in Wilson's score is that he never descends to mere noise. He follows a scheme of sane restraint and, thank the Lord, does not work the oboe to death. This screen symphony is the most logically musical one I have thus far heard."

Mr. Wilson's work is highly commended, too, by Mr. Finck, the retiring veteran music critic of the New York *Evening Post,* who sees in his example a new opening for American composers; an opening, we are informed, that has already become wide enough for the entrance of others:

"Mortimer Wilson, already favorably known in the musical world, was chosen for this task and the result has been a masterwork of its kind. Where the eyes are kept so busy every second it is difficult to listen to every detail of the music, but I have learned to do so, and it was with increasing admiration that I followed the evolution of Mr. Wilson's score, noting the freshness and inexhaustible variety of the musical invention, its appropriateness to every situation and the clever avoidance of awkward gaps. Everything synchronized to perfection. Mr. Wilson to some extent uses leading motives; he is a master of orchestral coloring, and yesterday he conducted the score as only the creator of a work—if he happens to be also a born leader—can conduct it.

"Mr. Fairbanks's experiment may be set down as a decided initial success. It will, if carried on, give the American composer something to do and something to earn his living with. Symphonies and operas don't pay. A prominent American composer told me a few years ago that his symphony had so far cost him just $1,000!"

EXPATRIATED AUTHORS—The makers of great literature have been men and women "who loved or hated their environments with vigor and depth, but who did not flee from them under the specious plea that they must have perspective before they could fix true pictures upon their canvases." *The Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post* in saying this tries to stem a rising flood:

"Many young American writers, ignoring history, are fleeing to foreign lands in search of 'literary atmosphere,' or surcease from the American hurly-burly, or the aforementioned perspective.

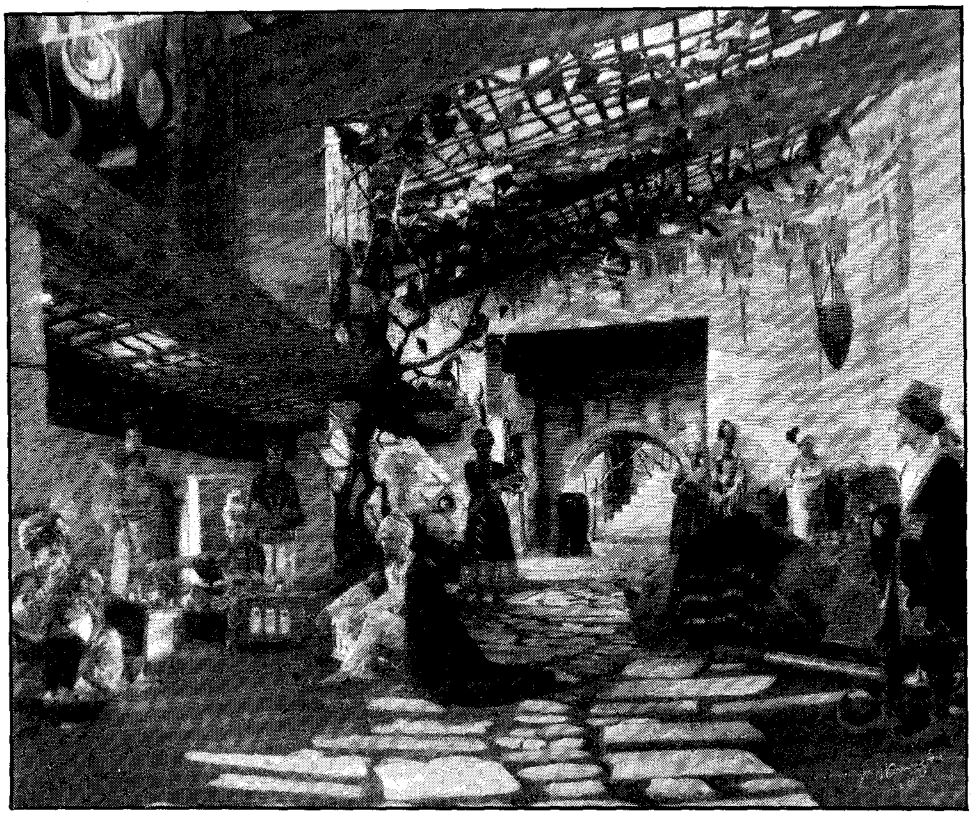
"That American authors should turn to England and to France for study is the most natural thing in the world, since the literature of the two countries is a spiritual heritage of ours as much as our own, but that they should feel it possible to write better American literature while in voluntary exile is altogether another matter.

"The very nature of the American scene, filled, as it is, with vivid colors, with swift movement, with the clamor and the blare and bravura of a strong, young industrial civilization not yet settled into any permanent molds, forbids that one see it from too great a distance lest much of its strange and disquieting beauty be lost and blurred. Your representative author will be one who loves or hates it, it matters not which, but who can bear it in all its harshness and clamor and make deathless prose or verse of it. . . .

"It may be granted that artistic success is more difficult in a country that uses the financial standard for virtually all its measurements; that England, for instance, offers peace and quiet in the depths of a beautiful countryside only a few shillings away from London; or that Paris offers atmosphere in which great art flourishes and thrives as nowhere else; but it is still to be proved that the American author who succumbs to these temptations is doing his country's literature or his own fame a service."

LITERARY TREMORS OF BATH

THE PURITANS did not all come to America. There are some in the old city of Bath, England, which has probably forgotten that it once harbored so gay a blade as Beau Brummell. They have been keeping their house in order during the past half century or more; and have been greatly disturbed over the need of a public library. "No one can accuse the city fathers of plunging into this desperate adventure in rash haste," says the London *Daily Telegraph,* which, hearing of Bath's perturbations, ventures "to assure them that the experience of other towns gives no serious reason to fear that minds will be weakened or morals corrupted by the reading of books." But the news comes that "they mean to take no risks in Bath." Hesitant young communities, settling the question of providing themselves with the fount of literary culture, may get a suggestion from Bath. *The Telegraph* envisages the anticipated satisfactions of this old town which is proud of its history:



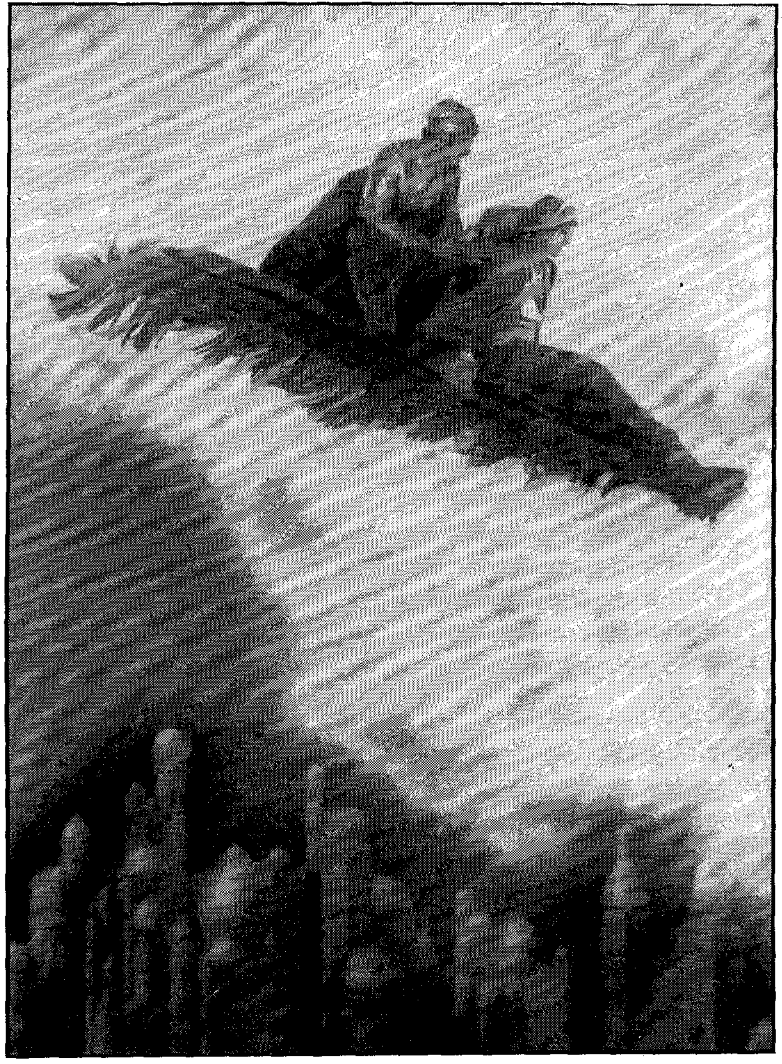
THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE PRINCES

Who are about to seek the hand of the Princess, one with a gift of a priceless carpet, one a magic crystal ball, and one with a golden apple of magic powers.

'When the new library opens (an anxious day!) it will be found that 'the fiction department, the smallest in the library, will be tucked away in an unobtrusive corner.' Thus are the citizens of Bath to be preserved from the guile of the insidious novelist. If, in spite of all that can be done, they do hear that such books as novels exist, if in the perversity of their hearts they insist upon reading the things, they must; but the civic library, intent upon edification, shall offer them anything and everything else first. The voice of a famous old gentleman of Bath rings in our ears: 'Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.' The ideas of *Sir Anthony Absolute* seem still to prevail among the city fathers. Upon what principles the novels admitted into the smallest department in the library will be chosen we are not to inquire. Whether to congratulate or to condole with the authors whose works are found worthy of inclusion in Bath's small department of respectable fiction we can not tell. It is said that 'best sellers' are to be excluded. This, however, will not distinguish the library of Bath from many others which do not insist upon the new and edifying principle that the fiction department must be the smallest."

GROWTH OF SOCIALISM IN OXFORD

SOCIALISM IS NOT A NEW CREED in Oxford. But while formerly it was adopted by those who rather posed as eccentrics it is now held by a minority who are tremendously in earnest. The creed is still under the ban, but the authorities find it wise to blink the violations. The political clubs of the Conservatives and Liberals, which long held a monopoly over the political thought of the university, says a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "are aware of a new strange and vigorous force threatening their established positions." Whether these new enthusiasts are to be regarded as a menace or an amusement hasn't yet been determined by those intrenched within privilege. That the sons of two Prime Ministers—the present and the immediately preceding—should be Socialists is a sign of the times in academic circles. The correspondent writes:



THE MAGIC-CARPET SCENE THAT COST $78,000

By building a complicated machinery of cranes, Douglas Fairbanks as "The Thief of Bagdad" with the Princess, seems to be flying through the air on a magic carpet.

"It is evident that this earnest group of almost 200 'Laborites' stands forth in Oxford like a silent specter, whose ominous shadows penetrate everywhere. Sitting complacently around the open fires in her junior common rooms, Oxford merely scoffs and sneers. Those who dare to espouse the cause of Marxism are often greeted with icy silence; they are still disposed of as being 'queer.' But behind the disdainful front that Oxford reserves for such occasions there is concern for this new monster which has stretched forth one talon already into the sacrosanct fastnesses of her life. The withdrawn mask reveals a vague beginning of an understanding of the import of this strange element. There is no fear. Youth, and especially Oxford youth, is seldom afraid of anything. But there is renewed interest in and fresh speculation on all things political. The advent of the MacDonald government lent vigor to the Labor movement in Oxford, and for the first time there was a startling realization of the real possibility of Socialism in England.

"For centuries Oxford has considered herself as removed from the outside world. Self-complacently, she felt herself above the tedious toilings and petty wranglings of the world of practical every-day life. She was concerned with more abiding things. And thus confident of her place in the clouds, she could evolve, modify and discuss theories to her heart's content. Undergraduates still speak of leaving Oxford as 'going down,' a descent from clouds to solid earth, which many find disconcerting. Thus it was with deep sincerity and high purpose that Oxford could engage in discussions of radical social reforms, and a Fabian Society flourished for years. She was enjoying the carelessness, highmindedness and irresponsibility of youth, and it was so easy to be 'radical and different.'"

The new Labor Club is not without some "eccentrics who find the epithet 'communist' an agreeable and complimentary distinguishing mark from mediocrity," we are told. But—

"The significant thing that Oxford is discovering is that by far the greater number merely are serious students of political and social science who are firm believers in the doctrines of the Labor party and have affiliated themselves with its purposes. Some of them already have secretly assisted the Labor party at election time, and many of them are planning an active political career. For the first time there is dawning the pregnant truth that henceforth the Labor party of England is going to recruit its ranks from the leading intellectuals of Oxford just as the Conservative and Liberal parties have done for years past.

"Among the most active members of the Oxford Labor group who have definite intentions of entering politics is Malcom MacDonald, eldest son of the Prime Minister. Young MacDonald was an unsuccessful Labor candidate for Parliament at the December election. Recently he was defeated for president of the Union Debating Society, that century-old institution which has played such a leading part in the university life, and which has had the distinction of furnishing England with three Prime Ministers, in addition to hosts of other men prominent in politics. But Mr. MacDonald lost by only eight votes, and altho some of his strength may have been due to his peculiar prominence, the election was indicative of the Labor power in the most representative of Oxford societies. Another Labor orator holds the office of junior treasurer. This also is not without significance, for the society of 1,000 members votes largely according to party affiliations.

"Another distinctive feature of the Labor Club is that it is one of the two organizations in Oxford which permits the membership of women students as well as men."

How the club fares in its relations with the higher authorities is another significant sign of the times:

"For a while the band of Laborites encountered hostile opposition from the university authorities. Public meetings were forbidden, and are still forbidden, and several of the extreme left wing of the Labor party in Parliament were refused permission to speak in Oxford at all. But under a new vice-chancellor conditions have somewhat altered. A speaking engagement of the Hon. Bertrand Russell to speak before the club two years ago was canceled. But this year Mr. Russell came down and was unmolested. Oxford is beginning to accept the implications of a changed England; as of old, she is adjusting herself slowly to the new requirements of society.

"Equally as significant as the growth of the Labor sentiment among the undergraduates is the fact that there are four or five dons who openly profess themselves Socialists, altho they, at present, are not emphasizing the fact in lecture-rooms. To the older and more conservative element of the university dons this appears as rank heresy—a deliberate breach of faith with all the cherished, deep-rooted traditions of Oxford.

"And in the evening, as these proved guardians of mellowed Oxford institutions gather around the festive 'High Table,' the

Springfield, Missouri

dim, musty oaken walls with their mammoth darkened portraits of famous scholars seem to them, somehow, symbolic of the true worthiness of all that has survived the ravages of time. Phantoms leap from gloomy corners and the air is filled with resonant echoes of a forgotten past. There is no place here for talk of social reform. It is drowned in the flow of pungent English ale and, once more, Oxford belongs to another world."

AN OLD SONG IN THE CONVENTION

NO MUSICAL STRAINS welled up to us from our next-door neighbor, the Madison Square Garden, with more frequency than those of the song that has somehow come to express the local pride of that rather rare person, the born New Yorker—"The Sidewalks of New York." The Democratic Convention associated this song with the career of Gov. Alfred E. Smith, and to those outside the Garden it was the signal that the name of New York's favorite son was before the Convention. Who wrote the song and who knows all the words? This was the query of a Western newspaper reporter who wished to inform his home paper; but nobody could sing it all through, and the composer himself was finally found living in the upper reaches of the city—old and blind; and as a consequence of the song he emerged for a new day of fame. Charles B. Lawlor wrote the song thirty years ago. He is seventy-two now, and he and his wife have heard the song over the radio as it has surged to the surface of the Convention's activities. In the New York *Times* we follow the story of how the song was written. Mr. Lawlor himself is speaking:

"I was surprized to hear this morning that the words of my song had been long forgotten and that Governor Smith did not have a single copy at his headquarters at the Waldorf. The song is still being published, and everybody seems to know the chorus. Before I sold out my rights in it, I was told that 80,000 copies had been sold, but I know the sales must have been up in the millions. How much did I get for that song? Why, just $5,000, and this I split fifty-fifty with my friend, James W. Blake, who had a hat store on Third Avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, and who was good at writing little squibs. He helped me put the words together.

"Lottie Gilson sang it for the first time at Miner's Bowery Theater, and it went big. A few weeks later I sang it there with my little son, Charles Frederick Lawlor, who has been dead a long time now.

"Maybe you would like to know how I composed the song? Well, I had been having a good time at Charlie Murphy's Anawanda Club in Second Avenue, as it was ladies' night, and I had everything to drink from champagne to beer. This was in August, 1894. I was pretty well 'lit up,' as the saying goes, when I arrived at my home in 114th Street just off Eighth Avenue, I walked all that way, but when I tumbled into bed I could not go to sleep.

"Suddenly the idea for this song came to me. 'The Sidewalks of New York.' The name stuck to me. Often I had watched the children dancing on the sidewalks. I woke up my wife, and told her I had a hit, and I got up immediately and wrote the name and some of the words on a slate that belonged to my children.

"The next day I called on my friend, Blake, who is now employed as a salesman by a carpet firm, and he helped me put the words together, and I put the music to them standing right up in that hat store. And after it became so popular, a great artist named Brown painted a picture after my song, but I did not care for it, as he had well-to-do children dancing in the street, and my vision was of very poor children."

G. J. Brown is the artist here referred to and his pictures of street children are well known, but his types were rather the result of his technique, which is the "tight," smooth method of painting. His models, instead of being observed, were likely created "out of his head," and so his picture of boys gives the impression Mr. Lawlor refers to of being "well-to-do" children. Whatever failure Brown has shown in realizing Mr. Lawlor's ideal has likely been corrected by the vaudeville artists who have used his song with appropriate costume on the stage. Moreover, it is safe to say that every New Yorker creates his own vision of the song rather than leaning to the old-fashioned presentation of G. J. Brown.

CHARLES B. LAWLOR

Who gains a renewed fame at the Convention as author of "The Sidewalks of New York."

The composer declares that in his blindness he still retains a vivid mental picture of the scenes that suggested the song which was hoped to "landslide Al Smith into the Presidential office." He is quoted:

"In my mind's eye, I can see a big husky policeman leaning against a lamppost and twirling his club, an organ-grinder playing near by, and the East Side kids, with dirty faces, shoes unlaced, stockings down, torn clothes, dancing to the music, while from a tenement window an old Irish woman, with a lace cap and one of those old-time checkered shawls around her shoulders, looking down and smiling at the children.

"And that's a long time ago. I went blind about three years ago. There is no time to me now. The present is eternity. I have a new mental, a spiritual sight, and—can see my wife, and all my children, and the poor little children dancing on the sidewalks. And I can hear—listen!"

From the radio across the street came the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York," the song that epitomizes as no other the career of New York's nominee for President.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop
On a Summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz
While the "Ginnie" played the organ
On the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey and little Jimmy Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltz-step
On the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those times
Some are up in "G,"
Others they are wand'rers, but they all feel just like me.
They'd part with all they've got could they but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl
On the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS

East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down";
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

Mr. Lawlor landed at Castle Garden from Dublin on July 4 fifty-five years ago, at the age of seventeen. He was forty-two years old when he wrote "The Sidewalks of New York," and among his other songs are "You're the Best Little Girl of Them All," "Irish Liberty," "Pretty Peggy," and "The Mick Who Threw the Brick."

The blind composer heard that he might be invited to sing his famous song before the Convention. A resurgence of the Smith boom was likely to have brought this about, as no music of the Convention gained equal response from the audience. He is at present appearing in a song sketch with his daughter, Miss Alice Lawlor, in Brooklyn, entitled "The Sidewalks of New York," written by Paul G. Smith. His other daughter, Miss Mabel Lawlor, is also on the stage.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE REVIVAL OF PAGANISM

THE PAGANISM which Christianity once confronted and conquered is riding high on a return wave, and there are visible evidences, we are told, that we are on the brink of that corruption and sensualism which preceded the crash of the Roman world and the emptying of her temples. Some of our seers urge that the age is no worse than any other, that we are passing through what generations before us have experienced. But it is the age in which we live, and it behooves us, we are warned from a philosopher's chair, to heed the signs of decay and not to fall back upon an excusing negation. There are tides of spiritual confusion and transition, epochal in their result, and we are danger of being engulfed. Prof. Joseph A. Leighton, professor of philosophy in the Ohio State University, and author of several works, is in no sense a pessimist. He does not despair of the future; but he does find an ominous analogy between the situation of the world to-day and the state of Roman society just before the collapse of the ancient world capital. In "Religion and the Mind of To-day" (D. Appleton and Company) he gives thoughtful discussion to the religious problems of the present and offers sane counsel to those who have been wavering under recent theological storms. In view of frequent charges that the Church is losing influence and frequent exhortations that it must mend itself before attempting to house the world,' we turn to Professor Leighton's warning chapter on "The Recrudescence of Paganism," in which he confronts us with some disturbing facts, but points the upward path.

We, too, have our commercial Cæsarism that saps the foundations of the Republic, writes Professor Leighton. Our Cæsars "have taken toll from the worst criminals, and have debauched the administration of justice." The family life is seriously endangered by the growing frequency of divorce. "The unblushing effrontery and sensual suggestiveness of the lascivious stage corrupt our youth. The appalling increase of suicide, even among the young, indicates a weakening sense of personal responsibility, a breaking down of faith in human dignity, with a corresponding heightening of the tension of living." Professor Leighton considers the leniency of juries on crimes of passion, and wonders whether belief in the value of law is dying out altogether; he cites the frequent and grave outbursts of lawlessness, the rapid growth of hoodlumism and crimes of violence, and notes that we seem to be in the midst of a new individualism of the sophistical brand, for which the individual, with his momentary whims, passions, and impulses, is the sole measure of moral values. Our social diseases, we are told, "bear striking analogies to the sophistical age of Athenian life, and to the Roman world of the Cæsars." Teachers are well aware, says Professor Leighton, of the wide dissemination of generalizations of scientific thought which conflict with traditional forms of theology.

But the imposing march of natural science, its theoretical victories and practical triumphs, must not blind us, we are told, to the intellectual error and moral emptiness that result from the endeavor to extract from the study of the physical order alone ethical principles and religious uplift. "From no worship of nature alone can be drawn the moral power and insight to save society." We must look, says Professor Leighton, "to the rational conscience within us, to the needs of the social order in which we are inalienable members, and to the moral order of history, as the threefold revelation of the Divine purpose and destiny of man as an ethical and spiritual being."

Paganism has also gained ground from the attitude toward man's social life that proceeds from individualism in religion, and Professor Leighton observes that if man's single aim is to get his own soul to heaven, then religion has nothing to do with society and culture. The result of such individualism is "an immoral industrial system, an unethical conception of a State and society, an unspiritual world-view." Another form of materialism is "the practical materialism which estimates national progress and prosperity in quantitative terms, in bigness of population and wealth, in individual achievement and well-being, in terms of external success and power, of opportunity for sensuous enjoyment." But, asks Professor Leighton:

"Why should we boast ourselves and swell with pride because God has given to us the greatest natural opportunity that has ever fallen to the lot of a nation? We have, indeed, with unexampled headlong energy transformed the natural face of this great continent, and even prodigally wasted our resources. But what abiding contributions have we made to the spiritual heritage of the race? In other words, what have we achieved in those realms of human production that can not be weighed and appraised by the senses? I do not know any lesson that needs to be driven home more insistently and forcibly to our people than that Athens, the intellectual mother of our culture, was, in the days of her greatest glory, a city less than half the size of Buffalo, and that Palestine, the fountain-head of the redeeming ethical and religious powers in our life, had a smaller area than the State of Vermont. Amidst our great swelling words of 'progress,' it is well to call to mind such facts, and to ask ourselves what shall insure the spiritual immortality of our nation, when in the political vicissitudes of history it shall have gone the way of all peoples? Politically, the Israel of Isaiah and Jesus, and the Athens of Sophocles and Plato have long since fallen before the scythe of Time, but spiritually they will endure as long as the light of reflective thought, and the spur of moral and religious aspiration move in the soul of man. Their names are written in the Lamb's book of life, their acts endure in the everlasting movements of the spirit. Shall we seek for our nation a like remembrance and persistence, or shall we be content to leave our records in the dust to which all merely material achievement eventually returns?"

In view, then, of the moral situation, concludes Professor Leighton, we need to have taught a philosophy of life and reality which shall recognize the utter inadequacy of physical concepts and materialistic speculations to interpret and explain the meaning and worth of the life of the spirit in history, society and the individual. Here is a lesson:

"The churches are by inheritance and choice the guardians and champions of the moral order in society. To-day they fight against heavy odds. It behooves them to get rid of unnecessary baggage, to make an end of irrelevant controversies, to bury dead issues concerning the source of their authority, etc., to combine their forces and concentrate their energies on the one aim of conserving and enforcing the Christian moral values of civilization. Otherwise, the recrudescence of paganism may become the recrudescence of barbarism. In the midst of social and moral chaos a few choice spirits may find consolation and strength in philosophy, but for the many a vivid, passionate, and energetic religious conviction is the condition of moral health and vigor.

"No great civilization has ever outlasted the demise of its religious faith. If the moral bases of our culture are in imminent danger, the danger can be averted only by a new crusade on behalf of social righteousness and personal integrity, animated by a religious view of life, for which the human spirit transcends nature through kinship with absolute Spirit. I need not remind you that here the Christian and the Jew stand together on the common ground of a prophetic ethical religion, whose controlling principle of faith and action is the vision of a righteous social order, the Kingdom of God.

"Whether in the churches or outside of them, our society will not be saved by those who flee for refuge from the confusion, unrest, and emptiness of the time to an aristocratic Deity beyond the stars, or who hug to their bosoms some private cult which promises deliverance from the turmoil and stress of the day. Our society will be saved by men who are fired by faith in the Kingdom of God, and who see, beyond nature and actual society, a Supreme Spiritual Power ever working in and through man's individual and social experiences, and in the very darkest hours of his unrest and perplexity, for the fuller realization of that commonwealth of moral personalities, which is the only enduringly worthful aim of human effort, since it is the meaning and purpose of the entire movement of life."

WHY A DOUBTER GOES TO CHURCH

SKEPTICISM MUMBLING at the creeds and wearing the livery of heaven is a not infrequent paradox encountered in the churches, and the inconsistency passes without exciting much more attention than a nod of the head or a significant shrug of the shoulders. Yet there are those who find in the church and in its activities an outlet for what might be termed their natural religious bent or for their desire to do good and to live as closely as they can to the teachings of Him who they know at least taught a way of life, yet who are in doubt as to the cardinal tenets of the Christian religion. Their motives, it is pointed out, are good beyond question, and their influence helps often to keep the congregation compact and the pulpit aglow. Such a one, who frankly admits that he does not, and can not, subscribe to any creed, tells us in *The World's Work* why he goes to church and why he keeps alive his interest in its work. His story throws an interesting light on what sometimes serves to keep a human impulse alive and tells us how one can doubt and yet find no difficulty in conducting his life according to the cardinal virtues. Described as "an untired business man," the writer preserves his anonymity because he does not care to appear "unco guid." He is, we are told in an editorial note, an extremely busy man of much experience in human affairs in many parts of this country and abroad and a man of wide reading and scholarly attainments. He is, we are assured again, not only a regular attendant at church, but also one of the most effective workers in the congregation of which he is an influential member.

Brought up in a Calvinist household, the anonymous writer in *The World's Work* thinks that his churchgoing habit "is or was primarily atavistic." He became habituated to the church, and, altho he began to dissent from the philosophy of Calvinism when he was very young, he feels that the religious atmosphere in which he grew up had a salubrious quality that helped him to withstand many temptations as he became older. About the time that he reached his majority Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall became the fashion. He thought that he had become convinced that the theology of Christianity and of Calvinism in particular were fallacies that were chiefly legendary in their origin. Now he is "no longer sure of anything in regard to matters transcendental," and, coming to realize the finiteness of his own comprehension, he has abandoned the effort to know what for him is unknowable. But he continues to go to church, and some of his friends and the editor of *The World's Work* ask him why. He replies:

"Well, aside from the fact that I acquired the churchgoing habit in my youth, my chief reason for not breaking myself of it is that I regard the Christian Church in its entirety—including both Catholics and Protestants—as the most effective organization society has as yet devised for the promotion of altruism and morality. Therefore I am glad to do what I can in my humble way to support it, and I feel that it is a duty to attend its services, altho I am not confirmed, do not go to communion, and should be guilty of intellectual hypocrisy if I repeated the Creed or joined in the petitions or declarations of the Prayer Book.

"To those who may regard me as inconsistent because I try to support an organization that stands for a philosophy to which I do not assent, I answer with Emerson that consistency is a weakness of the narrow-minded and that I have about come to the conclusion that Christianity is a mode of life rather than a system of theology. I am not certain that there is either a heaven or a hell. I am neither a fundamentalist nor a modernist.

"Such questions concern me not at all, but I believe that the world with which I am acquainted has been made a better place by the advent of Jesus Christ; that since He appeared and His teachings began to be heeded, even imperfectly, men and women have become less cruel and more kind; that the hospitals and asylums that have come into being for the amelioration of human misery were unknown prior to the Christian era; and that if I wanted help I would be more likely to get it from a Christian than a pagan.

"Of course I know that there are crooks in the church as well as out of it, but my experience has been that the men and women who call themselves Christians usually live self-respecting lives, and I have generally found them honest, fair, and considerate in their dealings. In saying this I would not imply that there are no honest men outside the church, for there are many; but I think that few will deny that the conspicuously trusted men in Europe and America are oftenest identified with some church or synagog.

"And so I say to myself that it is my duty to do what I can to give vitality to an institution which makes its adherents good citizens, good husbands, good wives, and good parents.

"I would not, however, give the impression that in acting upon this view I am in any great degree inspired by an altruistic purpose.

"Naturally I am glad to do what I can to make the world better, but like most men I want it made better for *me*.

"Therefore I should be uncandid if I did not explain that my willingness to support the church and attend its services springs in part from the belief that it helps to keep my employees honest and to make my children obey the Fifth Commandment; that it inspires others with a willingness to help me as I hope it inspires me with a desire to be helpful when I can."

The skeptic churchman has been told, he says, that the church is on the wane, and some have said, he tells us, that the church's decline is largely due to the influence of men like himself who question the church's power to save souls for all eternity and regard it simply as a beneficent social organization for the promotion of honesty, charity and morality. He can not deny that this may be true, and wishes he could be certain that it is not. For, he goes on—and there is a touch of melancholy in his recital:

"I crave the faith of my parents, who seemed to feel as certain of a life hereafter, of a personal God and a personal Devil, as they were of what had happened yesterday.

"But that sort of faith has been made impossible for me by the scientific philosophy of the day, and by my inability to reconcile the pain and suffering and brutality of humanity with the Christian theory of an omnipotent, omniscient, and benignant God.

"I feel no certitude with regard to the hereafter. I have no consciousness of a God personal or impersonal; and the only Devil with whom I have any acquaintance is the one within me that I have never been able to exorcise.

"But I will admit that my inability to believe in a life beyond the grave does not disprove its existence. In his oration over the body of Lawrence Barrett, a distinguished tragedian of the last century, Robert Ingersoll described the actor's life as a drama of seven acts. When he ended his description of the last act he said: 'And so the curtain falls; will it ever rise again? Reason says perhaps, while hope still answers yes.'

"Searching my own heart, I think I may add that the 'perhaps' of an eternity is one of the reasons why I go to church and keep on trying, but trying unsuccessfully, to lead a Christian life and to believe in what the church teaches.

"The odds are so enormously in my favor. A little effort to live cleanly, to do justice, to love mercy, and to apply the golden rule, a few hours at church each week, and a willingness to help when help is needed are such infinitesimally small things to stake against a possible eternity of happiness that I would be a fool not to make the wager. It is a case in which I have nothing to lose and am still a gainer even tho I lose.

"For in the atmosphere of the church I find a stimulus which increases my efficiency in work and makes my life happier even tho I am not sure that when I sleep I shall ever wake again."

PUNISHMENT FOR THE WEAK WITS

TO EXECUTE A SANE MAN who has momentarily given way to passion and to preserve a useless imbecile who never had his passions under control at all is in itself, we are told, an act of imbecility. As a matter of fact, leniency has tended to encourage the weak-minded and those who exhibit streaks of idiocy or insanity; whereas, as a matter of public protection and as a deterrent to prospective and potential criminals among them, the weak-minded should be made to know that the lash or the chair is as inevitable in their case as it is in the case of the criminal in full possession of his powers. So believes Sir Oliver Lodge, scientist and philosopher, who writes in the New York *Times* that the time has come for serious discussion about certain aspects of punishment. Like Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, whose arguments were reviewed in these pages on June 28, the famous scientist does not believe in the efficiency of capital punishment. But as long as the hangman's rope is in use he thinks it should not be thrown aside in the case of a criminal whose only excuse is that his mind is weak.

With the exception of a few vigorous and ill-meaning villains, writes Sir Oliver, the majority of criminals are not of the Napoleonic or Machiavellian variety "They are just feeble creatures, perhaps with a warped bodily mechanism, perhaps brought down by evil companions and the dull and dispiriting character of their surroundings and outlook on life." Assuming that people like these constitute the larger number of those who become felons, it is for them and their like that the deterring influence of punishment is mainly intended, and it is in the hope that it has that deterring influence and that it tends to keep others straight that we justify our interference with their liberty. Should we do anything less when it comes to the feeble-minded, the unbalanced, the uncontrollable, the ill-tempered, the obsessed, the semi-insane? Sir Oliver argues:

"Surely we ought to strengthen in every way we can the deficient power of self-control possest by such persons. If we believe that punishment has a deterrent effect, we ought not to weaken the motives that might keep him straight, and make the unfortunate person's task harder by removing the fear of punishment from him. We ought not to let him feel that if he can only display his feeble-mindedness or idiocy or insanity, or whatever it may be called, he will escape punishment, and be looked after for the rest of his life under not uncomfortable conditions. If any should have the fear of punishment distinctly held over them, if any ought to be subject to the guiding and controlling influence of society, it is those who lack self-discipline, who are weak in character, who are deficient in self-control. They should be made to feel that punishment is more, not less, inevitable in their case."

And so long as capital punishment is the law of the land, continues Sir Oliver, these weaklings should not feel immune from it. The more the budding imbecile can be made to feel that by frequently giving way to ungoverned impulses he is running even more risk than other people, the better for the cultivation of such character as he may possess. "If a person is really so incompetent as not to know the meaning of crime, no medical evidence can be needed to establish his insanity; but in all doubtful cases the law should take its course." The great scientist does not believe that the little-wits do not understand the reason and necessity for punishment, arguing that—

"An animal knows well enough when he is going to be punished; they surely have as much wit as a domestic animal! They often show distinct signs of cunning. Any except the most hopelessly insane must have sufficient cunning to realize what punishment means. They could realize the whip, and they can realize the gallows. Their self-control needs strengthening, not weakening. Punishment is more important to them than to a sane man. They should not be let off on the ground of mental incompetence; they are not so incompetent as all that. Or if they are, if they are hopelessly outside the pale of rudimentary intelligence—well, their life is certainly of no value to society. Possibly there should be no capital punishment at all! But as long as it is inflicted let it not be reserved for the sane and competent and denied to the equally responsible weaklings who have never kept themselves in hand and are a nuisance to themselves and every one else.

"Probably no one will agree with this contention. Very well. The alternative is not to inflict capital punishment at all, save for such ghastly premeditated and continuous cruelty that the criminal can no longer be tolerated on earth. It is legitimate to extinguish monstrosities. Society is not responsible for them, unless it could prevent their being bred. Their incarnation is a failure and had better be scrapped. Something has gone wrong. Perhaps they may be allowed another chance under other conditions. These are considerations too high for us to understand completely, or to guide our actions by; but we are bound to reconsider from time to time our responsible social activities, and amend them in the light of growing knowledge and enhanced good feeling."

CASTE IN THE CHURCHES

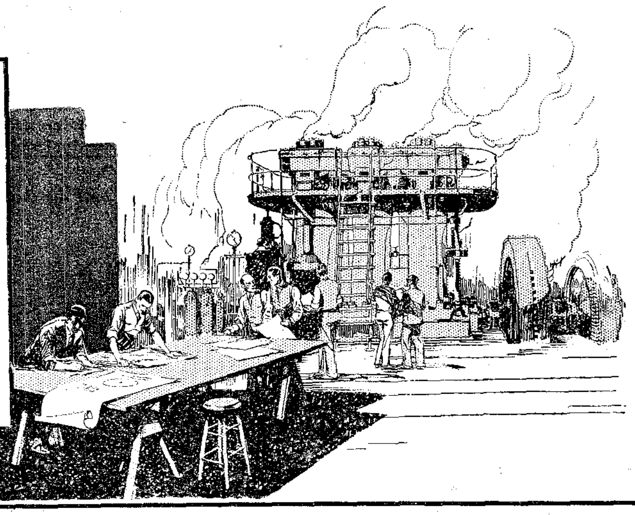
ANOTHER INDICTMENT drawn against the much-berated denominational system is that it has an undemocratic spirit and program. Theoretically it would seem that a multiplicity of churches of various beliefs would be the essence of democracy, giving to each individual an opportunity to choose whichever he desired. But in actual life, says *The Herald of Gospel Liberty* (Christian), denominationalism is working out very differently. In fact, "it is tending to separate even Christian people into castes and classes," and there is no denying, we are told, that denominational groups form cliques which regard themselves as much superior to some others. Moreover, this tendency breeds an acute selfishness among churches. They pass from a state of indifference to the trials of others to a sense of satisfaction when a neighboring church fails. Continues *The Herald of Gospel Liberty:*

"But even more serious as a factor in a democracy is the fact that through denominationalism the children of the community are given shamefully unequal chances in their religious education and church life. Certain children go to fine churches, with great equipments and competent Sunday-school teachers; while neighboring children attend some little broken-down church, with no equipment, and with Sunday-school teaching unworthy of the name. Such inequality of advantages would not for a moment be tolerated in secular education. The injustice of it in religious education is so apparent that it is tolerated only because we have been hardened to it through a lifetime of familiarity. To shift the responsibility of such inequality of advantages from denominationalism to the individual home, and declare that the children in the poor Sunday-schools should be sent to the finer equipped churches, is pure evasion. In the first place, the number of high-class churches provided for each city is wholly inadequate to care for all such children. And in the second place, such a process would only tend to build up an aristocracy of denominations—which would make matters tremendously worse than they now are from the standpoint of democracy, making it impossible for the smaller denominations to live. This would simply hand over the entire Christian program to a few big wealthy denominations that are conducted on a denominational plane and with a denominational spirit."

Such an undemocratic spirit would not be tolerated for an instant in the public-school system, says a writer in *The Unity Messenger*. Children in every ward have equal advantages so far as public school education is concerned, he says, and goes on:

"But some of these same children attend poorly equipped, poorly manned Sunday-schools, while others have the best of equipment and leadership lavished upon their religious education. This could not be true if our church funds were administered democratically and equitably, instead of on a basis of denominationalism and essential selfishness. We can never put religious education to the fore in our smaller communities until we get rid of sectarianism. The people are ready. They realize the efficiency, democracy, and spiritual effectiveness of the community church. They only need to be given the courage and faith to believe that in their communities they can change the established order and to be shown how they can do so."

Why lubrication is important to plant executives



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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE London *Spectator* recites this marvel of opened eyes:

SPRING SOLITUDE

BY JOHN LINNELL

Young Bartimaeus, lately given sight
In wonder at all life
Ceased following his Lord
Through whom such light
Had pierced the dark at speaking of a word.

And as he passed spring-mad by wood and field,
Those who had heard his tale
Decried ingratitude,
That he'd not yield
To serve the Lord and minister His good.

They were grown used to flowers and the sun,
Faces of girls and boys,
Snow on the mountain sides;
Since life begun
Scarce noted moonlight or the wavering tides.

But Bartimaeus, like a prisoner freed,
In fierce delight amazed
And speechless seized on all;
With fiery greed,
Made one with burst of spring and autumn's fall.

Clothed himself round with colours of the land,
Sank into heaven's blue,
Until it lapped him close;
With trembling hand
Reached out to snatch its beauty from the rose

And make it more his own. In the sunset West
He drank gold glory in,
And with the boisterous gale
On mountain crest,
Shouted to see the cloud-ships onward sail.

He brooded with the silence of the sea,
Rushed on with Jordan's rage,
And soared with birds on high,
Swayed with each tree,
And wept with winter when the flowers must die.

And on a naked mountain-top at length
Stretched arms out wide and fell
Face earthward in amaze:
With new-found strength
Chanted to God triumphant hymns of praise.

After he looked for beauty down with men,
He'd heard of old of sin,
While blindness kept him clean;
Now fresh again,
First heard, then saw and cursed what eyes had seen.

Yet so was filled with beauty of his vision
He fired the earth-bound too;
Till who had once decried,
Forgot derision,
Seeing Christ reflected even when crucified.

THE classics are reviving in Kansas City, as is evidenced by the three sonnets published in *The Galleon*. How many cities would be so prodigal?

THREE THAT KNEW HELEN

BY GEORGE STERLING

Menelaus

Incredulous of this he nightly saw,—
Astounded, with a shudder of growing dread,
He searched her loveliness from feet to head,
Nor in the marble found a fleck or flaw.
Perfection subject to its lonely law
Flamed, cruel, from the shadows of the bed,
Above whose pearl he bent discomfited,
Sad with the sense of utter beauty's awe.
Chain after chain he felt her sorcery creep
In everlasting tendrils on his breast,
And knew for him there could be no more sleep
Unhaunted by the dream of her desire:
In token of which godhood of unrest,
Terror and joy fell on him like a fire.

Paris

Far-off he heard upon the truce of night
The wail of kindred women for their slain;
Far-off he saw across the shrouding rain
The foeman's leaguer, arrogant with light,
And turned to where, inimically bright,
Her beauty burned immaculate of stain.
Yea! it was worth the hatreds and the pain,
The gleaming ranks disastrous in the fight!
This thing was of the ages. This was she
For whom the nations gathered as a sea
That foamed in death, and ebbing, left a wrack
Of swords and helms, of chariots and spears,
And, on the red horizon of the years,
The memory of sails that come not back.

Ulysses

Worth it or not? His wisdom could not say,
However much he searched his heart to find
The enigmatic nature of his kind.
That life could not appease nor death dismay.
So frail, so sad, so terrible were they!—
A transciency that love or lust made blind,—
A dust uplifted by the eternal Wind,—
Shadows of shadows battling for the clay.

In Ithaca, resounding with his fame,
He dreamt of those forlorn, immortal tears,
Of helms gone under in the sea of spears,
And saw the tearless constellations climb,
Uncaring how that loveliness might flame
Upon the turrets of recorded time.

THE didacticism here is saved from irritating by the wit. *The Yale Review* prints it:

GLASS HOUSES

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Learn if you must, but do not come to me
For truth of what your pleasant neighbor says
Behind you of your looks or of your ways,
Or of your worth and virtue generally:
If he's a pleasure to you, let him be—
Being the same to him; and let your days
Be tranquil, having each the other's praise,
And each his own opinion peaceably.

Two brothers once did love each other well,
Yet not so well but that a pungent word
From each came stinging home to the wrong ears.
The rest would be an overflow to tell,
Surely; and you may slowly have inferred
That we may not be here a thousand years.

ANIMAL lovers may claim an immortality for their friends that this *Scribner* (July) poem disallows; but they will join with all in the final salute:

NON SINE FLORIBUS

BY HELEN COALE CREW

Death, in tangled forest ways
Stalking, many a quarry finds:

Flank-torn deer in covert hid;
Pallid fish where river winds;
Owl, that looked askance on death
In the grass below him, now
Severed from his chilly breath;
Bear that falls on deeper sleep
Than he knew the winter long;
Bird that pours libation rare
Mingled of his life and song.
Life spent warmly ebbing now
Prodigal in streams of red:

Bright eyes brighter than their wont
With the final agony:
Hunger-bitten frames and gaunt
Stilled at last, and hearts gone dead,
Emptied of their ecstasy.

Forest requiem be yours
At your dying! May you fall
On soft mosses pricked with stars,
Under bracken's waving fronds,
Under beeches, under tall
Pines that murmur endlessly.

You that shall not live again
God rest you merry, gentlemen!

Palms (Guadalajara, Mexico) is the one poetry magazine that witholds the names of its authors for a month, so this poetaster remains unknown to us, except as we sometimes find him in ourselves:

REBELLION

I am tired of being patient, I am tired of resignation,
I am sick to death of waiting for a joy that never comes,
I am tired of stingy half-loaves, I am tired of imitation,
I am tired of tasting other people's crumbs.

Let us once, O soul, be truthful, let us fling aside concealment
While we take our fill of sorrow as we never could of joy!
It is genuine, abundant. It is ours, and not another's.
Let us once, O soul, taste fullness though that fullness should destroy!

THE melancholy of these lines will be felt by the few for whom they speak. The younger will rejoice in lines well put together. From *Poetry* (Chicago) for July:

BARGAIN

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

With his unspent youth
Like a penny in his hand,
See him stand!

There's a look on his face
Like a child that comes
To the market-place
After tops and drums.

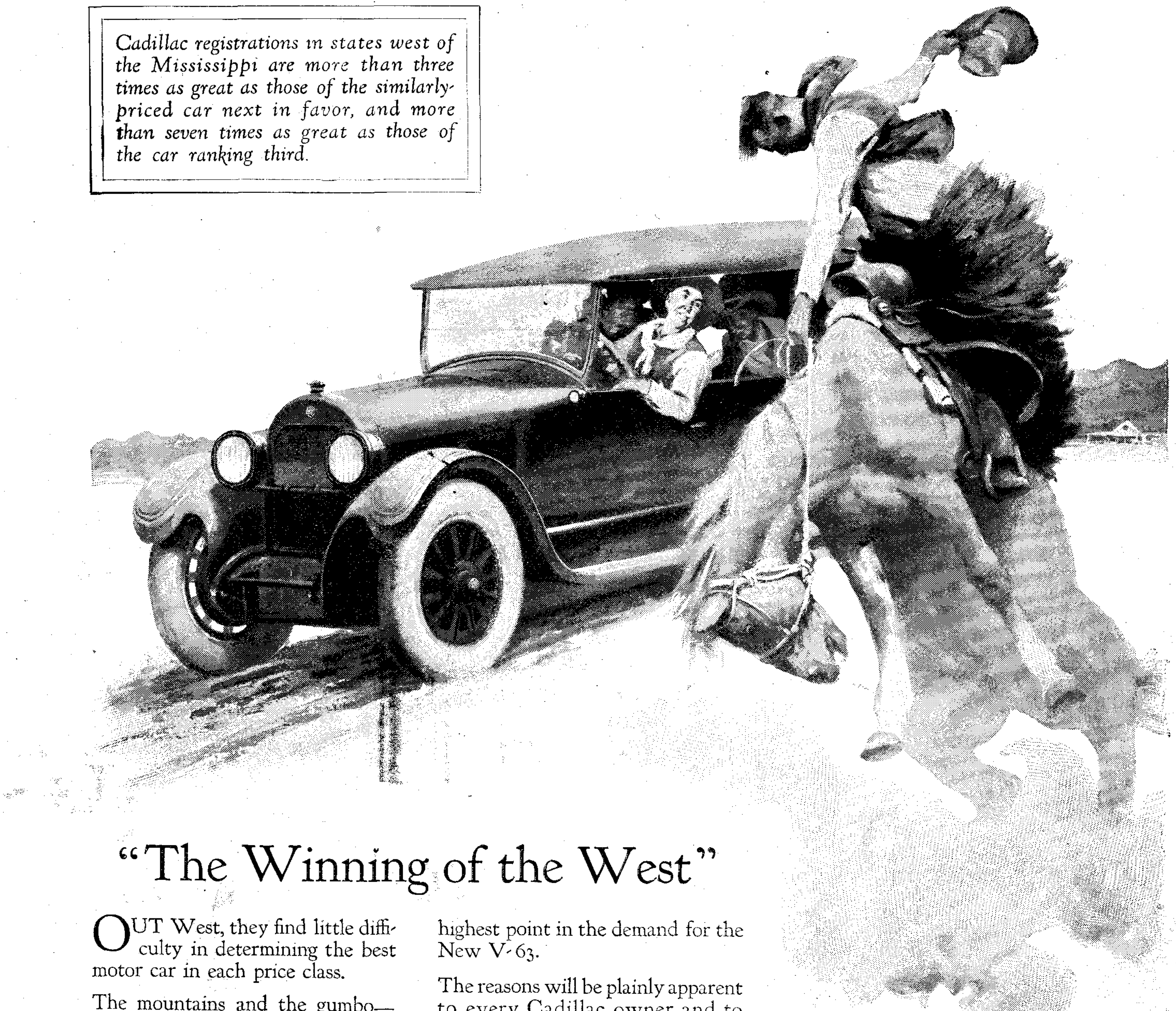
With his youth—his youth
As a thing that he can spend—
See him run!
And what will he have for
His bargain at the end
When it's done?

I have asked old men
With their empty purses.
I have heard the tale
Each one rehearses,
And on the last page
They have all bought age.
They have all bought age.

When youth is spent
Like a penny at a fair,
The old men tell
Of the bargains there.
There was this and that

For a price and a wage,
But when they came away
They had all bought age.

Cadillac registrations in states west of the Mississippi are more than three times as great as those of the similarly-priced car next in favor, and more than seven times as great as those of the car ranking third.



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OUT West, they find little difficulty in determining the best motor car in each price class.

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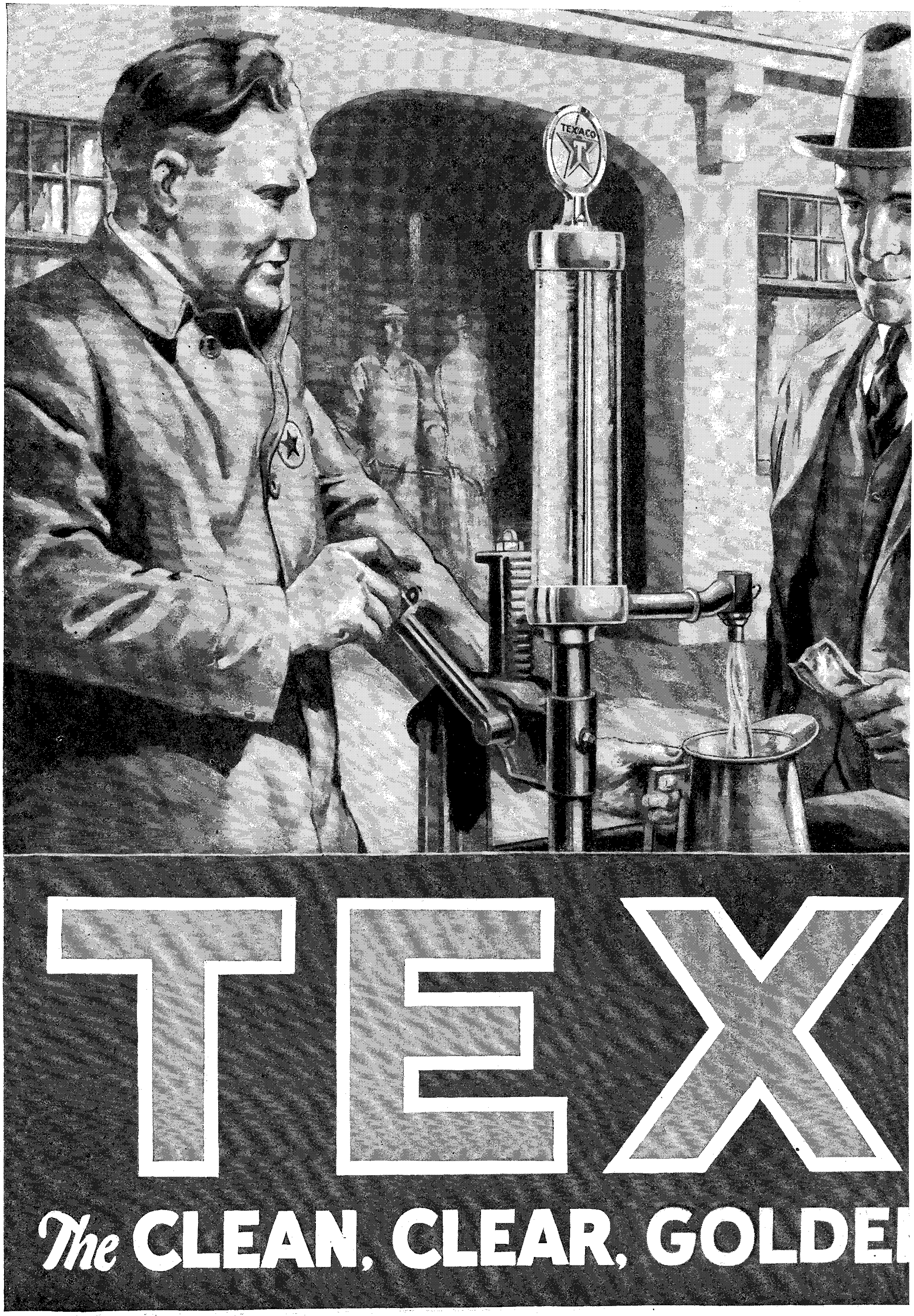
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PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

ENTER, THE FIRST IRISH MINISTER TO AMERICA

A MILD-MANNERED, cultured Professor from Cork University, recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the Irish Free State to the United States, is credited with symbolizing a long step forward in the history of the world, especially as that history touches Great Britain and Ireland. The first Irish Minister at Washington is a fact. Even the long-dreamed-of Irish Navy, speculates an American friend of the new Free State, may not be so entirely impossible now. The appointment of Prof. Timothy A. Smiddy, of Cork University, as viewed even by friends of Ireland who have no patience with English interference in any form whatsoever, means that "Ireland will have direct access to the Government of the United States, and have the sole direction of diplomatic matters exclusively pertaining to the Free State. She thus embarks, for the first time, on the sea of foreign affairs. Her flag will fly in Washington over her own embassy, a symbol to all the world that she is no longer a subordinate province, but a nation with international recognition." So the New York *Gaelic American* salutes the new envoy, under large black headlines reading, "Diplomatic Supremacy of British Pierced by Smiddy's Appointment." Commentators who do not entirely share *The Gaelic American's* dislike of Great Britain are equally enthusiastic, even tho some of them say that it was a more or less friendly act on the part of King George's present Labor Government to permit the Free State to appoint a Minister to this country.

As for Professor Smiddy himself, say the Washington correspondents, he is already well known and well liked in the Capital, and it will be a general pleasure to receive him officially in his new capacity. Bettie Larimore, Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post*, mentions that he has already been in Washington since August, 1922, when he was appointed by Michael Collins to promote trade relations between Ireland and the United States. The appointment of an Irish Free State Minister, adds Miss Larimore, is an important event in Washington diplomatic circles, since "it means that Canada, Australia, and possibly South Africa, may follow the lead of Ireland in having their own representatives, independent of the British Embassies in foreign capitals." As for the personality of the new Minister, writes Miss Larimore:

Photograph by the Keystone View Company

A PROFESSORIAL ENVOY WHO SYMBOLIZES THE NEW IRELAND

Prof. Timothy A. Smiddy, formerly of Cork University, in becoming Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, calls attention to the new status of the Irish Free State among the nations.

> Professor Smiddy has a stocky figure, a ruddy complexion and mobile features. His movements are quick and indicate an equally alert intelligence. He has a keen sense of humor and a ready smile. Among his comembers of the Cosmos Club of Washington he has the reputation of being a highly informative as well as amusing conversationalist.
>
> Behind Mr. Smiddy's quiet and grave exterior lies an unsuspected streak of the artist. He is a pianist of considerable ability, and much of his spare time is spent at the piano or at concerts.
>
> Professor Smiddy excels in his chosen sports. In golf he usually goes around in 96. He has not had much time to play in Washington, but he particularly admires the course in Scarsdale, New York. Professor Smiddy is a horseman, also, and likes an early morning ride in Rock Creek Park, which he says is "the most beautiful park in any city of the world."
>
> The envoy extraordinary of the Dail Eireann in his twenty years of academic work gained the reputation as leading economist of Ireland before the disturbances of 1916 and his own convictions forced him into governmental work. Professor Smiddy retains many of his professorial qualities—he is cautious and noncommittal, he has reserve and dignity. He will talk freely and vividly, but only on economic questions. Of himself he has little or nothing to say; of his experiences during the Irish revolution he maintains a most intriguing silence.
>
> Professor Smiddy has been in great demand as a speaker in this country. He has delivered many addresses in many cities. His speeches are brief, concise and do much to lift the widespread ignorance on the Irish economic situation.
>
> Professor Smiddy has a fine family of four girls and one boy, all still in their 'teens. Mrs. Smiddy and the children are now in Ireland, waiting until Mr. Smiddy's position is more settled before coming to a new country.
>
> Professor Smiddy is peculiarly fitted for his diplomatic position by the fact that he is a gifted linguist. He was educated abroad in France and Germany, and has traveled far and wide.
>
> Timothy Smiddy was a close friend of both Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, two of the foremost figures of the Irish revolution.
>
> It was in accordance with Arthur Griffith's express policy that Professor Smiddy was sent in 1922 to Washington to act as commercial arbiter between Ireland and America. Mr. Smiddy has been in close touch with the United States Chamber of Commerce and the Department of Commerce since his arrival in Washington.
>
> Timothy A. Smiddy was born in 1876, the son of William Smiddy of Kilbarry House in Cork. His family were well-to-do business men who could afford to give their sons a good education, so Timothy Smiddy went to St. Finbar's College in Cork, and also to Queen's College in Cork. Later he went to St. Sulpice in Paris and the Handelshochschule in Cologne, Germany, for his M.A. degree. He took honors in mental and moral sciences in Royal Union in Ireland. He married Lillian O'Connell of Cork.
>
> Professor Smiddy's knowledge of Irish industry is by no means confined to the theoretical study of the classroom. His family were engaged in trade, and Mr. Smiddy, too, had some business experience before he took his professorship. From 1909 to 1923 he was professor of economics at Cork College in the National University of Ireland. He was rapidly advanced, until before his appointment as Minister to the United States he held the position of warden of the Honan Hostel, dean of the faculty of commerce, University College, Cork.

The Irish question, so far at least as Ireland's relations with England are concerned, has apparently been settled, remarks

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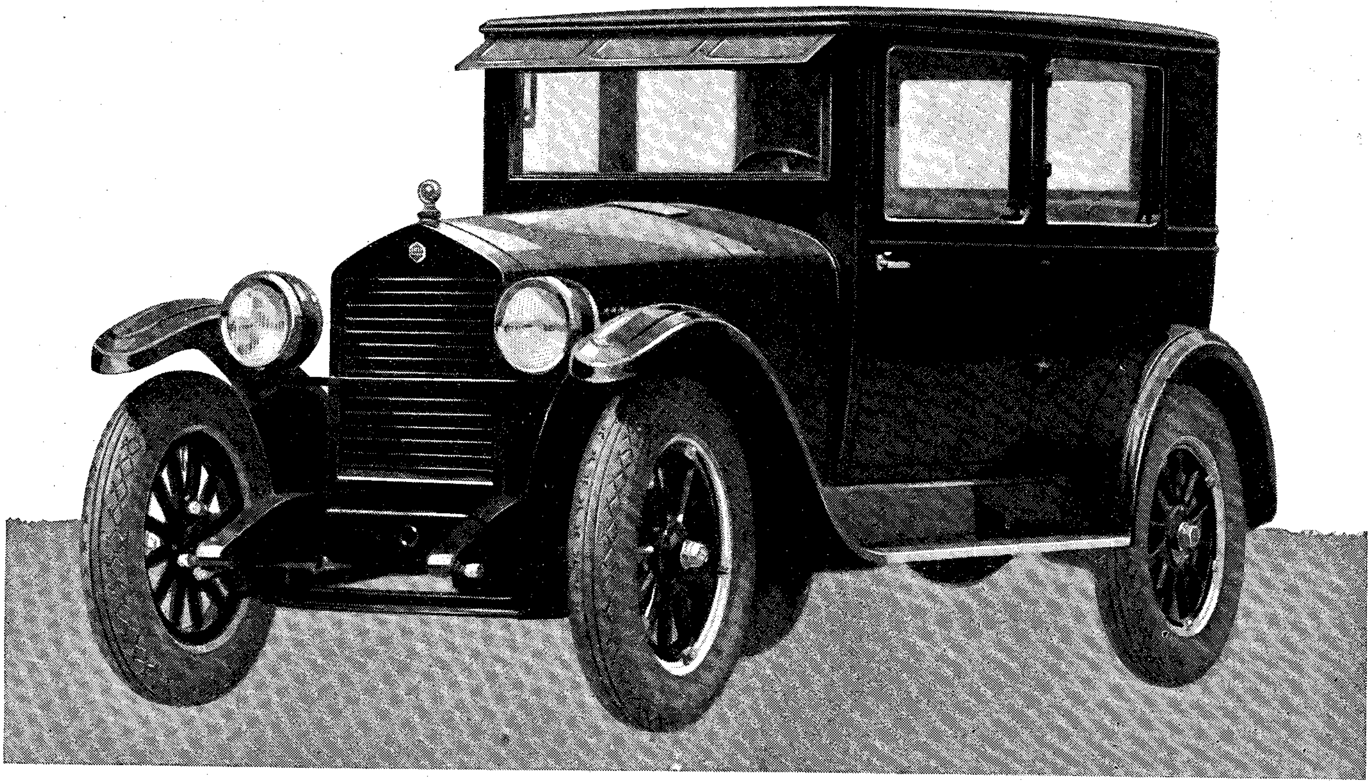

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You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

Consider how the growing trend to closed cars affects resale values. The diminishing demand for open cars means far faster depreciation in that type. As the wanted type, the Coach maintains exceptionally high resale value.

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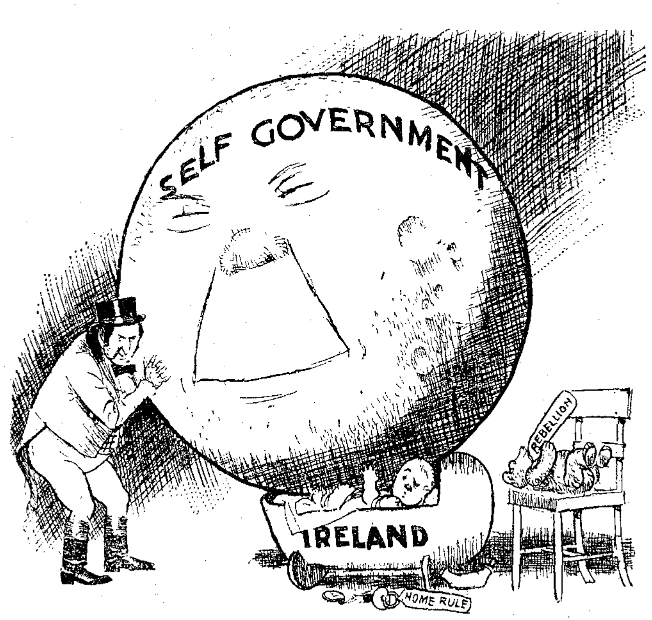
the New York *Sun*, commenting both on the appointment and on the fitness of Professor Smiddy for his new position. In the belief of *The Sun:*



A BRITISH VIEW OF IRELAND'S INCREASING INDEPENDENCE

JOHN BULL: "Well, you've been bawling for the moon for centuries, so I hope you'll be satisfied, now you've got it!"

—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff, Wales).

One of the pleasant dramatic coincidences that history stages occasionally is the final decision of the British Government, as announced by Colonial Minister Thomas Monday, to assent to the appointment of a Minister from the Free State to Washington. That brought cheer to hundreds of delegates at Madison Square Garden, for warm ties bind this country to a land which has proved itself the mother of genius in rich and picturesque variety. In the last hundred years of their struggle there was, perhaps, nothing save their own indomitable spirit that hardened the patriotic will of the Irish more than the knowledge that in the United States their cause was understood and approved.

However, it is not merely a sentimental reason that has brought about or that justifies the appointment of a special Irish Minister at Washington. Trade between this country and the "land of saints and scholars" has grown to a great importance. As in the case of Canada, it calls for independent diplomatic machinery to deal with the problems that arise from it. Canada, be it noted, decided a few years ago to send her own Minister to Washington. Her hesitation in carrying out the decision is likely to be ended soon, now that the Irish Free State has shown the way.

The new Minister, Prof. Timothy Smiddy, already well known here, is not likely to act entirely independently of the British Ambassador. He will have no power to negotiate with the American Government on matters that affect the British Empire as a whole. A good deal of his success may in fact depend on his ability to coöperate with the more experienced embassy. Knotty problems of etiquette and responsibility are sure to arise, just as they have arisen in connection with the halibut-fishing treaty which the United States and Canada signed, and as they have arisen over Canada's refusal to ratify the Treaty of Lausanne.

Undoubtedly the appointment of an Irish Minister at Washington must precipitate an attempt to formulate a more logical scheme of imperial existence than now obtains in the British Empire. The anomaly of asking a dominion to ratify a treaty and holding her bound to respect it, whether she ratifies or not, must sooner or later be ended. It is, however, the British way to deal with situations as they arise from a practical point of view rather than to lay down general laws which in every situation would have to be obeyed literally. Constitutionally speaking, the British Empire is still in the making. Its evolution is, by all odds, not even excepting Russian communism, the most interesting spectacle to-day for the student of human institutions.

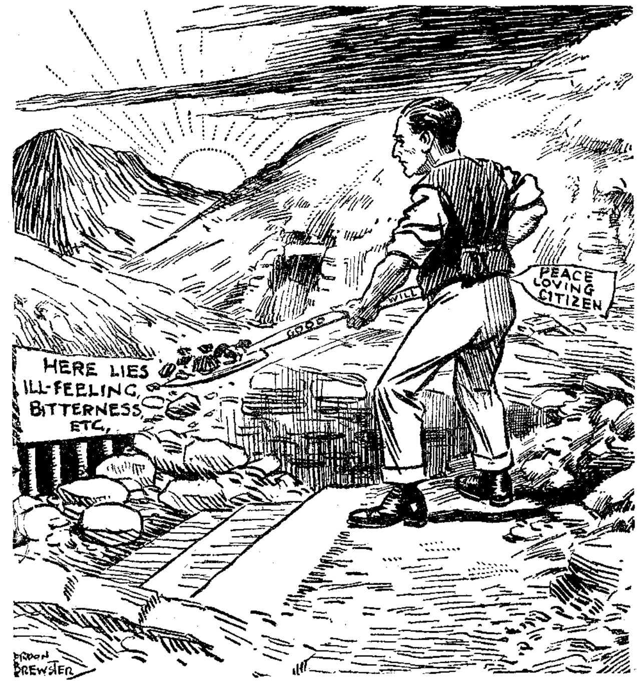
Ireland thus has obtained diplomatic recognition before any of the British colonies, rejoices *The Gaelic American*, of New York, which recalls the attempt of Canada to appoint a separate Minister to Washington during the war. Canada has not yet succeeded in reconciling its ideas of what a Canadian Minister to Washington ought to be with what the British Government thinks such an envoy should be. Nevertheless, believes *The Gaelic American*, with the appointment of the Irish Minister Plenipotentiary:

The supremacy of the Imperial Parliament has passed and with it the theory that the King, acting upon the advice of British Ministers, may commit the whole Empire by treaty or otherwise. For all practical purposes the Dominions are now sovereign and independent countries in which the sovereignty and supremacy of the Dominion Parliament has been as completely substituted for the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament as the sovereignty of the British Parliament has supplanted that of the Absolute Monarch of the past days.

A little reflection will convince the most skeptical that the Irish Free State, in its relation to the Empire, no longer recognizes the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament and that Irish Ministers are not called upon to accept any decision by a British Government, affecting Irish interests, that limits the scope of the Free State Constitution. The theory of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, still to be found in practise in such matters as the amendment of the Canadian Constitution, and tenaciously maintained by the Imperialists when opportunity offers of obstructing the advance of the self-governing dominions, is offensive to free men and out of tune with the democratic times in which we live.

There are many matters of pressing importance which can not satisfactorily be disposed of save through direct contact with official Washington. Whatever Administration is in power at the Capitol, it is safe to say that there is a growing and wide sympathy for the new nation across the seas and a more intelligent appreciation of the value of Ireland commercially to this country. In all these matters Ireland is assured of a sympathetic hearing at the White House.

In the selection of Prof. T. A. Smiddy as the first Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington, no more happy choice could have been made by the Irish Government. Already he has won the respect and friendship of the official world at the seat of American Government. Of unassuming and attractive manner, he has borne with dignity the long period that preceded recognition in a way to command the fullest admiration. Of high scholastic attainments, refined and cultured, his diplomatic bearing will do much to raise the prestige of Ireland and to bring to her side the powerful weight of American sympathy in matters of mutual interest between the two nations.

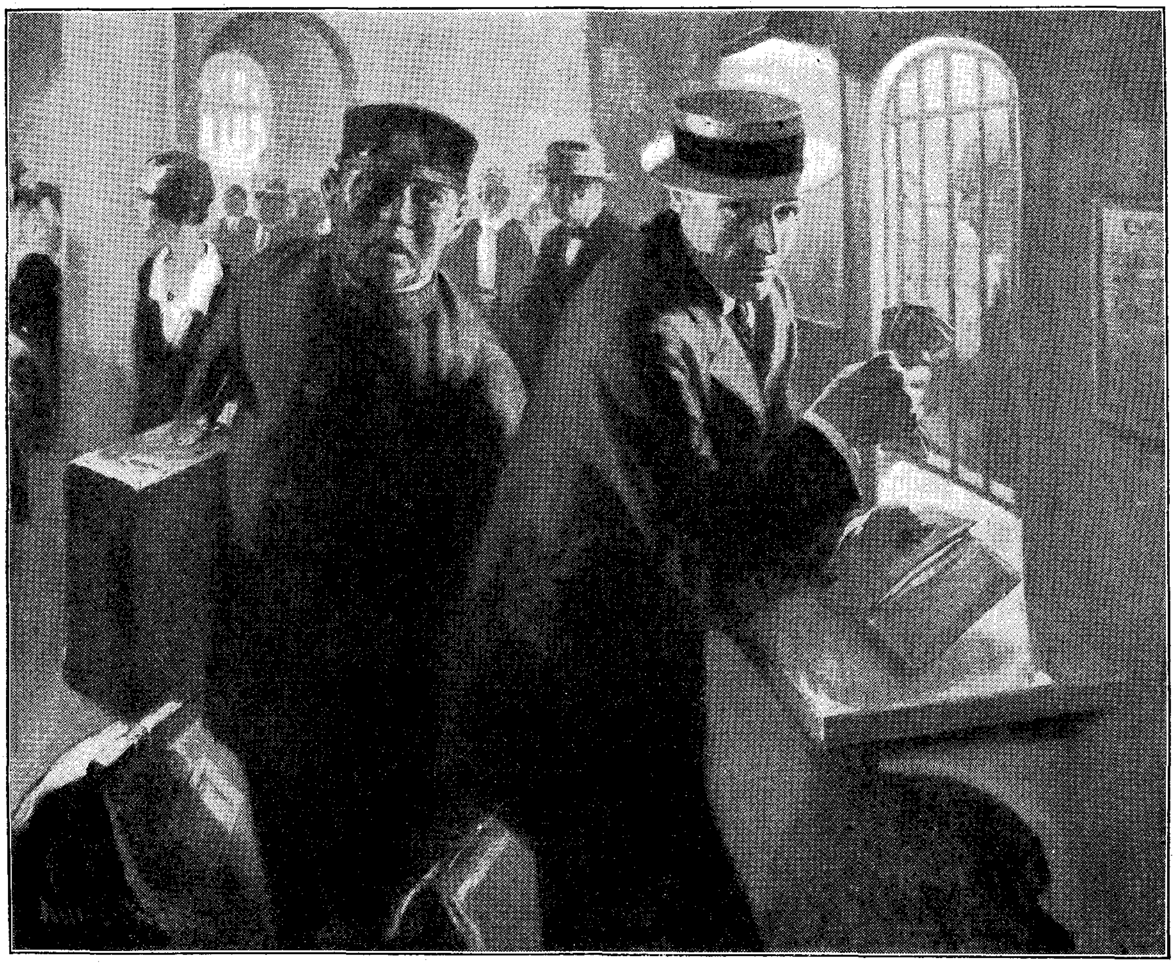


A TOMB THAT SHOULD BE CLOSED

Gordon Brewster in the *Irish Weekly Independent* (Dublin).

He will do just that, agree the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, in salutary editorials. He will do it the more readily, believes the Baltimore *Sun*, because:

Professor Smiddy does not dwell upon the grievous pains that



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

have accompanied the birth of the Irish Free State. He is neither orator nor warrior, but an economist of the staff of Cork University. He is not a super-patriot who hopes to make the Free State independent of Great Britain and the world, but an advocate of international trade who distrusts high tariffs and rejoices to see vessels again busy trafficking between Ireland and world markets. He is now in the United States to encourage that very commerce, and he is apparently more interested in making Irish laces and linens popular than he is in advertising her poetry.

Romance does not attach itself to trade, but there is no doubt that the Free State is well served by those who like her new Minister, are busily encouraging the resumption of orderly production in the disorganized counties of Ireland. Agriculture and neighborhood industries hold out fair hopes for the people of the new dominion. It is to be hoped that the appointment of a Minister sympathetic with this idea and capable in its advocacy will be followed by more prosperous trade between his land and the United States. And for whatever dignity accrues to the Irish Free State by virtue of the privilege of dealing directly with a foreign Government, sincere congratulations are in order. It is another step toward achieving the full status of a self-governing dominion.

ENGLAND'S TROUBLE WITH TOO MANY WOMEN

THERE are 8,000,000 more women than men, according to a recent estimate, in the Europe of to-day. Three million of these "surplus women" are in Germany, a million more in France, nobody knows how many more in Russia, and about 2,000,000 in England. For these women there exists, points out a recent American investigator, Ethel M. Smith, "no prospect of homes of their own." They are forced to face "all the fierceness of the struggle for existence, many of them in overpopulated areas." The situation in England seemed to Miss Smith, who has been associated with women's trade-union circles throughout the world, the nearest and most critical, and she tried to find an answer there to the two questions: "What can be done about it?" and "Is anything being done about it?" At the very outset, she reports, in the current issue of *Our World:*

The man who was chief of the British Government's Labor Exchange in the city of Birmingham said to me, "We have no woman problem in England."

Kate Manicom, however, London divisional organizer for the British Workers' Union, knows they have a woman problem in England. Such part of her time as she does not spend in gathering women workers into an organization for their own protection, she spends trying to find jobs for girls who, at fifteen or sixteen, earned their first wages during the war in industries now closed to women, girls who find themselves in their early twenties out of work, untrained for anything now available to them, caught in the fierce competition for jobs in a period of unemployment, up against the demand of the male wage-earners that the women stand aside for men.

"We can do something for the next generation," says Miss Manicom. "We can see to it that no girl grows to womanhood without training which will give her some means of livelihood. But what are we to do with these girls now? At their age, they should have had their training for their life's job. The war came when they were just old enough to work; they were swept into the war industries, where they got no training that is of any use to them now. They have lost the bread-winners of their families, or the men they might have married are dead. They must work now, and for the rest of their lives, whether they would have had to before the war or not. They must work at once, too. They can not spare the time, they have not the money to support them during the time they might be training for skilled work, even could they get the opportunity. They can do only unskilled work, and there is not enough of that to go round for them and the men besides."

There are also the middle-aged women, women in their forties. The American investigator reports that she met a group of them coming from a soap and candle factory. They had been laid off because of their age. At least:

That was what they said. The explanation was that young girls, untrained, could be broken in at the older women's jobs at lower wages than the experienced hands had secured by their longer service. So the young groups were being fed into the mill to bring down the wage standards for everybody and throw their older sisters out upon the streets.

Glaring disparity in the civil service positions open to women and to men, as well as discriminations in pay, are a constant provocation which has brought action through "The Six Point Group." In it are affiliated various women's organizations, including what is left of the old suffrage societies. One of the Six Points urged by this group is "Equal opportunities for men and women in the civil service." Another is "Equal pay for equal work amongst teachers." Moving spirits in this group are Lady Rhondda, who, because she is a woman, was refused the seat in the House of Lords to which by law and logic she was entitled, and Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, two of England's women members of Parliament.

It is obvious, however, that had they all the equal rights they are to have, the women of England, large numbers of them, at least, still would be faced with a problem peculiarly their own—their excess of numbers in a small area, together with their lack of training as compared with men.

The Government has taken a hand in this situation by adding a small appropriation to add to a fund from private sources for the Central Committee for Women's Training and Employment—an undertaking initiated by Mary MacArthur, secretary of the British Women's Trade Union League, and led by her until her death. Another constructive effort is that of the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries. But at best, these efforts are only a drop in the bucket of England's woman problem. The very facts in the case are hard to get at, and apparently too many people in authority prefer not to face them.

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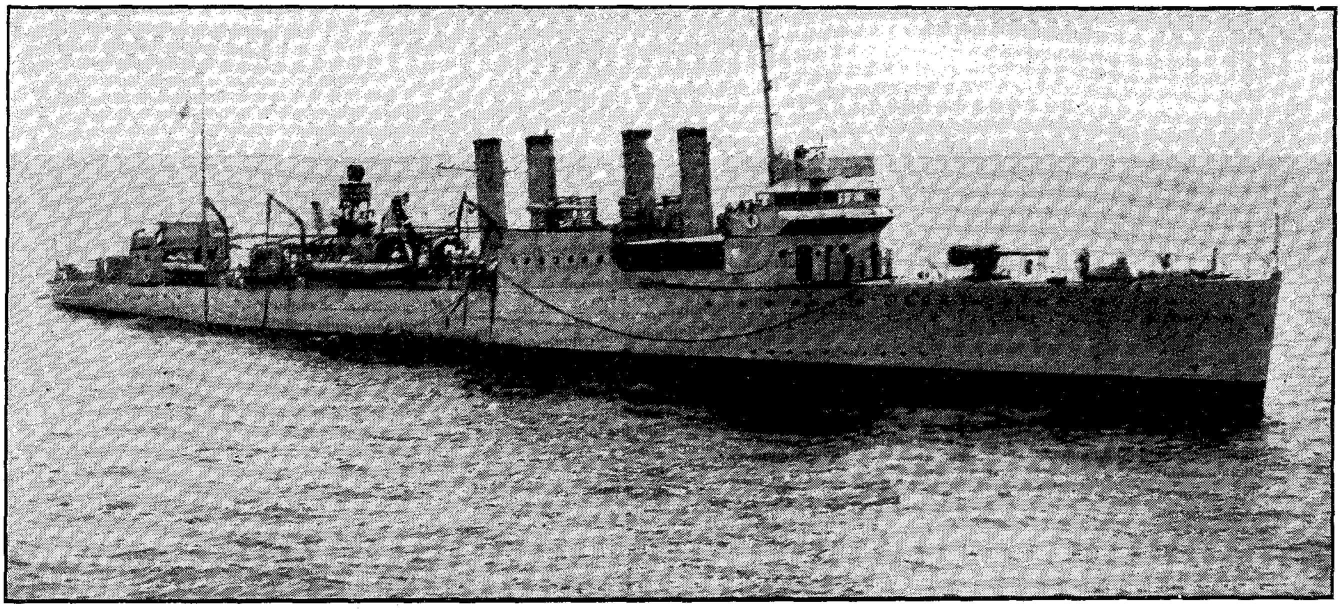


Photograph by the United States Navy Department

AN AMERICAN CASUALTY OF THE WAR, WHOSE STORY IS NOW TOLD

The *Chauncey*, a destroyer of the fleet sent over to guard transport lanes near England, was the victim of an accident that sent her to the bottom, with twenty-one members of her crew. All but one of the ship's officers were lost.

GOD AND "RED LEG" WHEN THE *CHAUNCEY* SANK

THE DESTROYER *Chauncey* was one of the superannuated boats called into service when German submarines seemed likely to drive most of the Allied shipping into port, or Davey Jones's locker. She was a relic of the days when destroyer's construction was in its infancy, without much to be proud of, but she had a dramatic end. An English transport, coming out of the blackness of a foggy night, cut the whole stern out of her, and sent her down, with her bow high in the air, and the loss of a score of American lives. Charles S. Ryckman, a former Chief Petty Officer in the Navy, was aboard her that night, and his story of the event, a postscript to the history of the Navy in the war, appears in the Fremont (Neb.) *Tribune*. He brings out certain human elements which he calls "fictional in character," but the details of the collision and sinking of the *Chauncey* are said to be historically exact. A certain "Red" Keller is introduced, a man who was only an ordinary seaman in spite of the five "hash marks" on his arm. Oddly enough, it appears, "his nickname had no reference to the color of his hair, but was the name by which his mates had known him ever since he had been a 'red leg,' the sobriquet applied to all men in the United States Navy who had served time in the Naval prison at Portsmouth." Keller, excellent sailor tho he was, had a "ravenous appetite for hard liquor," which got him into trouble when ashore. He and quartermaster Dunn had been discussing religion on the *Chauncey's* deck during the early part of the little boat's last night. Keller express his belief in the closeness of God, especially in the case of ships at sea. Mr. Ryckman's narrative continues:

Keller stopt speaking, abruptly, as eight muffled bells rang out from the lower bridge. It was midnight. The two watchers roused themselves from their revery and were startled to find the deck pitching and heaving under their feet. They looked into the heavens, and the stars were gone. A stiff wind was whistling through the ship's rigging and chopping up the rolling waters into whitecapped breakers. The night was blacker than before and the world's peace had turned to torment.

There was a sound of stumbling footsteps, dark forms crept up the ladder from the boat deck and the tired watchers left their posts almost noiselessly, muttering the necessary exchange of orders to the relief watch in monosyllables.

As the quartermaster lingered a moment to complete his entry in the log, he heard a step at his side and the nervous voice of his immediate superior, Ensign Wetterburn, inquiring:

"How's she fixt for a storm, Dunn?"

"All fast, sir."

"How about the depth-bomb detonators?"

Dunn closed the book and turned to the questioning shadow.

"They are under the captain's bunk, Mr. Wetterburn, by his own order."

The ensign turned to his navigating officer, who stood silently near at hand, awaiting permission to go below.

"Don't you think the depth-bombs should be secured to-night, Mr. Brown?"

"It has never been done before, sir, altho the 'eggs' are useless in heavy weather. If anything should happen while they are unsecured, they would blow the ship out of the water."

Wetterburn studied the plunging vessel from stem to stern, strode to the top of the ladder, and then turned back to give the last order of his naval career, a command that was to save the lives of scores of men.

"All right, boys, you may turn in for the night. And Dunn, before you flop, see that the bombs are made fast. I have a hunch that something is coming off to-night."

"Aye, aye, sir."

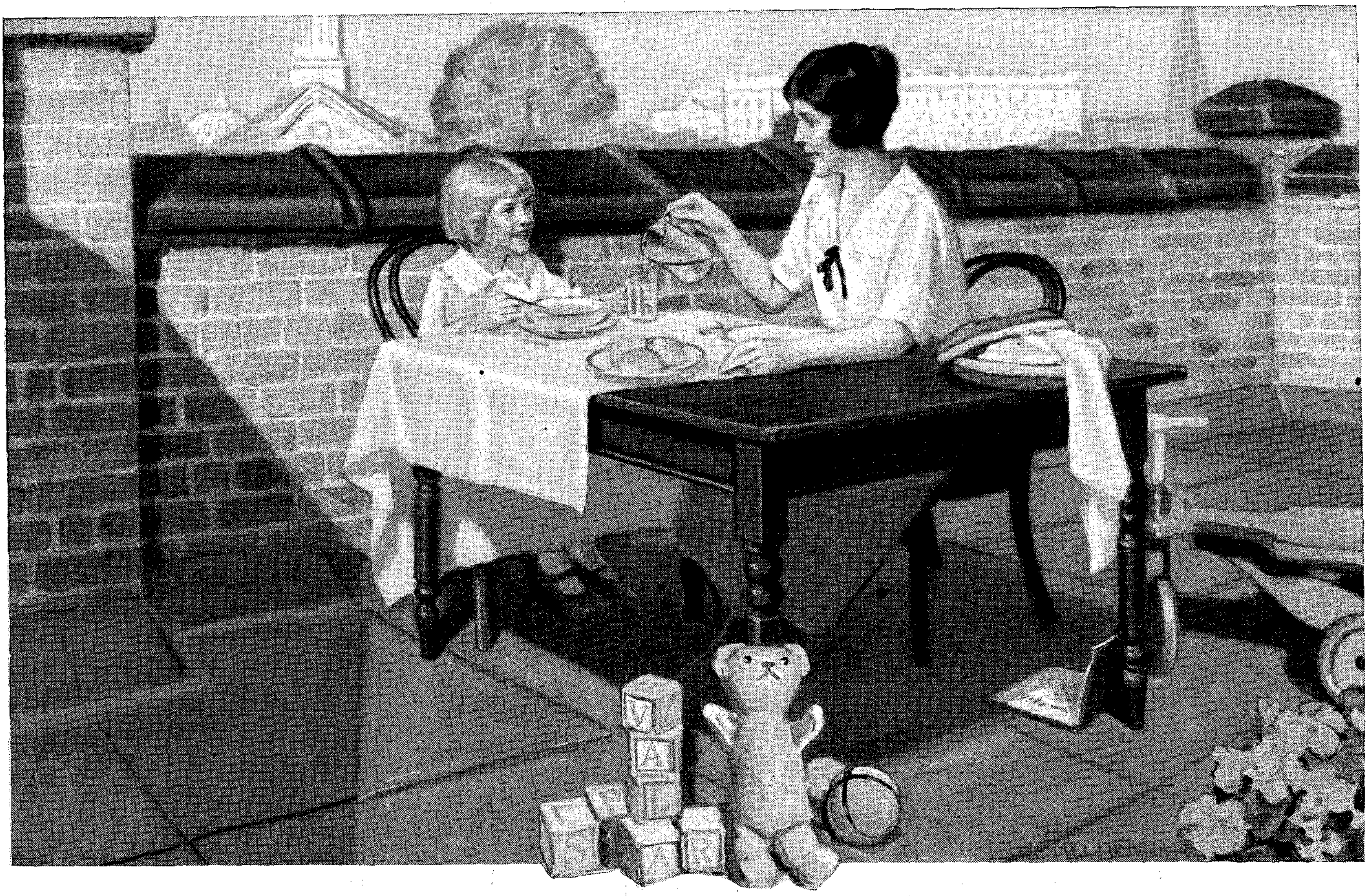
The little destroyer felt a new hand at the wheel and, plunging from crest to crest, strove frantically to free herself, but soon settled back to the pace and acknowledged the helmsman her master. A flash of lightning illuminated the storm-tossed sea and clouds of heavy mist whipt against the awnings and into every crevice; now and then the dark form of a petty officer could be seen creeping along the slippery deck with the aid of a life-line.

A characteristic gale of the western ocean was howling about the *Chauncey*. At intervals, an unusually heavy swell broke over the bow, drenching the unmindful gun crews fore and aft, and reaching the huddled group on the rakish bridge. A dark night, a wild sea and a Yankee destroyer—what better combination for an adventure, either tragic or romantic, could nature devise?

Dunn carried out the ensign's orders and climbed up to his improvised bunk on top of the pilot-house where he quickly fell asleep. He never knew how many minutes or hours had passed when a confused clamor of excited voices and alarm bells penetrated his slumber, but even as he tried to rub the sleep from his eyes there was a terrific crash and a sound of rending wood and steel. The ship lurched dizzily to starboard and his limp body was jammed tightly between the master compass stand and a protecting rail.

Almost simultaneously, there was a heavy explosion in the stern and the *Chauncey* seemed to rise bodily from the water. The quartermaster, dazed for a moment, recovered and groped his way blindly to the ladder and to the wheelhouse below. Then:

As he reached the helmsman's side the ship suddenly righted herself and the cause of the turmoil was revealed. On the port side of the destroyer towered the crusht bow of a big merchantman, afterward identified as the British transport *Rose*. Lights were already flashing through the mist, and as the transport backed slowly away, the stunned sailors on the bridge of the



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> "One day my husband came home and said we would have to sell our furniture as the office was planning to send him to Chicago for a several years' stay. We brought down the old table to hold the cut glass during the sale, intending to leave it in the rooms after everything was sold. You can imagine my astonishment when one woman asked me would I sell her the table. And all I had done to it after its long stay on the roof, exposed to the elements, was to wipe it off with a dust cloth!"

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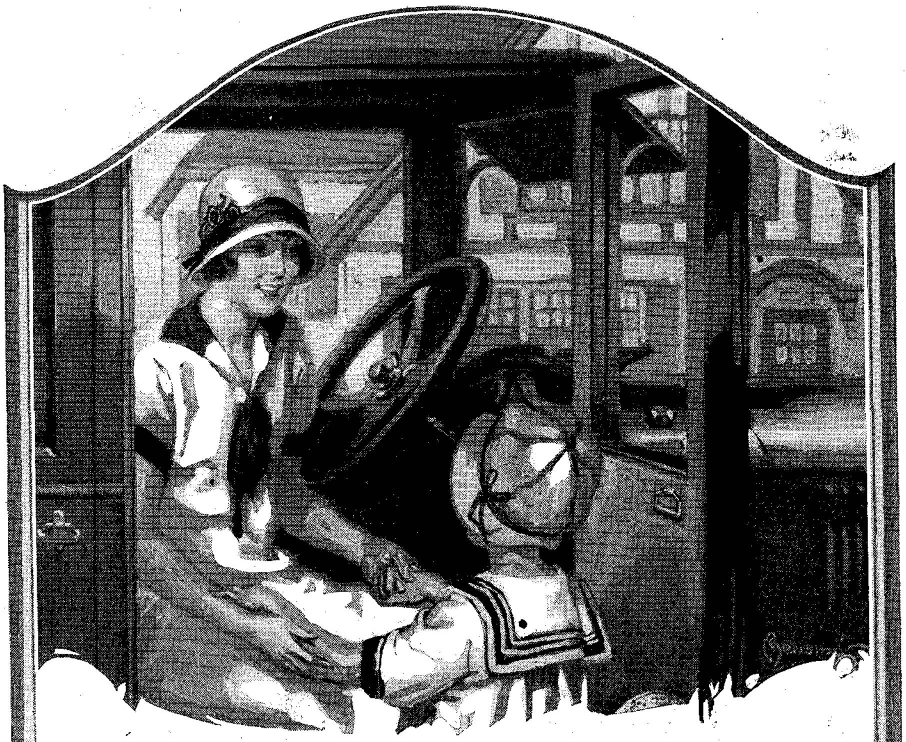

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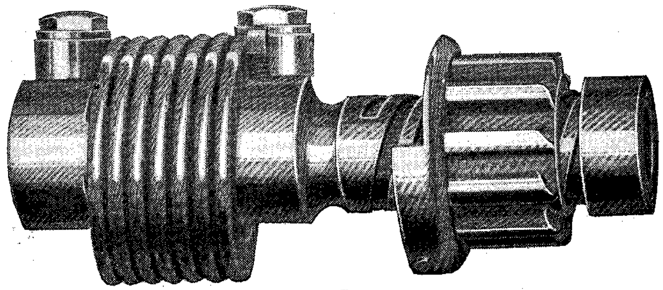
The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your flywheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically lets go, and waits until you need it again. It is standard equipment on most automobiles and trucks.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Insist on genuine parts should emergency necessitate replacements. The name "Bendix" is on each genuine part. Look for it!



The BENDIX DRIVE

Manufactured by
Eclipse Machine Co., Elmira, N.Y.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY. Ltd.
Walkerville, Ont.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Chauncey were sickened by the sight disclosed in the glare of searchlights.

Where the afterpart of the destroyer had been only a moment before, there was nothing but a litter of wreckage. Broken davits, gaping bulkheads, tangled lines and rigging hung from the sides and floated in the boiling water. Each time the stricken craft rose on a swell the tearing sound of bursting compartments could be heard, every time she slipt back into the trough, she rested a little deeper in the sea.

Dunn rallied his senses as he took in the situation. A whale-boat was being lowered over the side and men from the forward compartments were running to their stations. Some one passed the word to abandon ship, and as there were no officers on the bridge (with the exception of the chief engineer, not a single one of the ship's officers had survived the crash), the quartermaster assumed charge.

He spun the wheel in an attempt to head the vessel into the wind before he realized that the propeller had been carried away in the collision. Somewhere in the dark he heard a calm voice shouting orders to the boat crews. Even in his bewilderment he knew it was "Red" Keller. A trembling hand tugged at his sleeve and he whirled around to find the ghastly yellow face of a Chinese mess attendant staring up at him.

"You no see skip?" wailed the boy.

Dunn shook him off.

"The skipper was in his bunk back aft."

Without another word the Oriental ran down the ladder and disappeared in the wreckage that had lately been the officers' quarters. Later he was rescued, but not until he had risked his life in a futile search for the commanding officer who had been both master and friend to him on two oceans.

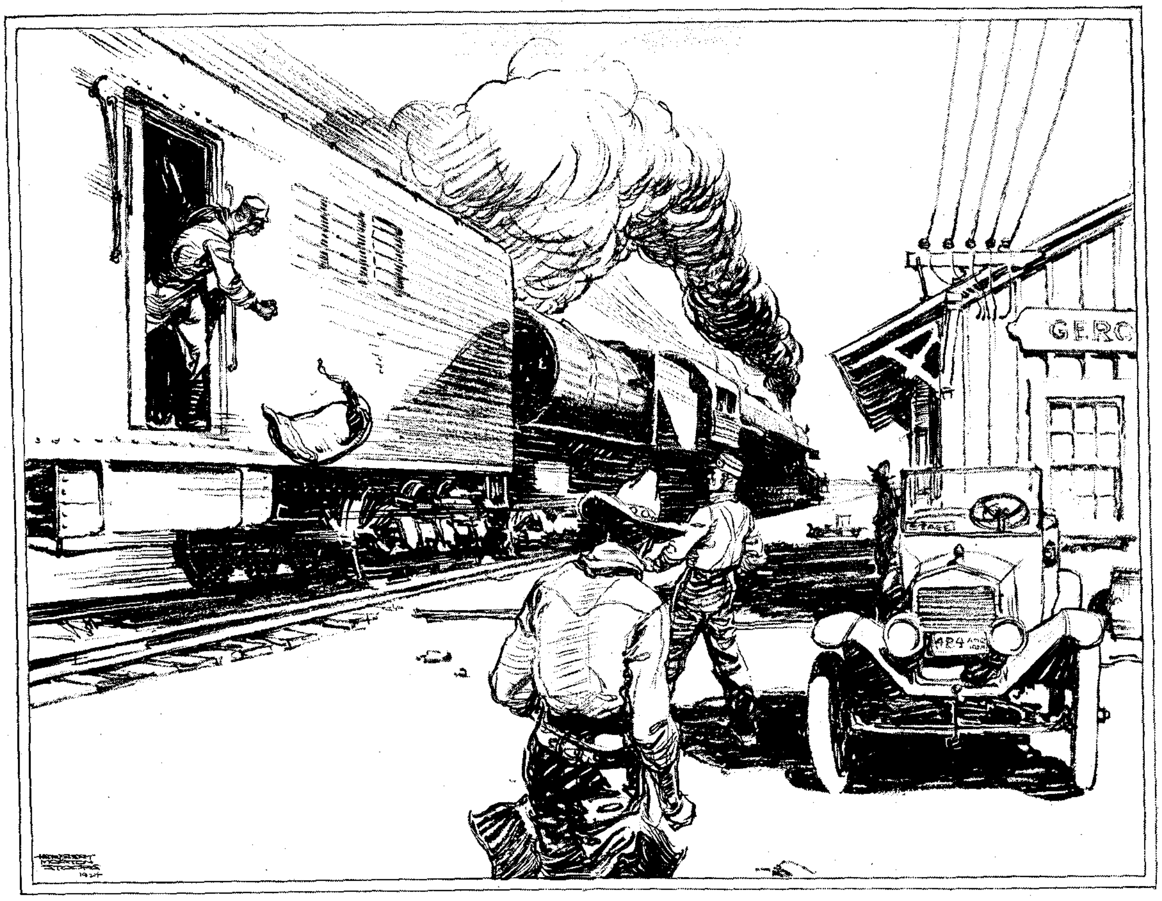
By this time the first boat was in the water and the men assigned to it were swarming down the boat lines in an orderly manner. Dunn knew that only Keller, the ex-red leg, the believer in God, could have successfully launched a boat in that churning sea. Even as he watched, the frail shell swung away from the ship's side. There was a startled shout, a sharper scream.

A sailor, the quartermaster recognized him as a second-class seaman who had joined the crew at Gibraltar, leapt from the deck and, missing the boat by an inch, fell into the water. As he struggled frantically for a hold, the swell receded, throwing the life-boat against the ship and crushing the lad's body as the *Chauncey* herself had been crusht a few moments before.

As the boat drew away, the men at the oars could see the big red blotch of their shipmate's blood on the steel plates.

The second boat hit the water a few minutes later, and as they toiled slowly toward the transport that had heaved to in the offing, only Dunn and five men were left on the sinking ship. Their hearts sank within them as they heard the rattle of anchor chains aboard the *Rose*. The Britisher was preparing to move away. The waves were now coming over the bridge of the doomed shell that was all that was left of the *Chauncey*. She was lurching uneasily to the starboard and one of the seamen remarked that it would soon be over.

The quartermaster grabbed a blinker tube and signaled to the other ship. "Will



The Flood-tide of Knowledge

THE slow, laborious copying of manuscript restricted the intellectual life of the middle ages till it was but a trickle from mind to mind. With the invention of movable type and the production of paper this trickle became a torrent. And with the development of the multiple press the torrent swelled to a flood.

To-day a plan or an idea is crystallized in print within an incredibly short time. A system of distribution that is a sheer miracle of accuracy and speed snatches the printed pages from the presses.

And then, almost simultaneously, this new wave in the flood of knowledge breaks against lonely ranch houses in Arizona and against stately homes in Maine. Against rose-covered bungalows in California valleys and shiny new skyscrapers along Puget Sound. Against the gracious verandas of southern estates and against the plate-glass windows of Fifth Avenue clubs. A little later and it will be lapping against the base of the Great Wall of China and running along the beaches of Ceylon. And wherever this new wave of knowledge is carried by the magic of print, it makes a permanent addition to public opinion.

Never before has public opinion been subject to a force so compelling as the printed page. And never before has the manufacturer had at his finger-tips a merchandising factor of such potential powers. For the printed page does more than direct the intellectual life of great masses of people. As advertising, continued over a term of years, it shapes and influences buying habits. It changes environment. It establishes new methods of living and sets new standards of comfort and good taste.

Close study of conditions, a sure knowledge of markets, continual contact with buyers and sellers, a deep inner consciousness of what people are thinking, doing and believing—these are only a few of the elements that must enter into each successful plan to capitalize the unlimited power of the printed page.

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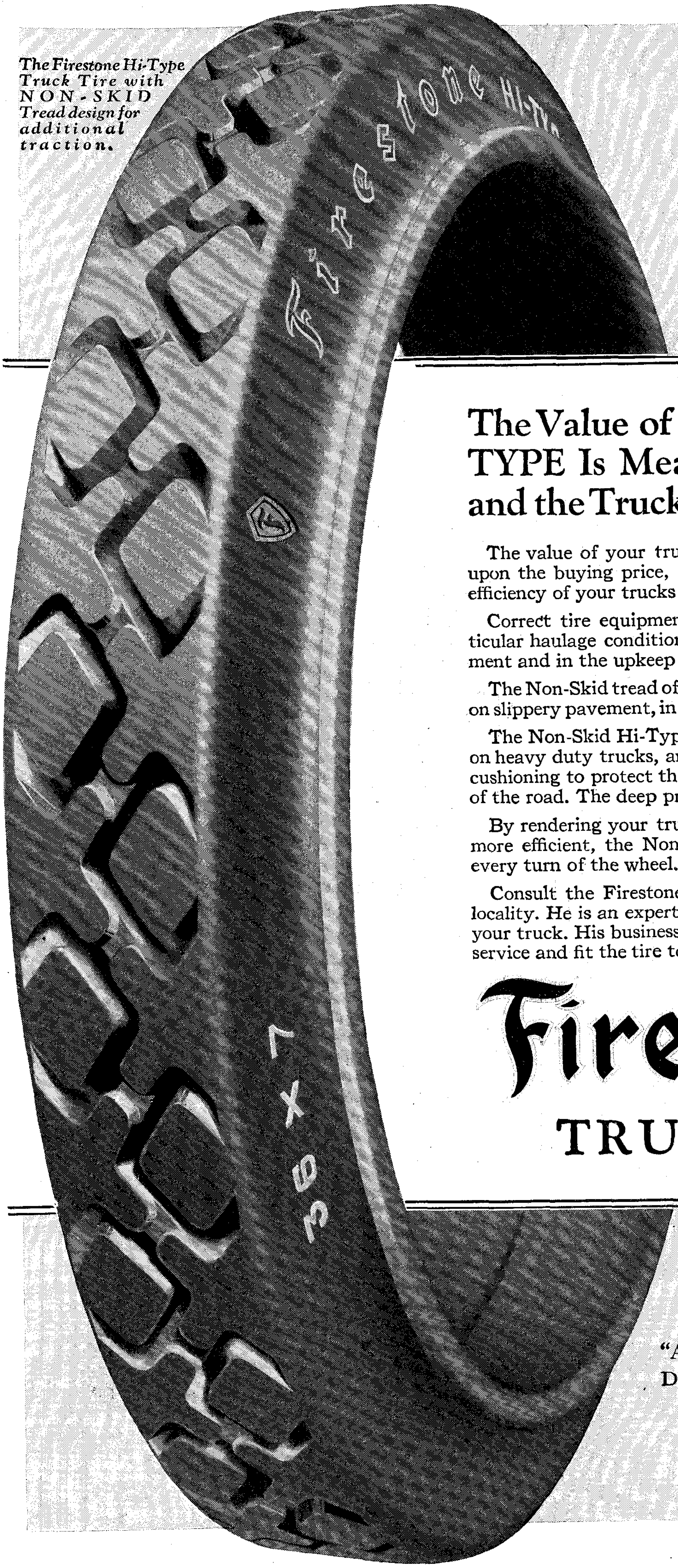

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The value of your truck tire equipment cannot be based upon the buying price, but upon the cost-per-mile and the efficiency of your trucks in use.

Correct tire equipment, expertly prescribed for your particular haulage conditions, saves you money in tire replacement and in the upkeep of your trucking units.

The Non-Skid tread of this Hi-Type gives additional traction on slippery pavement, in soft going, and on treacherous inclines.

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By rendering your truck equipment more dependable and more efficient, the Non-Skid Hi-Type saves you money at every turn of the wheel.

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Firestone

TRUCK TIRES

"AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE ITS OWN RUBBER"

—H.S. Firestone

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Springfield, Missouri

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

you take us off? We have no more boats!" The answer came back,

"We can't. Believe we are sinking!"

Dunn worked his key desperately.

"For God's sake, send a boat! We know we are sinking!"

The minutes seemed like hours before the *Chauncey's* own whale-boat, manned by determined survivors and buffeted by the waves, came reluctantly back through the fog to take off the remaining members of the brave little crew. They were half-way back to the transport when the *Chauncey* up-ended her bow and plunged to her grave.

It was a saddened group of sailormen that mustered on the deck of the Britisher. Out of a crew of ninety men, only sixty-nine were there to answer to their names. Twenty-one American seamen had made the supreme sacrifice. Only one officer had lived to tell the story.

Suddenly a sharp cry came from the darkness of the enveloping mists. The voice was startlingly familiar to Dunn who stood gripping the rail and staring into the night. It reminded him of the quiet voice that had talked of God. Willing hands answered the call, but as the boat was about to go over the side, the same cry was heard from another direction. At short intervals it came, from one point, and then another, until the men shuddered and looked at one another helplessly.

Finally, even the "phantom voice" weakened and died away, and the *Chauncey* and her twenty-one heroes were no more. Dunn reluctantly left the rail to lend a hand at the pumps. Side by side with the demoralized crew of the troop ship, the Yankee sailors labored. They placed a temporary patch on the shattered bow of the *Rose* and deckhands and black gang toiled alike at the pumps and in the stoke-hole.

The quartermaster's hands worked mechanically at their task, but his thoughts were back there in the wing of the *Chauncey* bridge. Keller's quiet explanation of religion was in his ears, Keller's efficient orders during the lowering of the life-boats, Keller's last cry from out of the night.

Keller was gone. The part he had played in the "gigantic plan" was at an end. He had called it a small part, but the comrades who had known him in the uniform and under the flag of the United States Navy would not call it small.

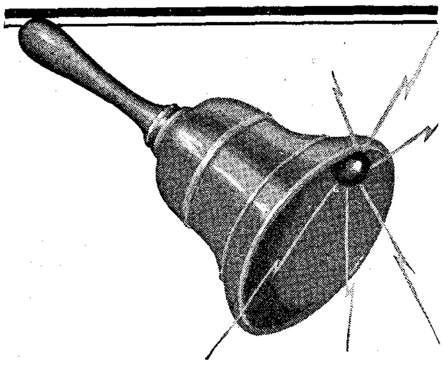
Dunn, the quartermaster, blinked back a tear and his heart beat a little faster as he recalled the simple philosophy of Keller, the seaman, beneath the friendly stars of the Atlantic. And somehow he knew that the "red leg" would find his haven of peace in the God with whom they both had communed in the lonely hours of the mid-watch.

The tales of the American ships, especially of the destroyers and smaller vessels that helped to win the war, are only beginning to be told, adds another writer, Hilary Ronald Chambers, Jr., who is the author of a little volume entitled "United States Submarine Chasers" (The Knickerbocker Press, New York). He supplements Mr. Ryckman's narrative with an account of the day-by-day work of the sub-hunters, who added many a page to the finest traditions of the American Navy.

JUNTAS ON THE JOB IN NEW YORK

IF THERE is one place in the United States which outdoes Europe as a gathering center for plots, incipient revolutions, and general ways that are dark, the metropolitan district of New York City has that distinction. Nearly every South American country has a revolutionary junta in New York. The question, for the most part, seems to be whether these gentlemen are after Deals or Ideals. They orate of reform, patriotism, and freedom, but as far as most of them go, "the sleek figures, the finely tailored clothes," reports Neville O'Neill, who has recently been investigating the gentlemen, not to mention the "self-satisfied expressions on cunning faces," smacks very little of martyrdom. In most cases, concludes Mr. O'Neill, the "Deal" is the thing, and Ideals are nowhere. Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune* of juntas he has known, Mr. O'Neill remarks:

> It takes three elements to make a junta. First, there is the window dressing. This ingredient consists of some hero or politician of wide-spread fame in his own country. In the juntas in the presence of reporters or other foreigners he speaks little. When he does talk it is of reform, of ideals, of the glorious past of his patria now disgraced with the tyrant happily, or unhappily, ruling. "Ornamento de la ventana," he is quite properly termed by his comrades in their own private jocosity—window dressing.
>
> The second all-important component is the "military genius." "Trained at St. Cyr and Fontainebleau," one of his comrades will whisper to you confidentially and with a very evident blink of admiration. "Ready to sacrifice his army career for the ever-glorious patria," another will murmur with hallowed reverence. The "military genius," nothing less than a "General," talks much. He is outwardly and inwardly the proud, upstanding (physically), militarist patriot. A traitor? By the gods, no! Ambitious? Only for the greater glory of the patria, he will tell you with a fine fervor. But above all he gives the impression of military efficiency, ability to put over impossible tasks. That will be his job when the fight gets from the New York office to the South American pampas or the Central American bush.
>
> And the third constituent of this triumvirate is the finance agent—really a canny, clever promoter. It is his job to show foreign business men how they can clean up by the deal of a new revolution and government in his country—let us call it Veneragua. Usually he has a wide acquaintance with British and American business men, obtained, preferably, by a government position he held in the days when he was in favor with the tyrant he now seeks to overthrow. Not infrequently he has a British or American adviser—the promoter of the big gambler type, suggestive of the race-track habitué, or the oil game addict. This Anglo-Saxon is a sort of necessary shoulder-rubber between the Latin and the entirely different race of which the inhabitants of these glorious United States and Britain are composed. When the game is over and won he will be the go-between for business men seeking concessions from the new government of Veneragua. And he will collect his commissions. The "juntadores," as we shall call the junta members,



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Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana. Many prescribe a gum massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary brushing with Ipana, for Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

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If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

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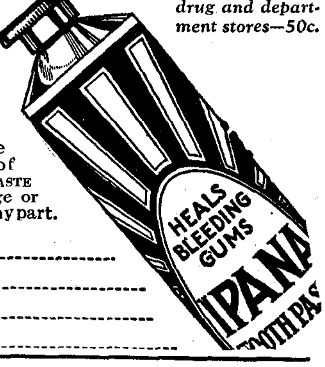

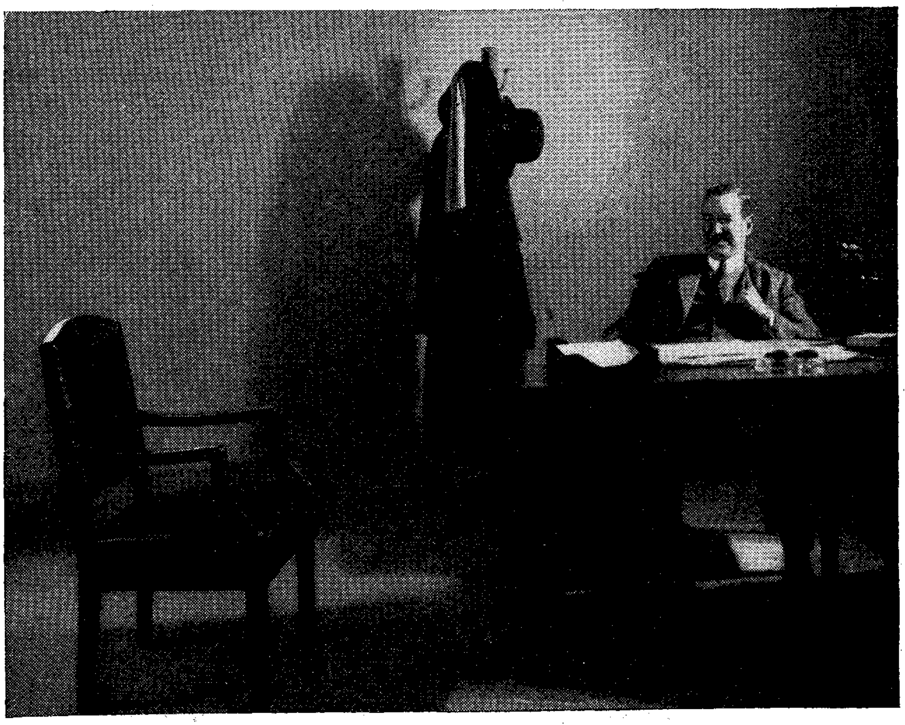

So he nailed the chair to the floor

HIS sense of humor suggested it. But he really did it in self-defense to safeguard himself against that ever-present, eager type of salesman who pulls his chair up close, talks right into your face—and, too often, is an offender in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You know the kind. Too often, poor fellows, they don't know it themselves. And their friends don't have the heart to tell them.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). But fortunately there is a way to overcome it—the regular, systematic use of Listerine, the safe, liquid antiseptic and deodorant, used as a mouth wash and gargle.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Apply a little onion to your hand. Then apply Listerine. Allow it to remain a moment. Then note how the onion odor has entirely disappeared.

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Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. * * While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. * * They are 25 cents a package.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

dub him the "coyote" and his game "coyotaje." It is the title of those benevolent souls in countries like Veneragua who use their political pull for a cash consideration. They feed on the other fellow. Hence the name. His immediate superior, the Latin finance agent, is all-powerful, supreme in the junta behind closed doors. In the open the window dressing is apparently the leader. But until the money comes rolling along that will provide ammunition and guns — then, until then, the others are merely cogs, however necessary.

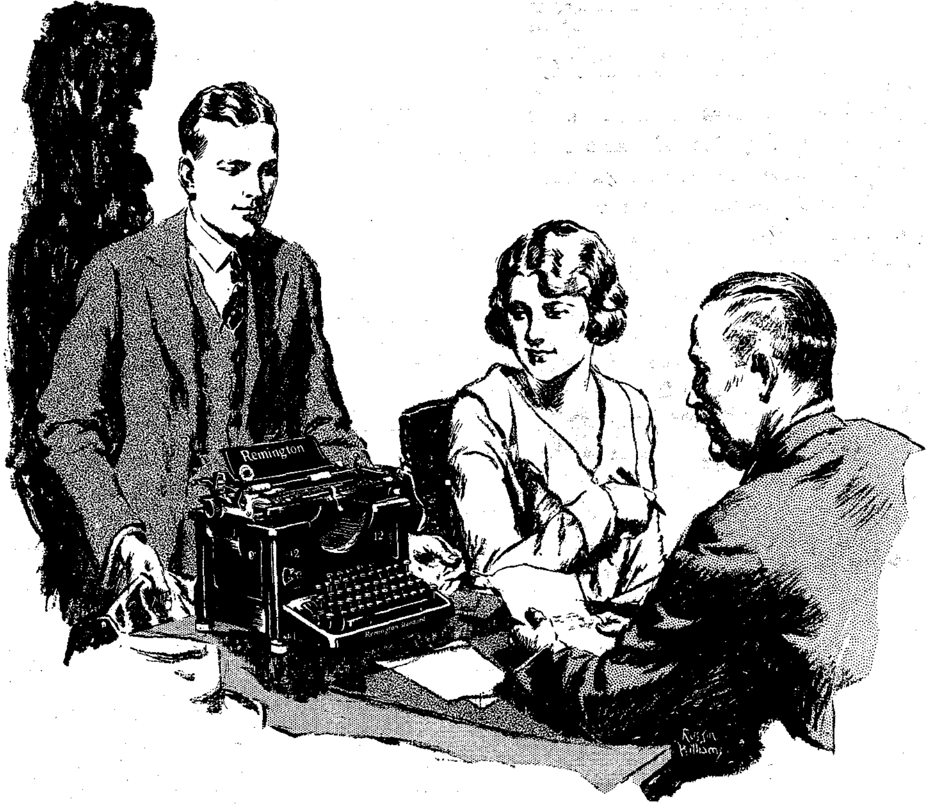
The junta, of course, is not confined to three natives of Veneragua. Each element may be composed of two or three individuals. And about each element circles a legion of hangers-on, all with Latin cunning and verbal volubility that astounds the Anglo-Saxon. They have multitudes of plans, clews and bunk ad infinitum. They bow and scrape to the principal members of the junta. One marvels at the energy exuded by these supposedly languid Veneraguans. They bounce in and out of the junta office, hold a whispered conference with a juntador, gaze about with a suspicious air, hurry away. They are the small luminaries of the rebel solar system. Their element is revolting, conspiring, overthrowing tyrants, making history. Some of them may be spies for the Veneraguan Government. At times they are its very employees hunting with the hound and with the hare. If the Government wins and they are caught in a compromising attitude with the rebels' junta, then they will protest their loyalty with impassioned verbosity. But if the junta wins—then they are on hand for the same job they are holding with the present tyrant of Veneragua. To work in one of the American offices of the Veneraguan Government is a political plum to Veneraguans.

I happened in on a junta of one of the biggest of these constantly whirling countries to the south of us. It is in a modern office building on Forty-second Street, not far from Fifth Avenue. By the name on the door one would never guess the name of its tenants. It is disguised behind a long title that has to do with "religious tolerance and political advancement."

Mr. O'Neill found an American of dubious appearance in this place, as well as a Spanish financial agent. There was—

> Some talk about the aims and ideals of the "revolution," then the practical bit. It appears that one of the multitude of presidents of Veneragua had issued $25,000,000 worth of bonds when in need of ready cash and paid them out to European bankers for $10,000,000 with a promise to repay in thirty years. But he was thrown out and murdered by some indignant citizens who at once repudiated the bonds. International agreements had recognized that these bonds were invalid, and so they have been considered for nearly half a century. By rare good fortune the junta members are in possession of most of these bonds. They will put them up as collateral for a loan of—just a paltry half million. When they get control of the Government of Veneragua they promise to recognize the validity of the bonds and pay the face value within ten years in ten yearly instalments.

Seeing is believing—



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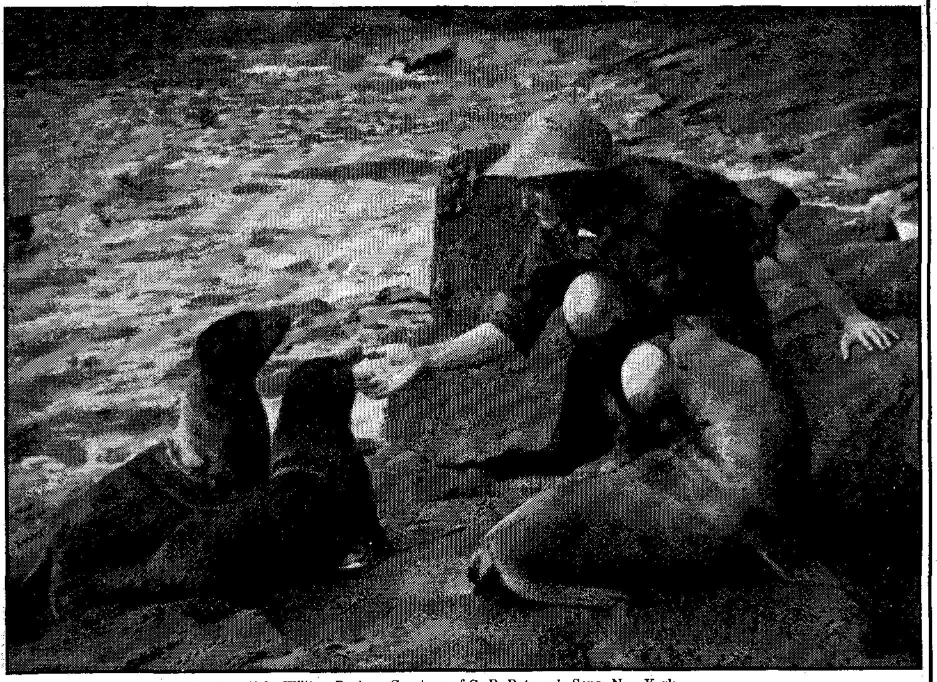
BIRDS ▾ BEASTS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

BACK TO THE AGE OF BIRDS AND REPTILES



From "Galapagos: The World's End," by William Beebe. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

EVEN WILD SEA LIONS ARE TAME ON GALAPAGOS

The Garden of Eden, when men and beasts fraternized, is recalled by present-day conditions on an uninhabited, half-forgotten island lately explored by an American naturalist.

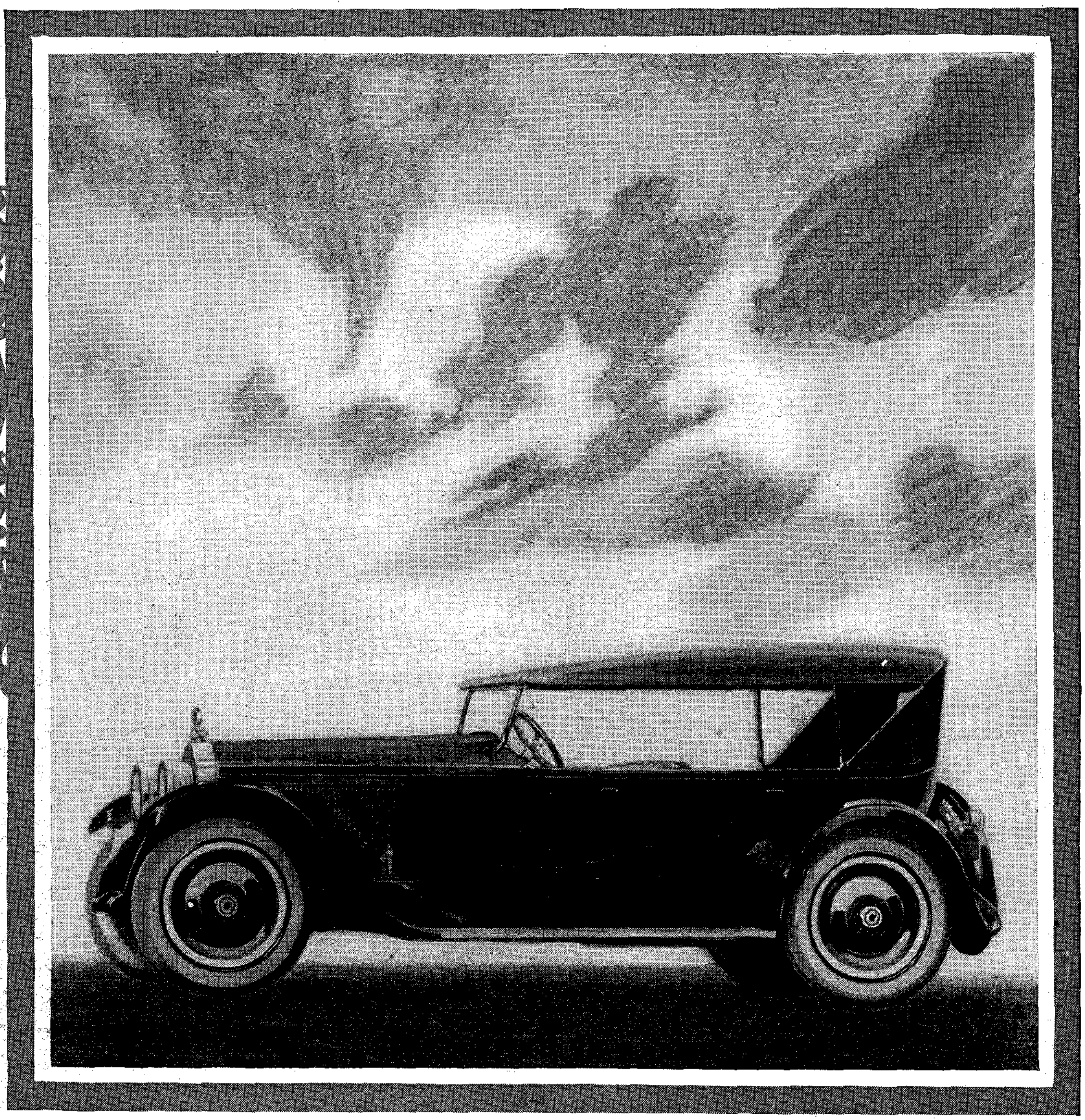
THE idyllic days in Eden when the animals felt no fear of man are recalled by Mr. William Beebe in his gorgeous new book on "Galapagos: The World's End" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). In fact, the visitor to the islands feels that he is back in a remote geologic period and that the pictures of prehistoric beasts have come to life, and are frolicking about in a friendly mood. Sea lions accepted Mr. Beebe as a brother, as he tells the story. He was working in a salt-water pool at the sea's edge, endeavoring to pry a mollusk loose:

> Suddenly I got a tremendous shock as I felt a soft, warm, rubberlike substance press against my hands. I leapt back, and at that instant a baby seal rose directly in front of me, treading water with his hind flippers while his front mittened fingers were folded funnily across his breast. He looked at me with all his soul and forthwith broke into a loud, raucous wail. A deep roar sounded from the other side of a barrier of huge boulders, and instantly there appeared, swimming swiftly and banking sharply on the turn, a mother sea lion and two more infants. She saw me at once, and her fear died so instantly that it was not wholly complimentary. She might have explained it, "That thing, whatever it is, is not a shark, so it's all right."

From New York to the far-away dots in the Pacific known as the "Enchanted Isles" is a long sail, but from life in New York to the life of these unhabited and now cold volcanoes is a translation into another age. Indeed, Mr. Beebe soon felt that he and his party of scientists were on an island that was still in the age of reptiles. As he puts it:

> Within two days we realized that these islands were still in the age of reptiles, or rather of reptiles and birds; amphibians and indigenous mammals being wholly absent, and fishes above the water negligible—altho sailfish and mullets leapt high, and blennies climbed out and flicked here and there upon the tide-soaked rocks.
>
> Giant tortoises and land iguanas (lizards) dominated the upper parts of the islands, while the jolly little Tropidurus lizards ran everywhere under foot. But the shores were held by the big black iguanas, who, more than any creature I have ever seen, except the hoatzin, brought the far distant past vividly into the present.
>
> Iguanas have been recorded as reaching fifty-three inches in length and a weight of twenty pounds. I saw several which I am sure were four feet long, but the two largest captured were thirty-five and forty-one inches, respectively, the latter weighing thirteen pounds. Young ones a foot in length weigh only a quarter of a pound.
>
> One of their most curious habits was revealed on a late afternoon when I lay flat on the sand watching the ageless surf pounding on the lava boulders. Over the jagged, tortured summits there climbed the largest iguanan I saw on the islands. It was a full four feet in length—appearing forty to my lowly view-point. His head was clad in rugged scales, black and charred, looking like the clinker piles of the islands; along his back extended a line of long spines, as if to skin of lava he had added a semblance of cactus. He saw me and stopt, looking long and earnestly with curiosity, not fear;

ONLY
PACKARD
CAN BUILD A
PACKARD



Who Are Buying Packard Six Cars?

A recent investigation covering 2700 sales selected at random showed:

One out of three had previously owned cars costing less than $1500;

One out of three had previously owned cars costing $1500 to $2500;

One out of three had previously owned cars costing more than $2500;

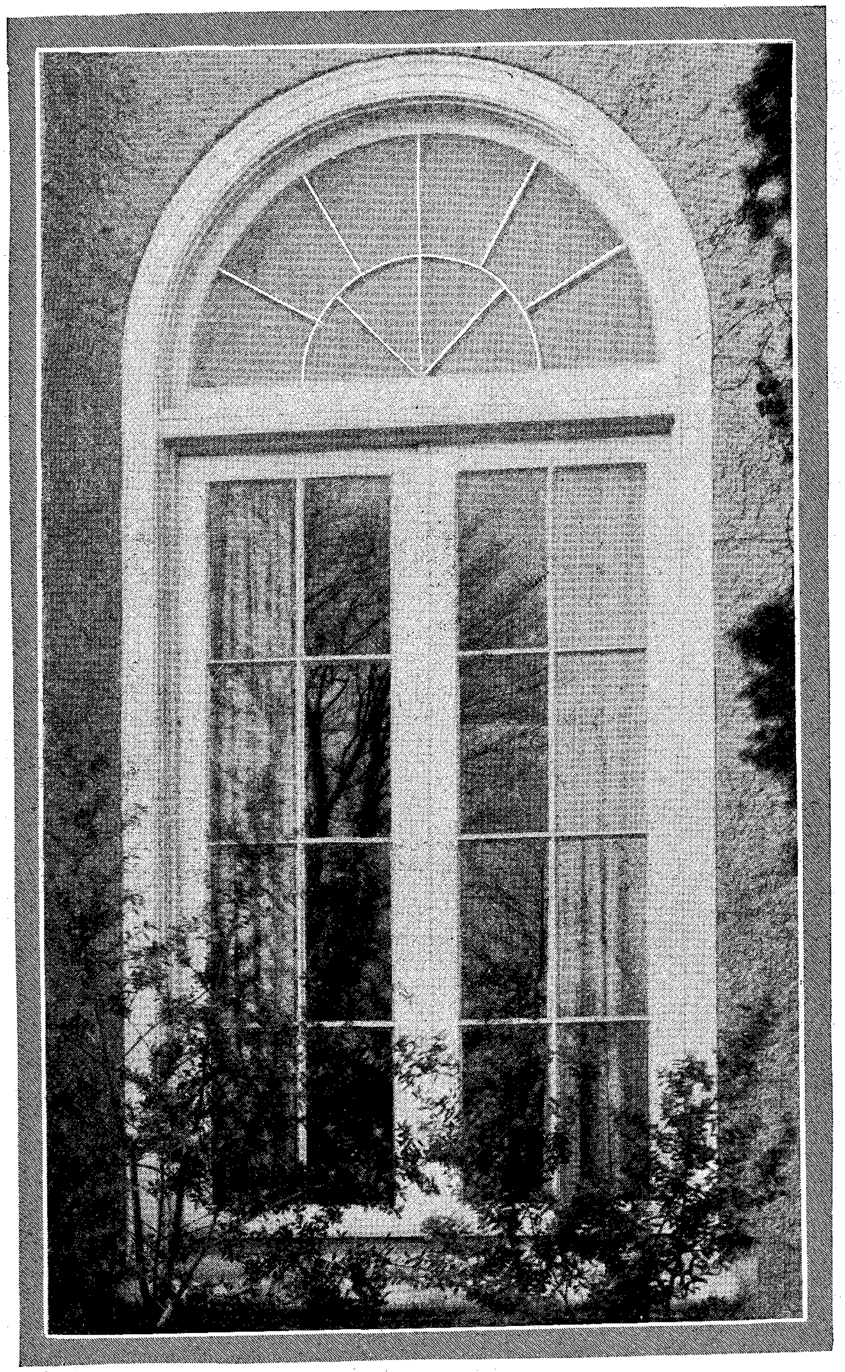
One out of two decided to buy the Packard Six over heavy, bulky, complicated cars.

This is obvious:

Men and women in moderate circumstances, as well as many of wealth, are finding in the simple and economical Packard Six the answer to their personal transportation problems.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Like the unrippled surface of a woodland pool, Plate Glass faithfully reflects lights and shadows. Its beautifully polished surfaces catch the high-lights and shadows of nature's pictures and reflect them with a fidelity and brilliance impossible to any other glass. The architectural value of this characteristic of Plate Glass is apparent in any residence.

REFLECTED BEAUTY

WINDOWS, like other architectural features, are essential elements of a building's character. Plate Glass in the windows makes an amazing difference. It transforms the appearance of the entire house. Yet Plate Glass is not an expensive item in any house. Its cost is not more than 1 per cent of the total cost of the house, and is many times repaid in increased rentability and salability. Your architect will gladly furnish comparative figures.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

Use PLATE Glass

Nothing Else is Like it

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

then with his smug lizard smile unchanging he dismissed me with an emotional feat as strange as his appearance; he twice solemnly nodded his whole massive head, he sniffed and sent a thin shower of water vapor into the air through his nostrils and clambered past me down toward the water. If only a spurt of flame had followed the smoky puff of vapor, we should have had a real, old-fashioned dragon.

On the islands were many new experiences waiting for the party, which afterwards bore fruit in valuable scientific discoveries in relation to hitherto unknown animals and their habits, but the day Mr. Beebe adventured with the three crabs provides a most amusing interlude:

Minute by minute we were ever more imprest by the tameness of the animal life of the Galapagos, but the crabs were an exception. I could creep close to them, but their eyes would watch me closely and they would always sidle out of reach, slowly if I approached gently, or like a scarlet flash if I grabbed quickly. Here, however, in this magic cove of Eden there were three crabs which in point of fearlessness might have been the Three Musketeers. When I walked up from the boat one came slowly to meet me, one of the biggest, his carapace fairly aflame in the sunlight. On and on he came, his eyes twiddling comically on their stalks, his thick spoon-shaped claws making queer cabalistic signs, intelligible only to the race of Cancer. After waving them about regardlessly for a time, he would go through a series of about a dozen motions, absurdly like an American private saluting with both hands at once, the claws being raised to the stalked eyes and brought down simultaneously with a quick jerk. Then followed more irregular signs, and later a quivering as of a drummer's hands beating a tattoo.

I stood quietly until he came within a foot, then leaned down, slowly reached out and rubbed his shell. He sank down upon the sand, lowered his eyes into their sockets, and wiggled his maxillipeds ecstatically. I took all manner of liberties, lifting one leg after another, raising him from the ground and replacing him, standing him upon his head, and tapping gently upon his hard back. Surely this must be a very ill crab, or an idiot crustacean, or somehow abnormal. I walked slowly away, and to my amazement he turned and followed me. Another crab joined the first and I felt like a walrus or a carpenter. I took a few steps inland, rounded up a half dozen ordinarily wary crabs and rushed them in the direction of the tame pair. The stampede was infectious and as I splashed along the water's edge, all fled at full speed. My tame crabs were inextricably mingled with the crowd, and altho I tried to stalk them again, they had lost their fearlessness and psychically as well as physically had merged into the mean of the race.

The islands were full of strange animal life. Giant tortoises made paths through the tangled vegetation on one island, and could be heard roaring their love notes from afar, lizards of remarkable colors and size lived in the crevices of the lava rock, sea lions and seals swam in the waters and played on the beaches, while land iguanas of enormous size were in the upper parts of the islands. Mr. Beebe says that "the wonder of the islands was the birds; there was a closely woven mesh of flying forms, and the bushes and rocks and sand were alive with them." One of the most curious was the frigate-bird, and Mr. Beebe gives a fascinating description of him:

Within reaching distance from my seat a male frigate-bird sat patiently on his rough stick nest. By putting my head close to the ground and looking up I could see that there was no egg beneath him. His plumage was dull brown with a mantle of glossy green hackles. Eyes, beak and feet were dull, but out of this sombreness, like fire out of lava, billowed the burning scarlet of the enormous breast pouch. When distended with air this was like a huge bladder, completely hiding the bird. Its distention was not dependent upon conscious muscular action, for I saw birds quite sound asleep, with their beaks resting upon the top of this balloon as if on a penumatic pillow. They even soared with it blown up, altho in the wind they were put to constant effort in balancing, compared with their pouchless fellows. The color is at its best when the sun is beyond the bird and shining through the skin tissue—the scarlet being intensified, and coloring by reflection both the leaves of the plant and the eye and feathers of the bird itself.

I reached over and stroked it with but slight protest, the bird turning away from me, but not snapping or pecking. Taking the tip of one great wing in my hand I raised it up as high as I could reach. The bird spread the other and, lightly as thistledown, lifted and drifted away. Its ascent could not have been more effortless had the pouch been filled with hydrogen.

I sank back in my ground chair, and instantly there came a metallic twang of pinions—a loud wonk! wonk! and another frigate-bird swooped, caught up a twig, and as a polo player at full gallop swings at a ball, so the bird reached, plucked, and was off. Another and another followed, and before the owner returned a half-dozen sticks had been purloined by its neighbors. Down on the rumpled nest sank the first bird and began rearranging the ruins.

Then another emotion obsessed him; he bent his head back until it sank between his shoulders, the red balloon projecting straight upward, and the long angular wings spread flat over the surrounding bushes. The entire body rolled from side to side, as if in agony, while the apparently dying bird gave vent to a remarkably sweet series of notes, as liquid as the distant cry of a loon, as resonant as that of an owl. In our human, inadequate, verbal vocality, I can only record it as kew-kew-kew-kew-kew-kew! In a higher tone the female answered him from the sky, oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

She now descended in a narrow spiral, so small in diameter that the end of the left wing seemed almost a stationary point. For a few minutes, the birds sat close together, going through various forms of dying ecstasies. She had no red throat pouch, but, instead, a breast of solid white feathers. Again the male let the breeze lift him, and I watched him rise without a single slap or movement of wings or feathers. Up and up he rose until the red became a faint spot of color, then with half-closed wings he dropt like a plummet and was lost in a crowd of half a dozen of his fellows who were mobbing a brown booby.

(*Remember, these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.*)

Nearly every day is a good picture day with Ansco Film

"That would make a wonderful picture if only the sun was brighter." How often you have said that—until you found out about Ansco Speedex Film.

You discover, then, that light doesn't make much difference. On gloomy days, or on brilliant sunshiny ones, Ansco Film gets the kind of pictures you want. Works marvelously, in fact.

SPEEDEX
ANSCO
FILM

Fits any make of camera

No need to make elaborate preparations. Use ordinary commonsense and snap the pictures as you've always done. No matter what make or size camera you have, Ansco Film fits and it will get the pictures.

Put several rolls in your bag to use this week-end. You don't know what the weather will be—but when your camera is loaded with this film you'll land a catch of wonderful pictures even if the sun does hide behind clouds.

Almost all stores which sell film and cameras carry Ansco Speedex Film. But if your dealer has none in stock send us the coupon and your order will be sent by return mail.

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It's easy to get good pictures with

ANSCO
SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon—Use only if your dealer cannot supply you.

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BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I'll give Ansco a fair trial, so here's:—

☐ One dollar for four rolls (3 rolls if size is 3¼ x 4¼ or larger).

Size of Film.... No.... Cam. Model.....

Name............................

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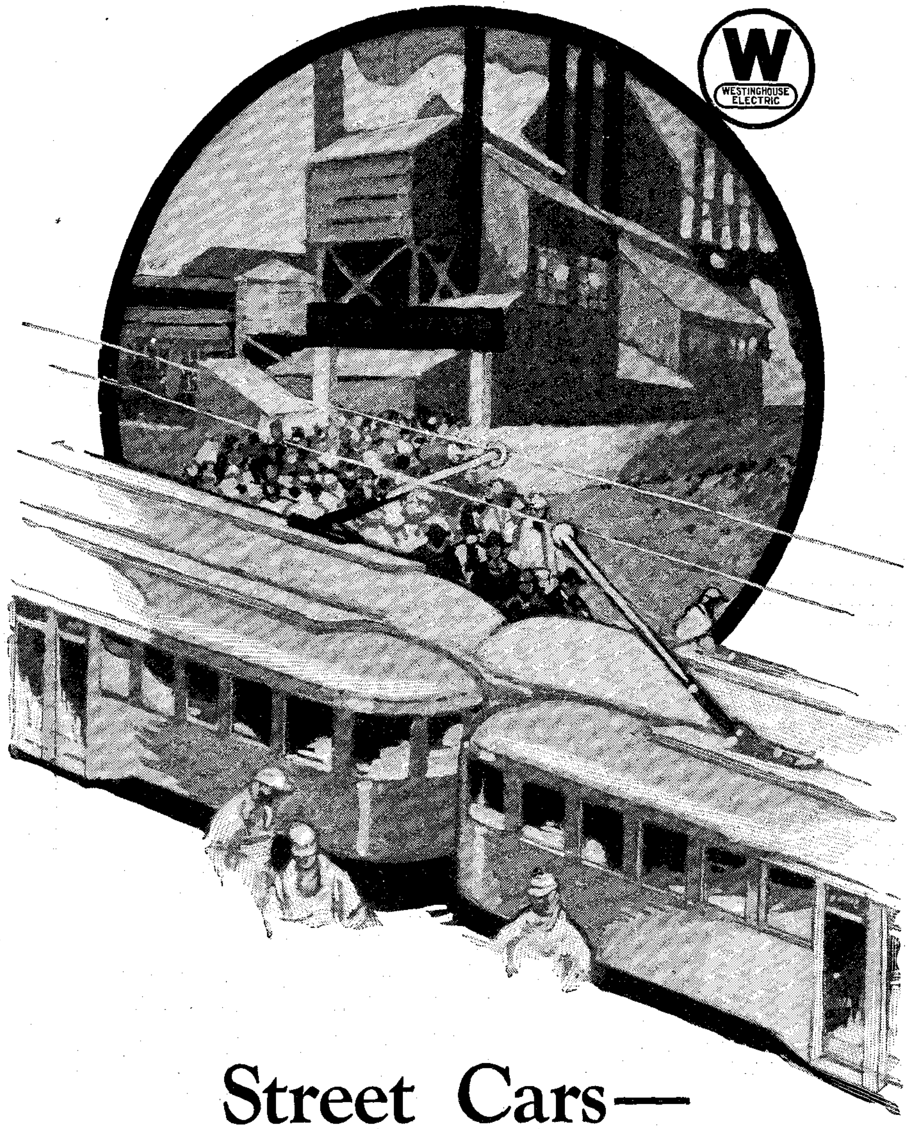

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Street Cars—
The Hub of Prosperity

Whether you realize it or not, the electric street railway is the *hub* around which the whole industrial development of your community revolves.

To keep down manufacturing costs and speed up selling operations, it is necessary to move tremendous masses of human beings from their homes to factories, or business concerns, and back again. Thus it is a subject that concerns the present and future prosperity of every single individual, as well as the community as a whole.

Of all means of local transportation the *street car* has demonstrated the capacity to move the largest number of persons with the greatest speed, at the lowest cost. It not only performs this fundamental service to the community, but it *gives back most of what it earns,* for no other industry pays out as much in wages, in proportion to its total earnings.

When you boost your local transportation company you are boosting your own prosperity.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices in all Principal Cities . *Representatives Everywhere*
Tune in sometime with KDKA—KYW—WBZ—KFKX

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

A CAT THAT ADOPTED A MOUSE

EVERY old-time circus used to have a "happy-family" act, in which various naturally hostile animals and birds performed together. Next to a large cat a shy white mouse was seated, but it was noticed by close observers that the cat was seen to often lick her lips, and cast malignant glances toward her fellow performer. We are unaware of the eventual fate of the mouse, but now, according to a story printed in the Washington *Post*, a cat has adopted a mouse as a member in regular standing of her own family. How long such a situation can last is left to our imaginations, and perhaps somewhat to the present blindness of the kittens. This is the story:

No doubt you have heard of a cat lying down with a mouse; that is, the cat does the lying down and the mouse, having furnished the piece de resistance of the noonday meal, of necessity lies down with the cat. But have you ever in your peregrinations heard of a cat acting as foster parent to a rodent?

The "noes" seem to have it, and were this a meeting of a citizens' association the resolution would be lost, but in spite of the jeers from the sidelines and the cries of "nature-faker" from the multitude, hereinwith is presented "Tangerine," prize tabby of Mrs. Josephine DeCola, of 307 Pennsylvania Avenue, which has scandalized catdom by her adoption of an infant mouse to keep her three-weeks-old kittens company.

Many uncharitable persons deny "Tangerine" credit for the altruistic motive that prompted her to foster the mouse, but attribute her action to preparedness for a day soon to come, when perhaps the larder will be hard to fill and she will, without venturing afar, be able to offer her own infants a choice morsel of rodent.

"Tangerine" recently presented the household with four fuzzy kittens, but unfortunately one of the quartet died, leaving only triplets for the fond mother cat to care for.

It was at this point that "Uncle Thomas," who is said to be the great-great-uncle of the present kittens, descended on a near-by mouse-trap and devoured without pity the mother of the infant mouse, who, unable to forage for his own meals, was faced with starvation.

What prompted "Tangerine" to take in the orphan is unknown. Perhaps the cannibalistic tendencies of her near of kin or the ancient war of her kind against all things rodent caused her to feel a bit of sympathy for the young mouse and, being shy one kitten, decided to forget the ancient grudge and rear the devourer of cheese with her own.

The owner of the charitable cat declares that each time the dinner gong is sounded for the three kittens, friend mouse is invited to draw up a chair, but, not caring particularly for the kind of food week-old kittens demand, waits until his foster parent steps out into the front of the store and brings back a bit of cheese rind for his delectation.

The affair is a scandal among cats. When "Uncle Thomas," who had been bent on destroying the last of the line of the family Mouse, returned yesterday to his rear yard woodshed bungalow with three long claw marks just under his left eye, an indignation meeting was held forthwith. For it was learned "Uncle Thomas" owed his injury to Tangerine, who had evidently suspected the old cat's motives, and thus punished him for molesting her rodent ward.

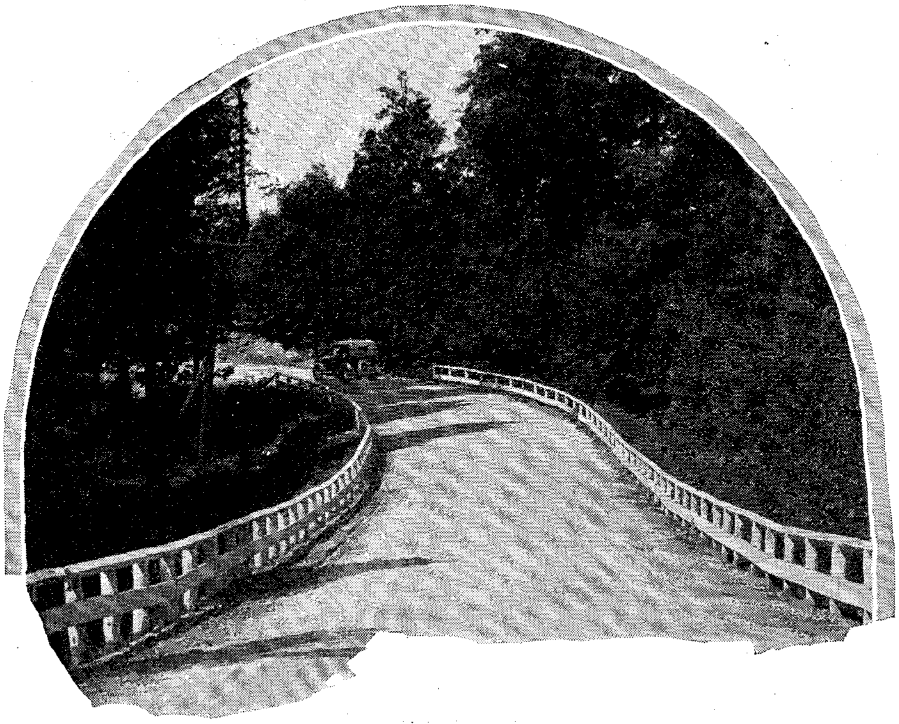
Now neighbors of Mrs. DeCola are wondering what will happen when the three kittens, who soon will have their eyes open, are able to distinguish the breed of their foster brother.

Time will tell. Possibly the young cats will lack the charitable spirit of their mother and another mouse will go the way of his forebears. Again, who knows but that the mouse will grow to old age, an honored and respected member of "Tangerine's" family. At any rate, the situation is of sufficient singularity to mark it down in natural history as another exception to the rule.

THE ANIMALS PREFER CAMERA HUNTERS

WHEN a man receives an invitation to go hunting to-day he is hard put to it to decide which he shall take, his gun or his camera, for one kind of hunting is almost as much "the thing to do" as the other. The wild animals no doubt appreciate the picture hunting the best, and their vote would be decidedly in favor of the camera. However, the wild ones are almost as shy of the camera as of the gun, and we are told by Charles M. Whitney, M.D., in *Nature Magazine* (Washington), that to get a picture of a deer or a moose you often must "shoot" from a blind. Dr. Whitney relates some of his experiences:

> On one occasion we made our blind on the edge of a clearing among the firs where there were many deer, and one bright sunny morning a big buck walked into it and came within thirty feet of us. As the camera snapt he gave a little jump, looked around, and resumed his feeding. After a little while he came nearer and another picture was taken, and this time he very leisurely walked into the woods.
>
> We were talking over our good luck in getting so close a picture when Seely happened to look back and there stood the buck about thirty feet behind the blind calmly looking us over, for all the world as if he were saying, "Ha! ha! I see you now. You can't fool me." It was so funny that we had to burst out laughing at him. He came back again on other days, and we called him Alfred to make him a member of our photographic family, and I sincerely hope that he is still unhurt, for he was most friendly and interesting.
>
> When you can not take pictures on account of rainy or cloudy weather, you may often see deer coming to the camp ground to see who has arrived.
>
> There was a little doe up the North Branch one summer that would come out and watch us from a safe distance, running away if we moved in her direction. By leaving some potato peelings and cookies where she came out, I was able, before we left, to get within seventy-five feet of her and to toss pieces of doughnut to her without startling her. The next summer I went there again and we had not been



Dustless Roads

What a relief after boring through miles of choking, sneeze producing dust cloud. Now you can breathe. Now you can see. And how you can drive on these firm, moist *Dowflake* roads.

You come upon these dustless highways with increasing frequency. Their mileage is being multiplied every year by the use of clean, odorless *Dowflake* which holds moisture in the road surface.

Greater comfort and safety for motorists and cleaner, healthier atmosphere for roadside dwellers follows the use of this modern method of dust control.

Apply *Dowflake*. Dusty road surfaces will immediately become moist and firm and stay that way for months. Let us tell you how to secure dustless roads for your community.

KEEP THE ROADS UP AND TAXES DOWN WITH
DOWFLAKE
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THE DOW CHEMICAL CO., Midland, Michigan:
Please send me ☐ "How to Control Dust"
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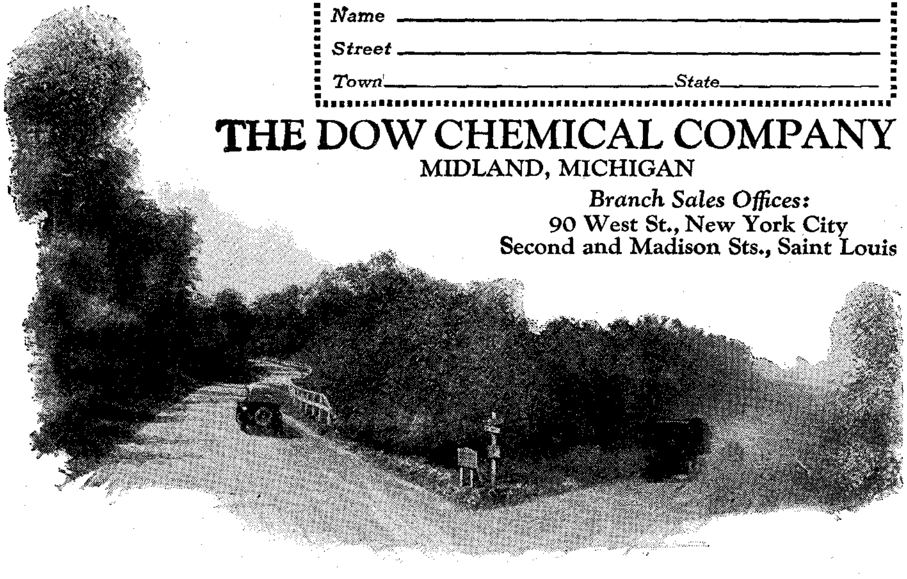


THE ADVERTISING OF A BANK

It is a splendid sign of the times that many of even the greatest and strongest banks are advertising.

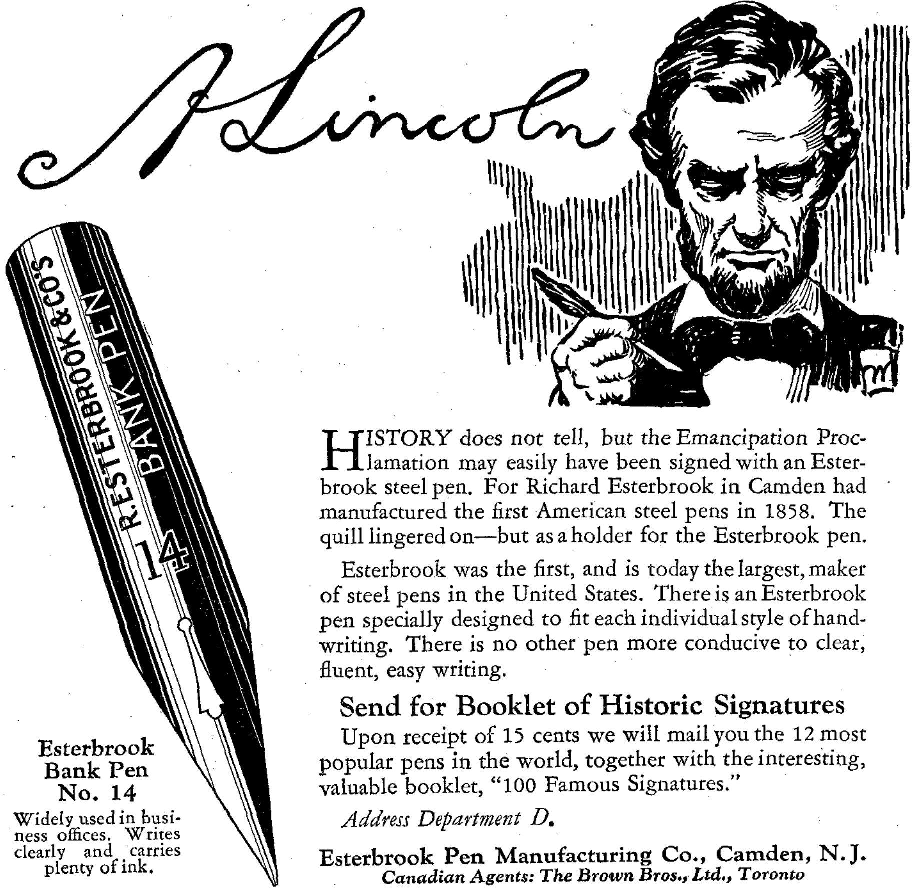
Here is a suggestion of a way to add to the good will built by magazine and newspaper publicity. Many customers of these banks print or engrave their own checks because, to put it bluntly, the checks distributed by the banks are not good enough for them.

Why would it not be a good thing for some bank to issue checks so good that its customers would prefer them?

Crane's Bond Paper would be an excellent basis, and good designing and printing would do the rest.

100% selected new rag stock
123 years' experience
Bank notes of 22 countries
Paper money of 438,000,000 people
Government bonds of 18 nations

Crane's
BUSINESS PAPERS



HISTORY does not tell, but the Emancipation Proclamation may easily have been signed with an Esterbrook steel pen. For Richard Esterbrook in Camden had manufactured the first American steel pens in 1858. The quill lingered on—but as a holder for the Esterbrook pen.

Esterbrook was the first, and is today the largest, maker of steel pens in the United States. There is an Esterbrook pen specially designed to fit each individual style of handwriting. There is no other pen more conducive to clear, fluent, easy writing.

Send for Booklet of Historic Signatures

Upon receipt of 15 cents we will mail you the 12 most popular pens in the world, together with the interesting, valuable booklet, "100 Famous Signatures."

Address Department D.

Esterbrook Bank Pen No. 14

Widely used in business offices. Writes clearly and carries plenty of ink.

Esterbrook Pen Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.
Canadian Agents: The Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto

Always a FRESH
Esterbrook

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

> in the place an hour before she appeared. Not being sure that she was the same doe, I took some pieces of doughnut and called to her. At once she came nearer and ate the food and waited for more, and I knew she was my old friend. In ten days I had obtained her confidence so much that she would come within fifteen feet and eat beans and fish from a plate beside our outdoor table.
>
> One morning Seely said, when observing she was a nursing doe, "Bring your little baby to-morrow and we will give you lots of grub." The very next morning, by a curious chance, out she came and tagging at her heels was a little spotted fawn no bigger than a pint of cider. It, however, did not share its mother's confidence in us and ran away to the woods.
>
> We left her most regretfully at the end of the trip, but had some later news of her. Seely happened to meet another guide who had taken a party to that locality and asked him if he saw our tame doe.
>
> "We certainly did," he replied. "The first night we camped we left all our stuff on the table and the next morning all our salt was gone and everything else was upset in all directions. After that time she was all over the place and into everything. I'll say she was a darn nuisance, if you ask me."

Shooting pictures may be almost as exciting as hunting with a gun and sometimes as dangerous. Dr. Whitney had one very narrow escape:

> As an example of the unexpected I had a most interesting and at times exciting experience in New Brunswick. Seely and I were waiting in the canoe to see what would come out when we saw, up the dead water, a cow and calf moose gradually feeding toward us. We rapidly paddled toward them, hidden by a wooded shore, and landed on a small grass-covered island which they would surely pass. I crawled on my hands and knees to the shore and hid behind some tall grass and got into position ready to get their pictures. As the water was shallow, the cow fed rapidly with the calf tagging behind. When she got within about seventy-five feet she turned and climbed up on the little island on which I was hidden. I peeped back and there stood the big black cow away above me and apparently looking down at me, not fifty feet away.
>
> I found out afterward that the moose had a regular path across this island to the dead water below, and if she had followed this, she would have passed within eight feet of me. I recalled then that a cow moose with her calf was apt to be peevish with strangers and also that if she struck out with one of her big forefeet, it would smash one's chest like wet tissue paper.
>
> It seemed to me that the next move was distinctly hers, and I remember curling myself into a little ball like a caterpillar, hoping for the best. However, luck was with me, for after standing there for an interval which seemed mighty long to me, she wheeled around and went back into the water again and walked toward me. Again I was out of luck, for if she continued along the shore, she would have come within about five feet of me, and no picture would be possible. I was then, so to say, attacked by land and water. Most fortunately, however, Seely, who was in the

canoe, about fifty feet away, recognized the situation and stood up. Instantly she stopt just twenty feet from me and stiffened in her tracks, while the calf ran behind her for protection. A picture was snapt and away she ran, never having seen me at all.

BRINGING UP A BABY ELEPHANT

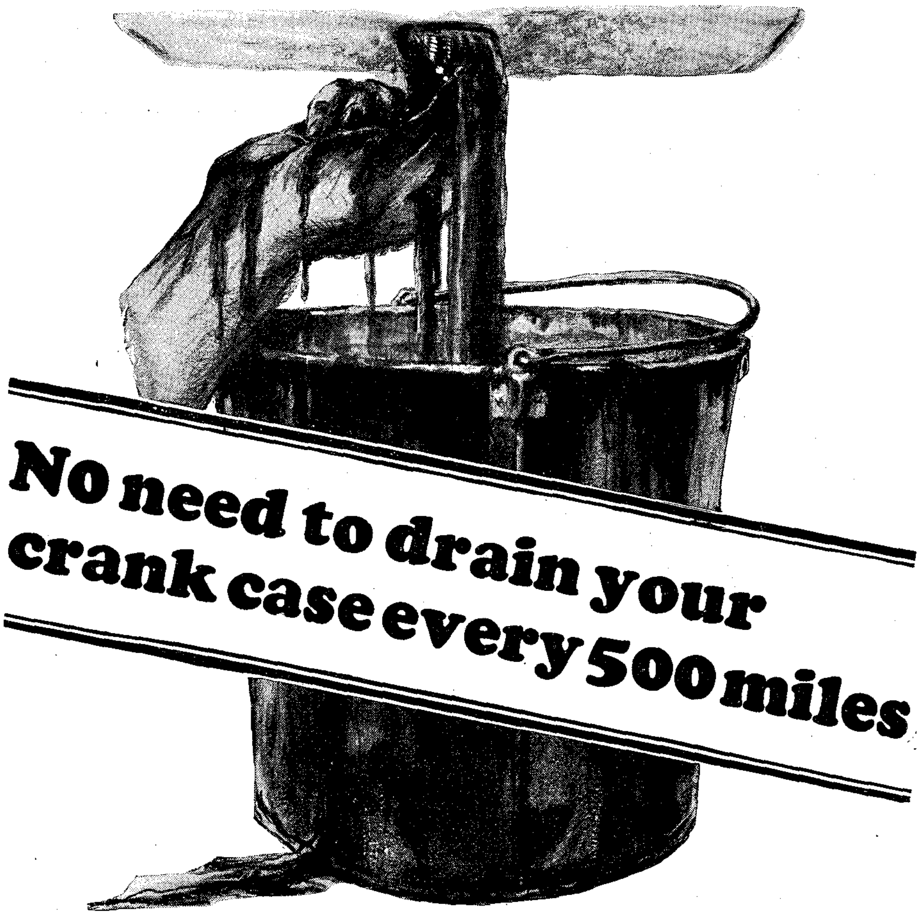
THE mystical atmosphere of the East permeates the story of "Kari, the Elephant" (Dutton). He was given when he was only five months old to the author of the book, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a native boy of India, whose story of his beloved pet has in it something of the spiritual flavor of the Orient which is so different from that of the West. Mukerji says that "tho as an animal Kari is lost to me, my soul belongs to his soul and we shall never forget each other." One feels in the story the unknown jungle life, the alien sights and sounds of the bazaar, and the far away and little seen home life of India. An American child might well think that a present of a five-months-old elephant was more of a burden than an undiluted joy, but not so with Dhan Gopal Mukerji, for he knew just how to take care of Kari, as he tells us:

Kari, the elephant, was five months old when he was given to me to take care of. I was nine years old and I could reach his back if I stood on tiptoe. He seemed to remain that high for nearly two years. Perhaps we grew together; that is probably why I never found out just how tall he was. He lived in a pavilion, under a thatched roof which rested on thick tree stumps, so that it could not fall in when Kari bumped against the poles as he moved about.

Kari did not eat much, but he nevertheless needed forty pounds of twigs a day to chew and play with. Every day I used to take him to the river in the morning for his bath. He would lie down on the sand-bank while I rubbed him with the clean sand of the river for an hour. After that he would lie in the water for a long time. On coming out his skin would be shining like ebony, and he would squeal with pleasure as I rubbed water down his back. Then I would take him by the ear, because that is the easiest way to lead an elephant, and leave him on the edge of the jungle while I went into the forest to get some luscious twigs for his dinner. One has to have a very sharp hatchet to cut down these twigs; it takes half an hour to sharpen the hatchet, because if a twig is mutilated an elephant will not touch it.

Kari was like a baby. He had to be trained to be good and if you did not tell him when he was naughty, he was up to more mischief than ever.

For instance, one day somebody gave him some bananas to eat. Very soon he developed a great love for ripe bananas. We used to keep large plates of fruit on a table near a window in the dining-room. One day all the bananas on that table disappeared and my family blamed the servants for eating all the fruit in the house. A few days later the fruit disappeared again; this time the blame was put on me, and I knew I had not done it. It made me very angry with my parents and the servants, for I was sure they had taken all the fruit. The next time the fruit disappeared, I found a banana all


No need to drain your crank case every 500 miles

You can count on at least 1000 miles

when you use 100% Pure Pennsylvania —the highest grade oil in the world

We mean exactly what we say. The next time you need oil, drain your crank case and fill with 100% pure Pennsylvania. Then run your car 1000 miles before draining again.

How do we dare recommend this? Because thousands of users of pure Pennsylvania Oil have been getting 1000 miles to the filling—and frequently much more—for years.

Why? Because Pennsylvania Oil withstands heat, wear and dilution without "breaking down." It contains no asphalt or other tarry substance—no sulphur—no acid. It leaves no gummy deposit.

With Pennsylvania Oil, you are not only assured of at least 1000 miles without draining your crank case, *but of a longer life for your motor.* This oil saves repair bills, lessens depreciation and increases your margin of useful power.

Don't confuse pure Pennsylvania with any other oil. It comes only from the Appalachian Field. It is not a *brand*, but a different *grade* (or kind) of crude oil from which a number of excellent *brands* are refined. All of them are identified by the emblem shown below.

See that this emblem is on the container from which your next oil comes. Fill with Pennsylvania. Then keep your oil level up, *but drive at least 1000 miles before draining.*

Send this coupon for the free booklet—"Systematic Lubrication"

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Mail this coupon to
Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association,
210 Chambers Building, Oil City, Pa.

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Drink it through

Stone's *Sanitary* **Straws**

Cold drinks seem colder!

A tall thin glass with a golden tinted drink, clinky with ice, and two trim straws reaching upward—how inviting!

Add Stone's Straws to every cold drink you serve. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. They prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy, 10c Home Packages. Get A Home Package to-day.

Druggists: For fountain use, the round, spill-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures full count and guarantees perfection.

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS
GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.
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STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS *for* Home and Picnic
Safeguard the trip from Glass to Lip

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

smashed up in Kari's pavilion. This surprized me very much, for I had never seen fruit there, and as you know, he had always lived on twigs.

Next day while I was sitting in the dining-room wondering whether I should take some fruit from the table without my parents' permission, a long, black thing, very much like a snake, suddenly came through the window and disappeared with all the bananas. I was very much frightened because I had never seen snakes eat bananas and I thought it must be a terrible snake that would sneak in and take fruit. I crept out of the room and with great fear in my heart ran out of the house, feeling sure that the snake would come back into the house, eat all the fruit and kill all of us.

As I went out, I saw Kari's back disappearing in the direction of the pavilion and I was so frightened that I wanted his company to cheer me up. I ran after him into the pavilion and I found him there eating bananas. I stood still in astonishment; the bananas were lying strewn all around him. He stretched out his trunk and reached for one far away from where he was standing. That instant the trunk looked like a black snake, and I realized that Kari was the thief. I went to him, pulled him out by the ear and joyously showed my parents that it was Kari and not I that had eaten all the fruit these many weeks. Then I scolded him, for elephants understand words as well as children, and I said to him, "Next time I see you stealing fruit, you will be whipt." He knew that we were all angry with him, even the servants. His pride was so injured that he never stole another thing from the dining-room. And from then on, if anybody gave him any fruit, he always squealed as if to thank them.

After a few years, when Dhan Gopal Mukerji had a monkey as well as an elephant to care for, both pets were taken to town, but they did not behave well in spite of previous training:

Kari loved human beings; the more he saw them, the happier he felt. He glided by them like a human child. I was very proud of him and his behavior. As we went on our way, a mouse ran out of a hole in the foundations of a house in front of us. Kari turned around, curled up his trunk, put it in his mouth and ran. You see elephants are not afraid of anything except mice, for a mouse can crawl into an elephant's trunk and disappear in his head. I was humiliated beyond measure at Kari's behavior. He did not stop till he reached the open ground which we had left half an hour before. The monkey was still sitting in the tree. Seeing us, he shook a purse at me. He had stolen somebody's purse and was holding it in his hands waiting for it to be ransomed.

I called to the men of the caravan who had not yet started and told them the monkey had the purse. True enough, one of them was accusing his servant of having stolen his purse. I told them to buy some bananas and leave them under the tree, and in the course of the day the monkey would come down, leave the purse and take the bananas.

On the way home from a visit to town the trio had a struggle to death with one of

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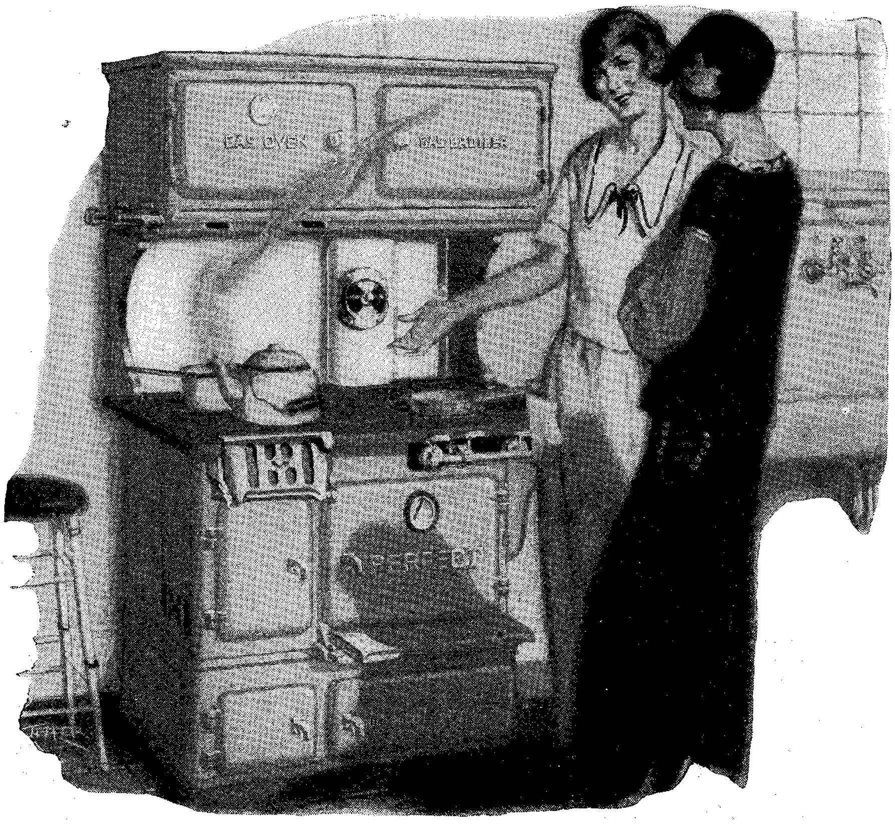
the forces of the jungle, something very far from the range of experiences of the child of about fourteen, as we know them. Dhan Mukerji relates this tale of the primitive wilds:

> I soon forgot the elephant and the monkey, however, and fell asleep on the river bank. I was awakened by a terrible cry from the monkey and a trumpeting from the elephant. I sat up with a start and I saw Kopee sitting on the ground shivering with terror, and Kari standing in front of him, waving his trunk in the air and trumpeting for all he was worth. I lay on the ground and lifted myself on my elbows. Through the elephant's legs I saw a great snake, right under him, held almost between his forelegs. My blood congealed in terror. Of course Kari was five years old; his skin was so thick that the cobra could never bite deep enough to bury its poisonous fangs in his arteries. The monkey was hypnotized with fear, but he could neither run away, nor go forward, nor come to me. He sat there shivering with terror.
>
> I crept slyly around the elephant and approached Kopee. I knew that if I touched him, he would turn around and bite me. He was so frightened that anything that touched him would mean to his excited brain only the sting of the snake. The idea that he would be stung to death had taken possession of the whole animal.
>
> I could now see what had happened. The elephant had stept on the middle of the snake. Its back was broken and it could not move, but there was life in the rest of its body and it was standing erect like a sharp column of ebony, its black hood with a white mark on it spread out as large as the palm of a man's hand. Of course, it could not stay in that position long. It swayed and almost fell to the ground. The moment that happened, Kari raised his foot and put it down on the snake's neck. But the snake lifted up its head in such a way that whenever there was a chance for the elephant to put his foot on its head it would immediately raise itself on its broken back. Its agony must have been great, yet it would not give in for a long time.
>
> As the snake could not move with its back broken and the foot of the elephant still on it, I knew I had better go and kill it with a stick. As I approached it with my stick, the monkey's eyes which had been fixt on the snake, suddenly moved. He looked at me and bounded off with a piercing, chattering yell toward the nearest tree. The spirit of terror that had held him hypnotized so long was broken at last, for he had seen someone who could kill the snake.
>
> The moment the monkey bounded off, the snake stung the elephant's toe-nails, those horny plates around his feet. This is a vital spot, as the arteries come very near the surface. Knowing this, Kari raised his foot. Evidently he was not hurt, but I was not sure how long he could stand on three legs. I was also afraid that he would fall and bring his trunk near the snake, and any snake can poison an elephant by stinging the end of his trunk. I hit the snake on the head with my stick, but instead of striking his head, the stick slipt down that ebony column which was still standing erect. Fortunately, in order to avert the next blow, the snake fell on his side. That very instant the up-raised foot of the elephant was on his head.
>
> Kari walked away and pawed the sand with his feet to cleanse them. I thought of calling to Kopee who had taken refuge on a



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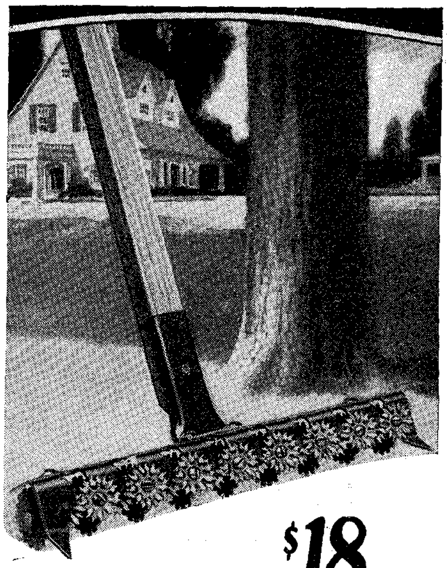

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

tree top, but I was so anxious to know whether the elephant's foot was hurt or not, that I followed him about until he let me look at it. I was relieved to see that the skin of his foot had not been broken.

HOW PAUL'S PET PORCUPINE PAID FOR HIS KEEP

A STRANGE and interesting story tells of a porcupine which became the adopted family of Andy Paul, an Indian woodsman and guide. Paul, who lives alone in a little cabin in the New Brunswick woods, had an adventure one day that ended in the porcupine coming to live with him. It happened as follows, according to William McNamara, who tells the story in *The Athletic World:*

Paul lives alone in a little cabin about four miles from the village of Fredericton Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the fall of 1922, as he was walking through the woods of Sunbury County in the province of New Brunswick, he stept into a porcupine nest in the hollow of a fallen tree. The mother porcupine at once issued forth to the attack and the quills began to fly. One of the implements of torture caught Paul on the right knee as he backed away from the infuriated animal.

Paul extracted the quill and limped homeward and after reaching his cabin was much surprized to see following in his wake a young porcupine. The young animal came right up to his heels and remained there. When Paul resumed walking the porcupine did likewise. Paul tried to frighten the porcupine off, but the young animal refused to be frightened, and remained with the guide, trapper and woodsman.

The red man went into the cabin and closed the door. He busied himself with cooking his midday meal, thinking the porcupine would have disappeared into the woods in the meanwhile. However, after being inside for an hour, Paul emerged only to find the porcupine basking in the sun in front of the cabin.

Paul then brought forth some bread which he softened with hot water and the young porcupine devoured this. The guide deduced the animal was intensely hungry and driven to following the human being in quest of food and that when the hunger was satiated, the porcupine would vanish into the woods and never be seen by the guide again. So Paul fed the porcupine and bade the animal depart for parts unknown. Instead of so doing the porcupine curled up and went to sleep at almost the very door of the cabin.

Paul felt positive that the following day would see the departure of the porcupine, but the porcupine was of another mind, for the following day the little animal was at the door of the cabin. Paul then decided that he would attempt to cultivate the friendship of the little animal, the porcupine already having a pronounced tendency toward amiability, evidently.

During the winter Paul established the porcupine in the outhouse of his cabin, and when he was away for a month in Fredericton, allowed the animal to use the outhouse through a little aperture

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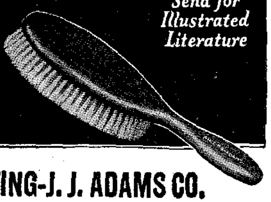

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he cut in the side. When Paul returned, the porcupine, which had grown corpulent until it was little more than a furry ball surrounded by quills, had faded to a mere shadow of itself. It was apparent that the animal, so accustomed to being fed by the guide, had not been able to gather its own food in the woods.

Then again, the porcupine found it was an outcast among porcupines and when it sought to associate once more with porcupines, was attacked and chased. The porcupine at one time had a desperate battle with three porcupines not far from the house and the pet animal held its own with the trio of opponents until the arrival of Paul on the scene frightened the opponents off. The tame animal was cut and bruised but still full of battle.

Paul has the porcupine to thank for saving his life in the fall of 1922. He was coming back from Fredericton Junction just as dusk was falling and in passing under a group of trees where the spruce were especially thick, heard the cry of a wildcat, from above. Stepping quickly aside, as he feared the wildcat was planning a leap on him, Paul was astounded to see two animals fighting on the branches of a tree directly over his head. In the semi-darkness he could not distinguish the animals but after accustoming his eyes to the darkness saw the battling animals were a wildcat and his pet porcupine.

The wildcat and the porcupine were tangled into a knot and all the while the wildcat was crying. In five minutes the wildcat dropt to the ground from the tree and Paul poured two bullets into the body of the most treacherous and vicious animal haunting the north woods.

The porcupine slid down the tree and as the wildcat was in the final paroxysm of death, the porcupine once more attacked the ferocious animal, and the wildcat toppled over, inanimate. It was found that no less than twenty-five quills were in the body of the wildcat, three of the quills being in the heart and one in each eye.

It was evident that the porcupine which had followed Paul through the woods to and from Fredericton Junction, waiting for its master, on the outskirts of the village at the path he used for traveling to and from his cabin to the village, had smelled the wildcat in the trees and had gone ahead to do battle with the Canadian brother of the tiger. The porcupine was suffering from several cuts, and these were bandaged and ministered to by the guide. But for the attack of the porcupine on the wildcat Paul believes he would have been killed or at least severely wounded, for he was not suspecting the presence of the wildcat in the trees.

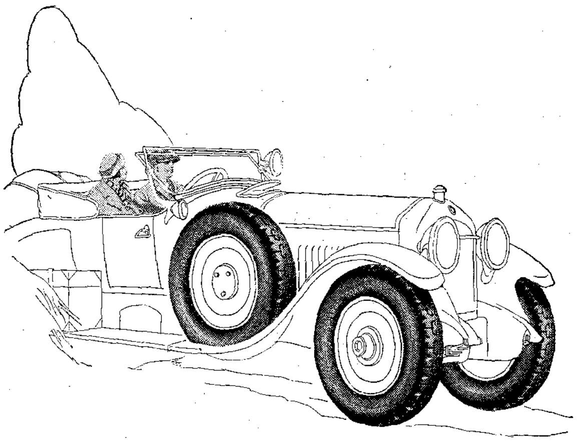
SOLITUDE

By M. D. Geddes, Toronto

Have you breathed the faith of fir trees,
  by the lure of camp-fire light?
Watched the wistful shadows creeping
  towards the restful lap of night?
Have you sent your thoughts a-homing
  to the source of space and time?
Felt the pulse of soul communion full
  and firm with the divine?
Sensed the wonders of creation? Gripped
  the purpose of the whole?
Then you know the mystic sweetness
  that comes stealing o'er the soul,
As on balsam boughs spread thickly on
  the mossy mountain sod
One with questioning eyes looks up-
  ward to the very heart of God.

—*Canadian Forest and Outdoors* (*Ottawa*).

goes a long way to make friends



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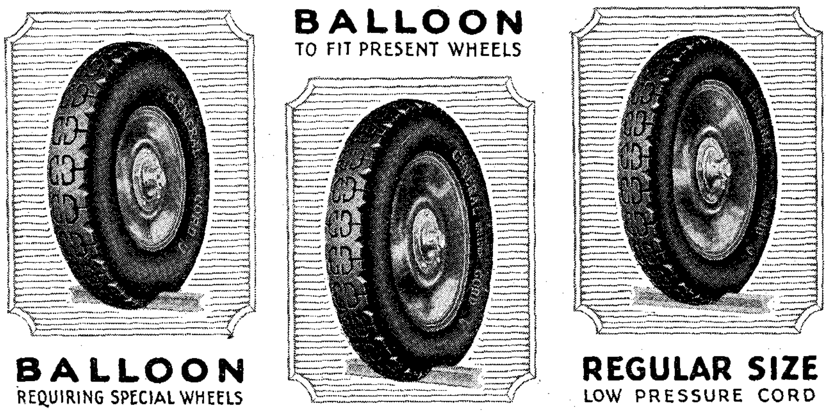

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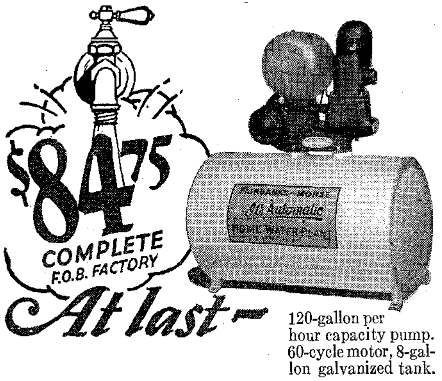

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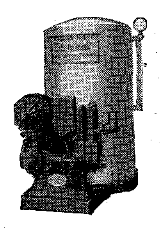

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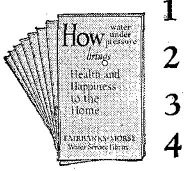
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

WHAT CHICAGO ADVERTISERS THINK OF TRADE CONDITIONS

THE relation between advertising volume and business progress is now being intensively studied by one of our leading business analysts, and also by one of our great universities, notes Glenn Griswold in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*. It may be, he comments, "that out of these efforts will come some standard by which we may use advertising more effectively as a business barometer. There should be a formula by which it can almost be unerring in giving us business information." The Chicago writer is moved to this discussion by considering what has been going on recently in the advertising columns of some of the Chicago papers. While, of course, the policy of Chicago newspaper advertisers is chiefly valuable as reflecting the opinions of Chicago business men, the Chicago papers reach a large part of the Middle West, and besides, what Mr. Griswold says about local conditions may be of interest all over the country in view of the present lack of unanimity among business and financial forecasters:

> One day last week a Chicago evening newspaper was printed in sixty pages. It contained three hundred and fourteen columns of display advertising and fifty-two columns of classified advertising. In addition, twenty columns of advertising offered were omitted from the edition for lack of space. The total of advertising exceeds all records. The number of pages has been equaled but once, and that in the last fortnight.
>
> There is a definite relation between business activity and advertising volume. Experts ever have differed as to the value of advertising as a business barometer and the deductions to be drawn from its record. Nevertheless, it is idle to believe that when business men spend $60,000 or $70,000 in a single issue of a newspaper they do so in the anticipation of business reaction.
>
> This particular newspaper issue was entirely a routine affair. It was in no sense a special edition and there was no special feature about it. Another Chicago afternoon newspaper on the same day printed fifty-two pages for the first time in its history and carried two hundred and ninety-nine columns of advertising.
>
> Certain it is that overgrown inventories are not accountable for this mass of advertising. Winter merchandise moved out of the stores in great volume. Weather which is usually termed unfavorable served to clean shelves of cold weather merchandise. It may be said that a delay in spring buying had something to do with it, but this perhaps is due as much to the fact that Easter occurred three weeks later this year than last and the real urge of spring buying comes immediately before Easter.
>
> Those who watch newspaper advertising as it ebbs and flows year by year determine for themselves certain barometric values in it. The help wanted columns are directly indicative of business conditions. In this department newspaper advertising has been showing a gradual but not important decline for several weeks. The decline is approximately the same as that which occurred last spring, the difference being that it is noted about three weeks earlier this year than last.
>
> The business manager of the largest of the newspapers referred to finds in his experience that an important upturn in the volume of newspaper advertising usually precedes by about three months a period of sluggish business. He is inclined, however, to consider this not so much a barometer of business as a mark on the calendar. Spring buying is followed by summer dulness. In September comes what is usually called the fall buying period, followed by a dulness until immediately before Christmas, then another sober period until about Easter.
>
> The experience of the two newspapers mentioned is not peculiar to them. They stand alone only for the totals they report. Every other newspaper of any importance in this territory is breaking advertising lineage records nowadays.

WHERE THE FLAG FOLLOWS THE FUNDS

ITALY'S growing ambition in international finance is evidenced by the loan of 400,000,000 lire to the Polish Republic recently concluded by the Banca Commerciale Italiana, remarks *The Bache Review*. And the conditions of the loan also indicate that Europe is still far from normalcy, it is observed. For there is a provision for using the Italian flag to protect the properties by which the loan is secured. As we read:

> The loan is secured by a first lien on all the fiscal revenues arising from the tobacco monopoly in Poland. This is the first public subscription of a foreign loan ever made in Italy. It is also the first loan that Poland has placed abroad. In order to furnish the obligation with a substantial footing, the Italian Government gives the holders of the bonds a subsidiary guaranty to the effect that if the Polish Government, by reason of some armed invasion, is unable to meet interest on the bonds at any time, then the Italian Government will substitute its own liability.
>
> It is part of the terms of the agreement that the Polish Tobacco Monopoly will be obliged to purchase annually from Italy a certain quantity of tobacco of Italian growth. The tobacco industry in Italy is an important branch of agriculture which this arrangement will help to expand. This part of the arrangement will continue in force during the whole duration of the loan, which will be twenty years.
>
> A curious phase of this loan, certainly unusual, is that pertaining to the Italian Government guaranty, which becomes operative as stated above, should the Government of Poland, which is still on the defensive, become involved in protecting its borders against foreign invasion and unable to meet interest payment on the

›onds. In this event, it is provided that he Italian flag will be raised on all prop- ›rties of the Polish Tobacco Monopoly in ?oland. In other words, all the properties ›f the Polish Tobacco Monopoly will come mmediately under Italian protection. ᒥhis provision is a reflection of a still some- what unsettled outlook on the Continent ›f Europe, altho evidently the contingency s not expected to arise.

Forty per cent. of the to al amount of he loan was to be handed over to the Polish ovenment immediately after the deliv- ry of the bonds—the remaining 60 per ent. to be paid two weeks after the open- ng of subscription, the price of issue being xt at 87 per 100, and the rate of interest t 7 per cent.

All these operations, it is stated, have one through, and the loan is reported to ave been oversubscribed five times, five ays after the subscription opened.

CHINA'S FINANCIAL PLIGHT

ON the face of it, it would seem that China would be an admirable place o raise money for governmental purposes. he people are thrifty, industrious and ocile. The country is able to pay enor- ous taxes. As a matter of fact it does, but e Central Government is practically ankrupt, because most of the tax money ever reaches Peking. And naturally, government that can't put its hand on ven enough money to pay its own soldiers, not likely to demonstrate much strength ther at home or in international affairs. pparently the men who are running the eking Government realize all this, for ey have appointed a Commission for the eadjustment of Finance which has been udying the situation for eight months, ith a view to the eventual readjustment China's financial policy. The commis- n has now learned what happens to the xes which are supposed to reach Peking, d the chairman, Dr. W. W. Yen, has ade a preliminary report telling what has en learned. It is significant of much in ina that with administrative expenses a little less than $100,000,000 a year and th tax revenues of something more than 00,000,000, only $3,500,000 can be unted on when it comes to pay the bills. ese sums are given in gold, but all ther figures refer to silver dollars as ed in China, which are worth just half much as our standard gold dollars. a Tienstin dispatch to the New York *orld*, we find a summary of Dr. Yen's ort. Here practically the whole blame China's financial plight is placed on the al and provincial authorities who ap- priate and spend the national revenues tead of turning them in to the Central vernment.

Taking the different revenues in order, s noted that the Maritime Customs, the y revenue which has been maintained act since the overthrow of the Manchu pire, and which produced in 1923 a al of $87,951,375 (silver), is absorbed irely by foreign and domestic loans and xer indemnity obligations.

About half of the native customs revenue

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

which should yield about $13,000,000, likewise is hypothecated for loans. Of the other half, the Peking Government is able to collect only the two million and some odd dollars produced annually by the Peking *octroi*, the greater part of the balance being retained by the localities in which it is collected.

Then there is the extremely important Salt Gabelle, of which we read:

> Salt revenues form the security for a number of foreign and domestic obligations, including the Crisp and reorganization loans. The annual collection is estimated to be about $90,000,000, and this amount could unquestionably be considerably increased. But notwithstanding the obligations into which the Chinese Government has entered with respect to this revenue and the reorganization of the Salt Revenue Administration under a competent foreign staff with Sir Ernest Wilton at its head, the provincial authorities appropriate at least one-third of the salt taxes annually, leaving the Government not more than $50,000,000 after administrative expenses have been met. Kwangtung, Szechwan, Yunnan, Hunan, Kwangai and Manchuria are among the provinces which retain the whole or the greater part of the salt revenues collected locally.

Finally there are the wine and tobacco taxes, supposed to yield about $15,000,000 a year; in 1922 the Government received less than one-tenth. In the same way the Government receives only about a tenth of the stamp duties, yielding $3,286,031 in 1922.

These various revenues make a total of $209,000,000 (silver) of which, we read in *The World*, about $148,000,000 reaches Peking. From this must be deducted $98,000,000 for debt service and $43,000,000 for military subsidiaries and treasury note redemption, "leaving only $7,000,000 for administrative expenses." And it takes $197,544,844 to run the Government, including $106,326,989 for the Army!

If China's government railways were honestly run, there would be a substantial revenue for the Government from this source, but, we are told, "they are being ruined by military and political interference." Besides raiding the revenues of the Central Government "China's militarists and politicians collect and recklessly waste the land tax (which the late Sir Robert Hart estimated could be made to yield $570,000,000 per annum), and Likin (estimated in 1911 to yield $63,000,000 per annum)." And these people are also said to be collecting enormous sums every year from the opium traffic and illegal taxes on cigarets and other articles. These facts, not mentioned in the Yen report, are said to further emphasize the conclusion "that it is not lack of revenue but inability to collect it that is at the root of China's financial difficulties."

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

y 1.—A nation-wide demonstration against the American-Japanese exclusion act, now in effect, opens with mass prayer meetings in all the national Shinto shrines throughout Japan, and the American flag floating over the ruins of the former American embassy is torn down by a Japanese who escapes.

y 3.—Premier Mussolini decides that the Fascista militia shall swear allegiance to the King, thus transferring the body's allegiance from himself and marking the first step toward its absorption in the regular Army.

y 4.—No further attempt will be made to scale Mount Everest, announces Lieut.-Col. E. F. Norton, leader of the expedition, in a cable just received in London.

y 5.—Stuart MacLaren, the British round-the-world flier, reaches Kagoshima, Japan, from Shanghai.

wenty-one Germans charged with belonging to prohibited secret organizations and with recruiting for the Reichswehr in the occupied area are sentenced by a French court-martial at Dortmund to terms ranging from six months to ten years each, with fines of from 500 to 50,000 marks.

y 6.—A revolution is reported to have broken out in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and the Brazilian Government is said to have declared a sixty-day state of siege in the affected area.

uart MacLaren, British round-the-world flier, arrives at Kashimoto, Japan, from Kagoshima.

7.—Native tribesmen kill or wound half of the Spanish garrison at Kovagarsa, Morocco, during a seven-day siege, it is reported, but are repulsed and forced to abandon their own dead and wounded.

e American round-the-world fliers arive at Charbar, Persia, from Karachi, India.

o world records are broken in the lympic contests in France when F. M. Taylor of Grennell College, Iowa, reaks the world's record for the 400-neter hurdles by making the distance n 0.52$^3/_5$, and Robert LeGendre of the Newark A. C., in the broad jump of the entathlon, leaps twenty-five feet six nches.

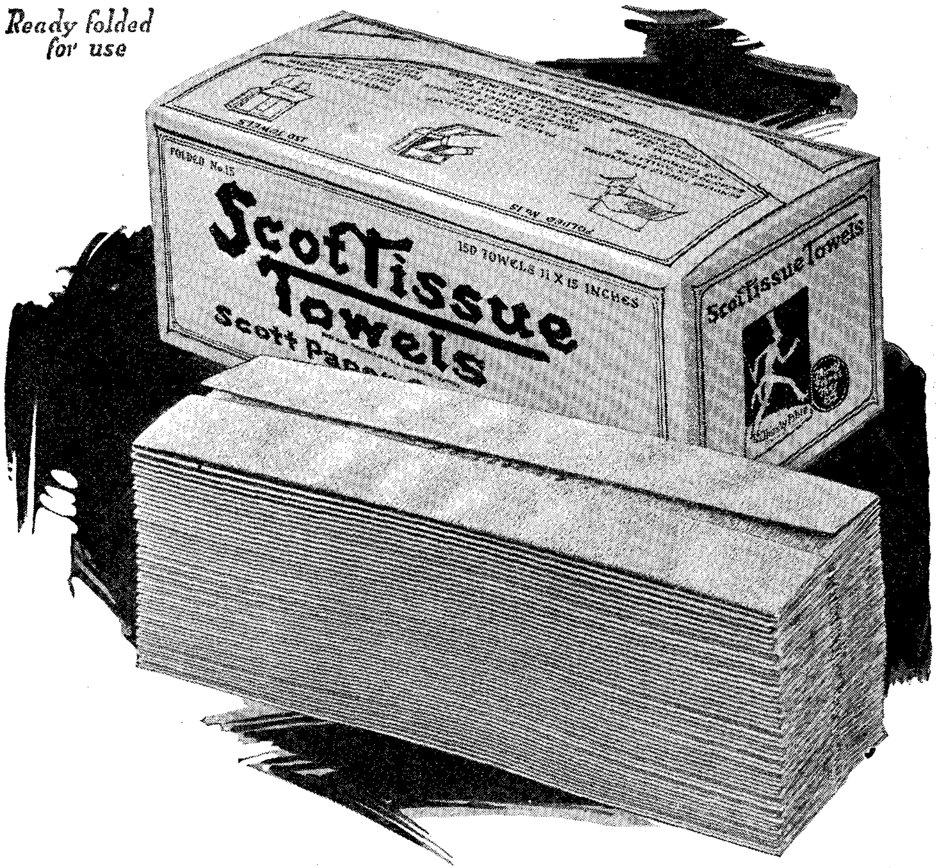
army of 13,000 men, comprising Sao Paulo State forces and some Federal roops, is reported marching toward Rio de Janeiro.

DOMESTIC

1.—Gaston B. Means, former Department of Justice agent, and Elmer W. arnecke, who was Means's assistant, re found guilty in the New York District Federal Court of a conspiracy to iolate the Prohibition laws.

j. James F. Coupal, Medical Corps, . S. A., is appointed White House hysician for President Coolidge.

hteen alleged Klansmen and ten Lilly, a., residents, convicted of affray and nlawful assemblage in connection vith the Lilly shooting of April 5, re sentenced by Judge Finletter of



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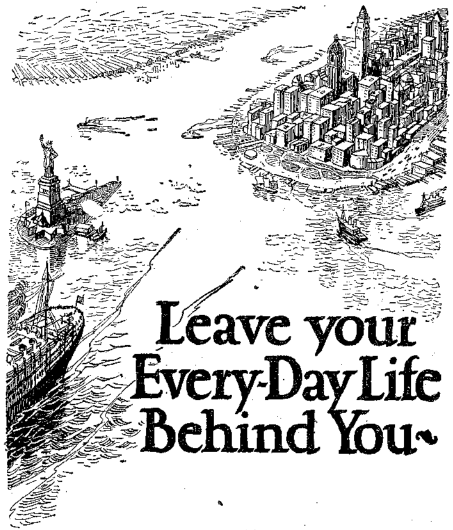

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CURRENT EVENTS
Continued

Philadelphia to two years in jail and to pay the costs of the prosecution.

More than 4,300,000 illiterates will be entitled to vote in November for President of the United States and Members of Congress, the Illiteracy Commission of the National Educational Association states in its report to the Association's convention in Washington. The report emphasizes that more than 3,000,000 of the illiterates are native-born.

A daily air mail service between New York and San Francisco is begun.

July 2.—The conviction and sentence of William H. Anderson, former State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, is unanimously affirmed by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. Anderson was convicted of third degree forgery in making false entries in the League's books.

The Georgia State Assembly refuses by a vote of 170 to 3 to ratify the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution giving Congress power to regulate child labor in the United States.

Gaston B. Means and Elmer W. Jarnecke, convicted of accepting bribes to obtain whisky withdrawal permits, are sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, and a fine of $10,000 is imposed on Means and a fine of $5,000 on Jarnecke.

July 4.—Calvin Coolidge, Jr., younger son of President Coolidge, becomes seriously ill with septic poisoning.

Senator Robert M. La Follette accepts the invitation of the National Committee of the Conference for Progressive Political Action to become a candidate for the Presidency, but says he intends to make the campaign as an independent, not as the leader of a third party.

The proposal for organic union with the Northern Methodists is approved by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in session at Chattanooga, Tennessee. The proposal, already approved by the Northern Methodists, goes to the annual conferences of both jurisdictions for ratification.

Judge Gilbert O. Nations, of Washington, accepts the nomination for the Presidency of the American party, which names him as their standard bearer on a Ku Klux Klan platform.

July 6.—The net income for the entire country reported in 6,787,481 income-tax returns for 1923 was $21,336,212,530, and the tax amounts to $861,057,308, according to Commissioner of Internal Revenue David H. Blair. The per capita net income reported was $194.92 and the per capita tax is $74.96.

July 7.—Calvin Coolidge, Jr., younger son of President Coolidge, dies at the Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington from blood-poisoning.

The National convention of the Socialist party of America, in convention at Cleveland, endorses Senator La Follette's candidacy for the Presidency and his platform.

July 8.—A dispatch to the State Department from the American Chargé d'Affaires at Rio de Janeiro states that government troops have the revolt in Sao Paulo State, Brazil, well in hand.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Brute!—IRATE LADY (to neighbor in subway)—"Sir, your glass eye has broken my hatpin!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Booster.—"Why do you prefer married men in the office?"

"If a man isn't doing good work I can send for his wife."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Paste This in Your Hat.—"Don't git fault-findin' on a hot day," said Uncle Eben. "Remember de other folks ain' no more 'sponsible foh de weather dan you is."—*Washington Star.*

Conservative Estimate.—It is estimated that there are 128,642 born leaders in America who have no followers and therefore despair of the American people.—*Dubuque American Tribune.*

Preparing for the Inevitable.—HE—"What's the idea of dating this letter the 14th, when it's only the 10th?"

SHE—"I'm going to ask you to post it for me, dear."—*The Humorist (London).*

One Solid Reason.—"Aw, what good is percentage?" growled little Tommy.

"Now, Tommy," asked his teacher reproachfully, "don't you want to learn how to figure batting averages?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Polite, if Frank.—"I believe you won't come to my party because you think it will be rather—"

"Not at all, my dear; I really have an engagement. I'm not in the least bit squeamish."—*Punch (London).*

Unseen Authority.—"Do you understand what is meant by invisible government?"

"Personally speaking," said Mr. Meekton, "I do. My wife gives me a list of errands every day by telephone."—*Washington Star.*

Hard Stuff.—Newspaper heading: "Drinks Harder to Get in New York City." This can mean only one thing—that some guy speeded up with his drinking in order to get into the city; it couldn't possibly mean that it is getting more difficult to get booze there.—*Cherokee Chief.*

The Lowdown.—An Iowa girl, en route to visit friends in New York, entered the city by the Hudson Tunnel, then took the subway to their address.

"What do you think of the city?" they asked on her arrival.

"I couldn't say," she replied. "I've had only a worm's-eye view."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

It Made a Difference.—A truant officer made a call at the home of a pupil whose absence had extended for over a week.

"Mikey is now past his thirteenth year," said the boy's mother, "an' me and his father think he's after havin' schoolin' enough."

"Schooling enough?" repeated the officer. "Why, I did not finish my education until I was twenty-three."

"Be that so?" said the woman in amazement. Then, reassuringly, after a thoughtful pause: "Well, sor, ye see that boy of ours has b-r-rains."—*Boston Transcript.*

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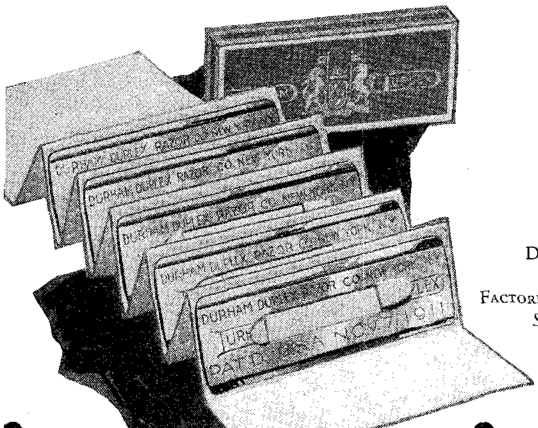

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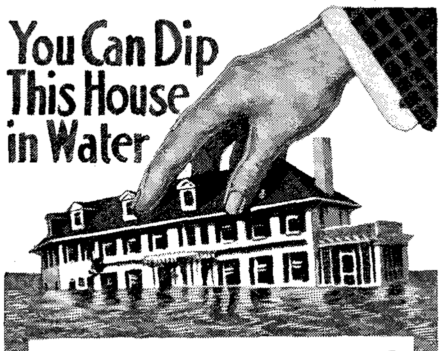

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Ready to Oblige.—STUDENT (in restaurant)—"Hey, there!"

WAITER—"Yessir; how will you have it?" —*Washington Cougar's Paw*—

Circumstantial Evidence.—"I have a new baby brother."

"Is he going to stay?"

"I think so. He has all his things off." —*Sidney Bulletin.*

Would It?—"It is scandalous to see these Society women going about with a poodle dog on the end of a string where a baby would be more fitting."—*New Zealand Paper, quoted by Punch (London).*

The Cheery Heart

Let poets sing their lilting song,
 And gaily smite their lyre,
Give me the man who whistles while
 He's putting on a tire.
 —*Mount Union Dynamo.*

Not on the Cards.—VOTER—"Congratulations. You certainly made yourself clear on the liquor question."

POLITICIAN (startled)—"Did I?"

"You sure did, sir."

"Heavens! What a blunder!"—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Hopeful Sign.—RECTOR'S DAUGHTER—"Prayers were offered up for your husband last Sunday, Mrs. Mudge. I hope he is better."

MRS. MUDGE—"Well, I *will* say 'e don't seem none the worse for 'em."—*The Passing Show (London).*

Getting It Straight.—HER FATHER—"I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All I ask is that he be able to keep out of debt."

HER SUITOR—"Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Holdout.—She had debated in true Fabian fashion for many months the question of whether or not to bob, and two or three times had turned back at the tonsorial Rubicon.

Here she was at last, tho, properly shrouded in a barber's chair, a trifle pale, but grimly determined.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the barber, callously displaying his full kit of gleaming instruments.

The patient gazed at them in fascinated horror, hesitated, then quavered:

"I think you'd better give me gas."—*Houston Post.*

Applied Mathematics.—The old lady was timidly inspecting the stock of spectacles.

"How much are these?" she asked, selecting a pair.

"A dollar and a half, madam."

"And how much without the case?"

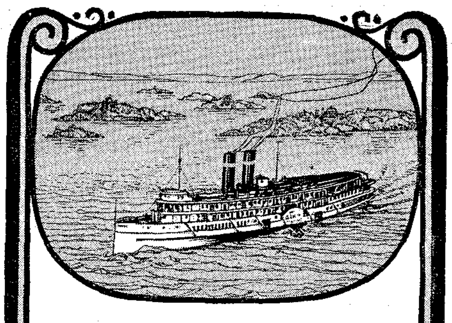
"Well, the case makes little difference. Suppose we say $1.45."

"What? Is the case only worth five cents?"

"Yes, madam," firmly.

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it; it's the case I want."

And, placing a nickel on the counter, the dear old lady took up the case and walked timidly into the street, while the optician gasped for breath.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*



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